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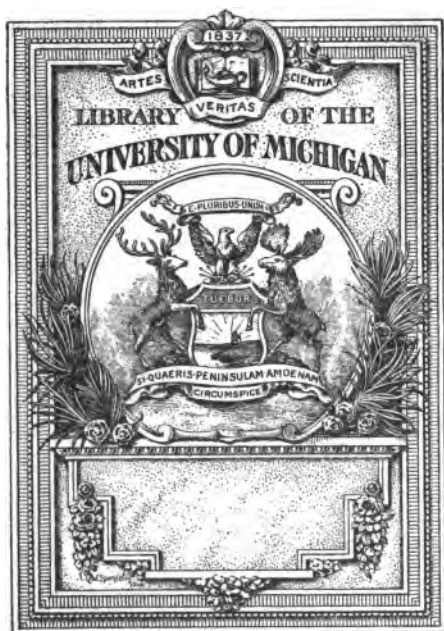
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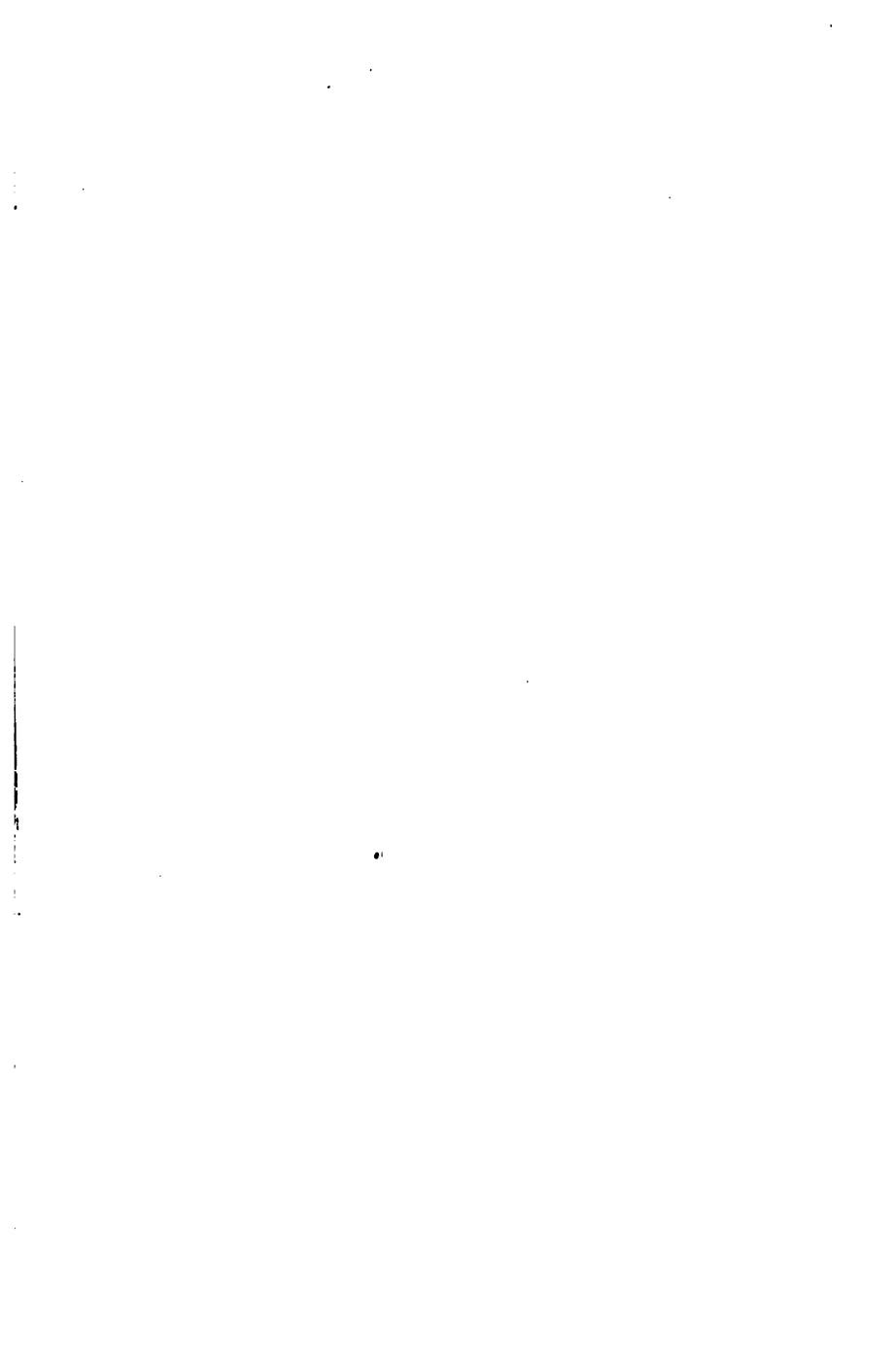
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"DAYS LIKE THESE" IS THE
FIFTH OF TWELVE AMERICAN
NOVELS TO BE PUBLISHED BY HARPER
& BROTHERS DURING 1901, WRITTEN FOR
THE MOST PART BY NEW AMERICAN
WRITERS, AND DEALING WITH DIFFERENT
PHASES OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LIFE.

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"A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES." By
GERALDINE ANTHONY.



DAYS LIKE THESE

126365

A Novel

By

Edward W. Townsend

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

—LOCKSLEY HALL.



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1901

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MY SISTER

ANNA



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DAYS LIKE THESE

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CHAPTER I

A DISPENSER OF MILLIONS

BROADWAY below the City Hall was beginning to show the increased life imparted by the thousands of deskmen who issue forth from the neighboring offices at four o'clock. But on this hot July afternoon there was little animation added to the baked street, most of those who now rapidly increased the numbers of its throng seeming to be already cooked to a condition where an additional baking had no effect upon them; certainly not in the way of lessening the degree of lifelessness to which their hours in the little sub-ovens of offices had reduced them.

One man, standing in the arched entrance of a monumental building whose loftiest offices looked down on the capstone of Trinity's spire, musingly consulting his watch, appeared so unconscious of the blasts of stone-stored heat that were withering all others about him, seemed so coolly vital where all else was wilted and lifeless, that he drew looks of envy and resentment from passers-by. He was but a fraction of an inch below six feet in height, but his powerful figure was so symmetrically developed, he would not be remarked, by any one unaccustomed to the deceiving measurements of ath-

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letes, to be above medium height. He was blond, with close, precisely trimmed beard and mustache, and with the physical buoyancy of a man of twenty-five; although his ten or more additional years were written in the gravity of his brows and eyes. Those grave eyes suddenly lighted up with frank good-nature when he noticed a man, carrying a sun umbrella, wearing kid gloves, and rather heavily dressed for such a day, who had stopped on the sidewalk and was looking at him with concerned interest. This was a small, thin, smooth-shaven man, with noticeably large, though shallow and very light, blue eyes, who said, in a serious voice and as if he had been speaking for some time, when the other stepped quickly from the office building entrance to greet him: "Mr. Maxwell, as soon as I read of the death of Martin Farnham I decided to call upon you and offer you some advice about his investments. A man as young as you—for you are young compared to the great investors you will deal with now—needs advice in handling so great an estate."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Park," Maxwell responded, cordially. "I am delighted to see you, too, for I supposed I was the only man in New York. How is it you are in town?"

"Affairs! Affairs! Affairs!" the little man said, smiling gravely. "We are slaves, Maxwell, to Affairs. And so you will be, with that Farnham Estate on your hands. By the way, I've bought seventeen more tenement properties. They pay very well: seventeen per cent."

"That is well, I should say!" Maxwell agreed, gravely. "Where are you off to now, in this part of the town, at this time of day?"

"I am going into the Street for an hour," the other answered, glancing over at Trinity clock.

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"You will find the Street pretty well deserted except by the clerks."

"But I have appointments. Some rather important men are waiting for me."

"You'll surely be done with them by eight. Come and dine with us then."

"You are very kind, Mr. Maxwell," the little man replied, "but I have so many—"

"As a favor to me," urged Maxwell.

"If you insist. At eight. I must hurry now. Rather important men."

He shook hands with Maxwell and turned into Wall Street, his importantly erect, heavily-clad little figure, his gloves, his sunshade where there was no sun, only its lingering stifling heat, attracted curious looks from all he passed.

"His is an insanity," mused Maxwell, as he strolled up Broadway, "that brings him more happiness than the millions he possesses in dreams bring to some who actually possess them, though I have luckily saved him from going to bed hungry, perhaps. There! don't begin to prose about millions; your business just now is to dispose of them. Nearly an hour yet," he added, consulting his watch again. "I'll walk."

It was approaching five o'clock when he left the current with which he had drifted, and turned to cross the heat-softened asphalt in front of the City Hall. The rush for the bridge entrance was beginning to grow strong, and the straggling streams which all day lazily poured in that direction across City Hall Park from Broadway, and up Nassau Street and Park Row, were giving signs that there were leakages in the retaining walls, or even breaks in the dams which held back the humanity soon to become a rushing torrent. Horace Maxwell made the perilous trip across Park Row, and

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sought safety for a moment in the little stone island whereon Mr. Franklin, in bronze, looks down from his pedestal upon the clanging rush of the electric cars, the reckless dash of newspaper carts and mail wagons, the roar of rumbling trucks, the pushing, struggling, perspiring whirl of men and women cut into sections by the plunges of howling newsboys, and surging together again as the cleaving forces scud on with shrill or hoarse cries of the news. Mr. Franklin's bronze smile seems to be saying: "My philosophy cannot account for these phenomena. Every day I observe these symptoms of insanity begin, grow, reach the violent stage, decline, subside, disappear wholly, and no one seems to be wiser or better therefor, nor to have approached nearer to any end a reasoning man should put forth such agonizing efforts to attain. It is well for me that I belong to the bronze age."

Maxwell stepped to the iron railing at one side of Mr. Franklin's pedestal, and idly watched some small and very ragged boys buying cents' worth of a soft yellow substance the peddler's sign announced to be ice cream, and which the buyers received daubed on patches of straw paper, whence they conveyed it to their mouths with slow enjoying laps of their tongues. Suddenly, carried across all the jangling, the roar, the clang of the street, came sounds of alarm, sharp cries of warning and defiance, and of shrill, derisive laughter, as a hot, cross policeman made a dash at the fountain in the park, but failed in his effort to capture two youngsters who had dived into the fountain pool after pennies tossed there by idlers. Friendly sentries had given warning of the officer's approach, and the two lads darted out of the park, zigzagged across the street before the cars, around carts, under the very noses of plunging horses, and arrived all dripping before the peddler's

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stand, where they were greeted by the feasters with friendly grins and questions as to luck. One only of the two divers, it appeared, had recovered a penny before they were driven off by the blue-coated enemy. The lucky one purchased a dab of the congealed luxury, and, closely watched by his fellow-diver, removed two-thirds of the portion with one hot sweep of his tongue, passing the remaining and fast-melting third to his companion. The latter looked at his unfair share, lowered his brows, cleaned the paper with his tongue, and then neatly punched the cheater in the eye. In an instant the two were mixed up in combat, conducted, our onlooker remarked with surprise, with much science and perfect observance of ring rules. Having made this discovery, he grasped each combatant by a wet shoulder, separated, and held them at arm's length wholly off their feet.

"Say, you had a right to leave us alone," said one.

"To be sure I had that right," Maxwell observed, with an amused smile, planting the boys on their feet, but holding them apart.

"Say, boss, give us a couple of pennies, and we'll fight to a finish for you," the second youth suggested.

"No, you fool," the first said, addressing his late opponent, "the gent don't like to see kids fight." He winked with great intention, and then said to Maxwell: "Give us a couple of pennies, and we *won't* fight."

At this Maxwell laughed outright, paid the price of peace, which was instantly converted into dabs of cold refreshment, and then he crossed to the point of the cape formed by Nassau Street and Park Row, and stood there taking further observations.

It was now close upon five o'clock, and all the reservoir walls which had kept pent and stored whole oceans of humanity seemed to have given way. Had the sides

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of the ravine into which the floods emptied not been so tall, the torrent surely would have overflowed and formed shallows and backwaters over the whole of the lower part of Manhattan Island. There was an overflow from the sidewalks into the roadway, checking the progress of discouraged and profane drivers, who were forced out of that channel and made to turn down Spruce Street, or else take the hazard of Park Row. The acres and miles of towering office buildings were emptying countless cells of their tens and scores of thousands of clerks, from old men, gray and tired, to boys in the minor teens who chatter and lark now, but are the gravest embodiment of majesty in their official stations as guardians of the outer doors leading to the ante-rooms of the offices which defend the apartments of chief clerks, who in turn form inner defences to the offices of Great Men. There were junior clerks hurrying for a bicycle run to the ocean while there was still daylight for a dip in the surf; senior clerks hurrying to catch suburban trains to carry them to some Sound or Bay sailing or rowing club; managing clerks hurrying home to take wives and children on trips to the Beach, with music and fireworks in the evening; cashiers and secretaries of Great Men hurrying to uptown or country clubs. All the men, old and young, beginners and enders, well-paid and ill-paid, were dressed in a uniform: blue coats and trousers, tan shoes and straw hats, not a waistcoat to be seen beneath their wide open coats. There were almost as many women as men; but so far from being in uniform, this fair army of clerks and typewriters proved that the superiority displayed by their sex elsewhere, in variety and individuality of dress, was in no degree lacking here. And, too, while the men all looked hot and wilted, and were red and moist, the women gave the impression of having taken great care,

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before leaving their offices, to present a refreshed, a washed, combed and brushed, even a powdered appearance, in this rush of the mighty army from toil to play.

The tide reached its strongest flood as Horace Maxwell stood at the cape on either side of which it flowed, meeting just beyond him in tumultuous whirlpools, gathering direction again and flowing on in rapids, but leaving him unmolested. The wonder was how could all the surface and elevated and bridge cars, even the bridge promenade, crowded, packed, as they would be, carry all these people to their various destinations. Thinking thus, Maxwell laughed softly to himself, recalling a sentence in a letter he had received that day from a seaside dweller who commiserated with him on the death of a client, only because it kept him in New York City, "where you will die of loneliness, I suppose, for, of course, there is not another soul in town now."

CHAPTER II

A STEP ASIDE FROM BROADWAY

AFTER watching the flood of humanity for some time from his second refuge on the cape, Maxwell plunged into the torrent rushing along Nassau Street towards the bridge, and a struggle landed him on its opposite shore. A few steps down Spruce Street in the direction of the Swamp, the centre of the leather district, took him with surprising abruptness beyond all evidence of hurry or turmoil.

Why is it that the leather business appears to be carried on almost without human agency? However numerous and frantic may be the crowds in the district on all sides of it, in the Swamp are never seen many men, many horses, many trucks. No one ever hurries in the Swamp, or seems to be under any stress of excitement. The clerks who were leaving the leather merchants' offices were doing so in a leisurely and dignified manner; and instead of going west to join the crowd of their fellows on Park Row, or Nassau Street, walked quietly to East River ferries, or to the Franklin Square elevated station. Porters, closing the heavy truck doors leading into cool, shady warehouses, moved deliberately, as if too well pleased with the surroundings and circumstances of their labor to be in any hurry to leave it; and the truckmen were lazily flicking flies from their big horses, unwilling to make a start from that comparative cool and quiet to the hotter and noisier and busier routes to their stables.

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At the first whiff of the pungent, honest, tanned leather odor, always characteristic of the Swamp, Maxwell paused short and looked about him, as a man might upon returning after many years' absence to an old home, when some once familiar sight or sound or odor suddenly strikes full upon his senses. His glance chanced to fall on a little stoop-line stand, a rickety shelf supported by four rickety, bandaged, wired, and splintered legs, whereon was a stock of stale nuts and staler, dusty candy. He evinced curious interest in observing that the stand was presided over by a fat, sleepy Italian. "An Irishwoman was here in my day," he said to himself, "but all else is unchanged, particularly the candy."

He thought of making a purchase from the Italian, and inquiring what had become of the old woman, when he became conscious that the two divers were standing before him, still damp, both hatless, without shoes or stockings, and each dressed only in a much torn calico shirt, and much patched knickerbockers. They were exactly of a size and looked as much alike as is possible for human beings.

"Say, boss," said one, "give us a nickel."

"Why?" asked Maxwell, gravely.

"Because," responded the other, "we ain't got no father and no mother, and ain't had nothing to eat, and—"

"And is starving," said number one, when his fellow hesitated.

"And we want to buy some papers to sell," number two added conclusively; and both looked at Maxwell with what seemed an effort to impose a starved appearance on their chubby, freckled faces.

"What are your names?" Maxwell asked.

"Mine's Hughey."

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" Mine's Tim."

" Any other names?"

" Cassidy," they both said.

" Cassidy?" Maxwell repeated, with a new kind of interest. " Live near here?"

" Sure; in Hickory Street."

" Now, you do not happen to be the Cassidys of No. 23 Hickory Street?"

" Sure," they both answered, staring hard at their questioner.

" And if I give you a nickel, could you take me to a Mrs. Cavendish who lives there also?"

" In a minute! She lives in three rooms front, on the second. We lives in two rooms back, on the fourth."

Maxwell produced a nickel, and both boys stood with the strained, eager attention of a setter on a point, their eyes unwinkingly fixed on the coin. " But I say," Maxwell remarked, making as if to return the nickel to his pocket, " if you are the Cassidys I know of, your mother is not dead."

" No, she's living; I forgot," Hughey answered, but neither relaxed his point, nor moved an eyelash.

" Which am I to give this to?" Maxwell asked.

" Me!" both answered.

" Heads, Hughey; tails, Tim. Tails it is, Tim wins," Maxwell said, flicking and catching the coin and handing it to Tim. That young man's right hand grabbed for the coin, closed on it and swung on Hughey's jaw all in one movement; and just in concert with its third motion Hughey swung on Tim's jaw, and both went down.

" Divvy?" said Hughey, as both rose and prepared to continue the fight.

" Divvy," assented Tim, and they proceeded joyfully to the Italian's, where they drove such a bargain they

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both had hands full of dusty sweets as they followed Maxwell, who turned into the very depths of the Swamp. There he stopped before a leather warehouse, over whose door was an old faded board sign, on which in dark gray letters, over its faint gray background, could be dimly discerned his own name:

HORACE MAXWELL

As he stood regarding it with a curious smile, contrasting it with a heavy bronze plate bolted to the bricks by the side of the office entrance, on which raised and polished letters announced "Office of the Union Leather Corporation," he was being regarded with equal interest by an old man in shirt sleeves, sitting, hat in lap, in a back-tilted chair underneath the bronze plate. The old man muttered, "It's Horace the fourth," rose, laid his hat and pipe in the chair, and walked over to Maxwell, saying: "Good-evening to you, Mr. Maxwell. Do you remember me?"

"Why," said Maxwell, after staring at the speaker a moment, and then smilingly extending his hand, "it's Luke."

"It is," the old man said, shaking the other's hand. "I knew you in a minute, sir, for the likeness to the second and the third, though you were a smooth-faced boy when last you were here."

"And that's nearly twenty years ago," said Maxwell. "But you are the same, Luke—you and the old sign."

"We are proud of the old sign, sir, for your father's grandfather put it there. But all else is changed," the old man said; adding with a smile, "Even the old pulley elevator you used to help me raise is an electric contraption now, with a lad to operate it. But what brings you down to the Swamp, sir?"

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"I have some business that takes me into Hickory Street," Horace answered, "and the notion came to me to pass the old place. I may not have to come here in another twenty years."

"Hickory Street?" said Luke, in surprise. "Can you find your way there? I can take you if you like; I pass it on my way home."

"I have some guides," Horace said, indicating the boys who stood close at hand, their cheeks distended like squirrels' in nut-harvesting season.

"Oh, they'll do," Luke said, with a laugh. "There's little they don't know of the district."

When Maxwell bade him good-bye and started on his way the old man called after him, and overtaking him, said: "You'll pardon me for asking it, sir, but having business in Hickory Street I suppose you know the district leader, Neill Mulgrave?"

"I hear and read a great deal about him," Horace replied, smiling at the old man's earnestness. "I have never met him."

"Well, you should," old Luke said, shaking his head. "If you've business in the district, you should know him."

"Very well, Luke, I'll try and meet him, though I guess he'll not be interested in my business," Horace said, and again started. But the old man, who had been a faithful servant of Maxwell's father and grandfather—he had recently added the original head of the firm to those he boasted of having served—persisted. He could think of Horace only as an inexperienced young man it was his duty to advise. "If you don't mind, sir," he said, "I'll be passing Mulgrave's place soon, and will speak to him of you. 'Tis better you know him, whatever your business, so long as it is in his district."

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"Very well, Luke," Horace said; "give me as good a character as your conscience will permit."

"The best man could give you none too good, sir. 'Tis well I'm remembering how proud your father was those days you was beating all the lads at school with your running and jumping and wrestling, and the like," Luke said. Then he went back to the warehouse to see that the younger porters, careless youths of fifty or so, had properly secured all doors and windows.

Mr. Maxwell and his guides emerged from the Swamp, passed under an arch of the bridge, and came into an old-fashioned street wherein decently kept brick dwellings, dating from Washington's time, alternated with towering printing establishments and a few low-storied leather warehouses, which seemed to have been floated out of the Swamp by some unusual tide, and stranded on its banks. Passing through this neighborhood and over a cross-town thoroughfare, which was a reminder of the noisier rush he had left near the City Hall, they came into a second old-fashioned street, where, again, all signs of hurry and turmoil disappeared. This was Hickory Street. Near where they entered it they passed the green lamps of a precinct police station, and beyond that, and on the opposite side of the way, there were old three and four story brick dwellings, once the mansions of prosperous Knickerbocker families, now the homes of one or two families on each floor; but not crowded, as in the tenement district beyond, nor the abode, as there, of wretched poverty. Here lived respectable American and Irish-American families, sturdily resisting the pressure of Jews and Italians, who had crowded out the older elements in all the surrounding streets. Probably some of the present occupants of a floor, or part of a floor, were the less fortunate descendants of those who had once occupied the whole of a man-

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sion in Hickory Street, and driven from there to the stately receptions of Mrs. Washington, in her mansion on the high ground a little to the south. Here dwelt the porters from the big leather warehouses, foremen stevedores, teamsters, whose idle trucks now stood in line on both sides of the street; for Hickory Street was no thoroughfare, and an idle truck, more or less, where there were so many voters who controlled so many other voters, might well be overlooked even by the sharpest-eyed deputy from the Bureau of Encumbrances and Obstructions.

Life in Hickory Street, though in the main characterized by an atmosphere of quiet respectability, of hard labor repaid by the evening hour of decent leisure and mannerly gossip, was not without variety and animation. On each corner was a drinking saloon, and sometimes midway between corners was a grocery store with a bar in its rear, where the housewife might with propriety go for a can of beer on a hot day. A few Italians had already wedged in here and there, and their dress and the things they offered for sale at areaway stalls furnished bits of bright color. At one end a Jew had set up a shop, an advanced skirmisher of the army which would soon combine with the Italians in driving out the last of the natives, and then fight its ally for supremacy—and win!

On the old-fashioned house-stoops women lounged, sometimes joined by a man or two home from work, coatless, hatless, finding a luxury of rest sitting on the worn brownstone steps. On the sidewalk, the street, under and over the trucks, scores of children played rather languidly and with frequent pauses, for the street had not yet been long enough in shade to lose any of its midday heat. These children paid eager attention to Hughey and Tim, the twins, who every few feet had to fight for the retention of their remaining stock of can-

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dies, and did so with such generalship and excellent team play that, though frequently assailed by a superior force, they were ever victorious. Maxwell was at first inclined to interfere in this warfare, but observing that none of the elders took the slightest notice of the battles, and that his guides were deriving great enjoyment out of them, he forbore.

He noticed, however, that while the fighters attracted no attention, he was frequently the object of close, and generally, though not always, friendly observation. Once a couple of villanous-looking young men in front of a corner saloon, after examining him closely with faces half averted as he approached, lounged after him, and were gradually overtaking him, when twin Hughey fell behind and Horace caught the name of Neill Mulgrave in what the boy said to the followers. Thereupon they slackened their pace, and soon stopped at a bar-room. Then Hughey overtook Horace, and said to him: "Say, boss, sink it."

"Sink it?"

"Yes; stow the chain."

He pointed to a watch-chain which crossed Maxwell's coat from buttonhole to outside pocket. Without other incident, beyond the frequent battles of the twins with the army of besiegers, they came to No. 23, a four-story brick house, with green outside blinds, and pilastered doorpost and front door of the same color. In the basement was a shop, whose sign bore the single word, "Salsamentaria." It had a window display of honey, oranges, olive oil, olives, cucumber pickles, eggs, canned fruit and vegetables, bacon, prunes, smoked salmon, and bottled wines, warranted to be the superior products of Italy, France, and Germany; but all looking remarkably alike as to bottles, corks, labels, capsules, and contents. Here the twins, motioning Maxwell to ascend

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the deeply worn brownstone steps leading to the front door, made a last fierce sortie, battered and overturned a surprising number of the enemy, and executed a masterly retreat before the staggered forces could rally for a charge; and battle-scarred, but gleeful, led Maxwell into the house and up one flight of stairs, where, without knocking, they ushered him into the front room.

CHAPTER III

THE MOTHER OF THE TWINS SERVES TEA

THE outside green blinds of the room into which Maxwell was thus informally ushered were closed, but some of their slats were missing, admitting a half-light. Near the window, as if needing all the light she dared to admit while the sun still hot-blasted the air, one woman sat bending over some sewing. At a table which stood between the sewing woman and a cook-stove, piped into what had once been an open fire-place, another woman was pouring tea. Both started when they saw the group at the door—the woman by the window with evident nervousness; the other with an emotion to which she gave prompt expression.

"You Hugh-Timothy!" she exclaimed. "Have you no more manners than to be running after the gentleman as has come to call on Mrs. Cavendish? I'll break your face, dearies, and you don't behave and get out of here! As the dear dead poet says, 'Stand not,' he says, 'Stand not upon the order of your going, but chase yourselves, for evermore,' says he."

Mrs. Cassidy, for it was she, addressed her twins as one person, and instead of looking as fierce as her language, had a smile of grim good-nature.

"They are not to blame," said Maxwell, "they have guided me here at my request, and, I think, have earned five cents each."

The twins came to a point, received each his pilot fee, disappeared, and seemed instantly to fall down-stairs

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in a clinch, and with sullen roar of battle; whereat Mrs. Cassidy smiled indulgently.

"Then this is Mrs. Cavendish," Maxwell said, turning to the other woman, who had left her chair, and placed her sewing on a bureau which stood between the two windows.

"Yes, sir," she answered. "You are Mr. Maxwell, I suppose. I did not expect you until six o'clock, when my daughter will be home from work."

She spoke in a low, pleasant voice, which, however, shook with nervousness.

"Won't you take a seat?" she continued, and Mrs. Cassidy hastily placed a chair for Maxwell. "And we were having a cup of tea—perhaps you'd like one."

Mrs. Cassidy stood at attention, and when Maxwell said he'd like a cup very much, she darted with amazing liveliness, for the gray-haired old woman she was, to a shelf opposite the stove, took down an ornamental cup and saucer and poured tea for him, winking and nodding encouragingly to Mrs. Cavendish all the while.

The room in which Maxwell found himself had evidently been the principal bedroom of the house in the days of its polite history. It was large, extending quite across the building except for a little room to the left, which had one window to the street, and its furnishing told that it was now sitting, sewing, dining-room, and kitchen. On the floor was a bright and well-swept rag carpet, covered with a square of oil-cloth in front of the stove. Besides the dining-table on which Mrs. Cassidy made tea over an oil-stove, there were a sewing-machine, a bureau between the windows, a stand of open shelves from which the ornamental tea-cup and saucer came—which held also some other simple ornaments and a few books—and three or four cane-bottom chairs. On the

The Mother of the Twins Serves Tea

walls were hung half a dozen lithographs, white-framed reproductions of water-colors. The smaller room back of this one contained, Maxwell saw at a glance through the open double door, two beds, and little else.

As the visitor in a quick look about him took in the details of his surroundings, Mrs. Cassidy placed on the table near him the filled cup of tea, and Mrs. Cavendish a napkin. The former woman had the proportions and movements of a campaigning grenadier. Her strong face was tanned and wrinkled, her mouth turned down in a way which emphasized the size and strength of her broad chin, and she had a way of half closing her eyes, as if sheltering them, even in that half-darkened room, which suggested a custom of facing the sun and wind in all kinds of weather.

Mrs. Cavendish was a tall woman, and of rounded proportions, with smooth skin of an even pink over her entire face, neck, and throat. Her hair was black and smoothly brushed back from her pink forehead. She was dressed in a gown of mourning, which, probably for comfort in that weather, was cut broadly away at her throat, where a collar or some fal-lal was doubtless required to finish it. She had big, calm, blue eyes, yet in spite of these and her really commanding size, there was about her an air of timidity, which her grenadier companion seemed uneasy about, and was endeavoring to offset by her stalwart bearing.

Mr. Maxwell knew that there was occasion for Mrs. Cavendish's nervousness, and his manner was quietly reassuring as he took his tea, and, turning to her, said: "I am a little ahead of time, but I can consider this an afternoon call—for tea—if you wish to wait for your daughter before we talk of business affairs."

"If you'd be so kind," Mrs. Cavendish said.

Maxwell looked at his watch, and, finding his chain

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in his pocket, was reminded of the twins, and remarked to Mrs. Cassidy, "You have two very lively sons, madam."

"Three, sir," she replied promptly. "Michael, the single, is twenty, and is livelier nor the twins, which is fourteen, and is named Hugh-Timothy. Was they fighting when with you, sir?"

Horace gave a good-natured account of his acquaintance with Hughey-Tim, and observed that their mother's face lit up with joy at the account of their successful battles.

"Man or boy is no good here," she remarked, "what can't fight them as would fight with them. Michael is at my place at the bridge entrance, serving my customers with papers, sir; me being asked to stay with Mrs. Cavendish, dear soul, she being nervous, as well you may judge, though Michael is sure to be fighting them as tries to serve my customers, which he can lick any man with papers on Park Row, and the cops, too, barring their clubs, which well they know, them having arrested him often for licking bigger men than himself in a ring, or out of a ring; and him giving the cops a good fight at that. But, as the dear dead poet says, 'life is real and life is fighting, and the cops,' says he, 'and the cops is not the jail,' he says."

With many stories of the twins and of Michael, and of the late Mr. Cassidy, who appeared to have been a gentleman of much pugnacity, and with numerous apt quotations from her favorite poets, who all appeared to be equally dear and dead, Mrs. Cassidy helped to pass the time until the arrival of Mrs. Cavendish's daughter Rose, when the old newswoman took her departure, saying that she would go to the bridge entrance to see whether Michael had been arrested, and not seeming to be much concerned over the matter, providing he had

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"put up a good fight " before acknowledging the superior force of the men with the clubs.

When Rose Cavendish entered the room she either did not at first see Horace Maxwell, or else purposely ignored his presence. She went over to her mother, kissed her, and said, with the soft tone of her mother's voice which Horace had noted, but with a clear steadiness denoting all absence of her mother's nervousness: "I was delayed, mamma. There was some work that had to be delivered out of town." She then went to the open window, threw back the blinds, turned to the bureau, removed her hat, gave a few quick touches to her hair, and only then faced Horace, and stood as if waiting for an introduction.

"It is the lawyer, Rosie—Mr. Maxwell," her mother said.

As Horace rose, the young woman, without waiting for him to advance, strode over to him, extended her hand, and said, frankly: "We could not tell from your letter whether or not you wished me to leave my work at once, but"—she smiled as she added—"although our shop is on Grand Street, we have some very fashionable customers whose orders the firm depended on me to carry out, though I suppose they cut the makers' names from the garments before they wear them. It was that work that delayed me. I am sorry if I have kept you waiting long."

She sat down, fanned herself with a handkerchief, listened to Maxwell's polite assurances that he had been pleasantly entertained during the delay, and seemed in no manner embarrassed or surprised that he looked at her steadily for the space of almost a minute before he spoke.

Maxwell knew that he had formed no idea of the young woman whose life was to be so much affected by the affair

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of his visit; yet he also knew that he had not expected her to look as she did. She was tall, her mother's height, indeed, but looked inches taller because she was almost painfully thin. Horace noted that her face, while it glowed with young health and strength, was yet made to seem pinched by the abundant masses of black hair that framed it so completely, in the fashion of the day, as to conceal her ears—although she often pushed it back with quick, strong movements of both hands. Her dress seemed to him to be pronounced, something theatrical; and while it was skilfully designed, both in fashioning and colors, cheap as its materials probably were, to accentuate her good points, her complexion and hair, and mercifully to minimize her slenderness, even Maxwell's inapt masculine understanding of such things left him the impression that she was costumed professionally. Mrs. Cavendish's mourning was new and smartly made, Horace noted, and just as he did so, as if commenting on his thought, the young woman said: "I am not in mourning, because I am required to show styles at the shop. Anyway, I never knew my uncle. But I'd put on mourning, only my mother has begged me not to—has said it would make her unhappy to see me so. Still, I shall not have to wear this"—she made a little gesture of impatience, indicating her gown—"this sort of thing if what you have to tell us means I am to leave the shop." She spoke with some bitterness.

"Oh, Rosie!" exclaimed Mrs. Cavendish.

Rose went over to her mother, put an arm around her neck, and said: "I am only thinking what you went through all the years before I began to work. I do not care for myself."

"I think, Miss Cavendish," Maxwell said, "I am justified in saying you can—er—leave the shop, although

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it will be a little while before I can tell you every particular of the estate. First, I am to read you the will; then we can talk over affairs a little and decide, when I call again, what is best to be done first."

CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH WE MEET A RULER OF NEW YORK

IT was yet daylight when Maxwell reappeared an hour later on Hickory Street, but he was so engrossed in thought he did not notice two men at the corner evidently waiting for him, until one touched him on the arm as he was passing, and said, "Mr. Maxwell, this is Mr. Mulgrave—Neill Mulgrave, sir."

The speaker was the old porter, Luke, and by his side was a man of forty or so, wearing a long frock-coat unbuttoned, and heavy waistcoat crossed by a ponderous watch-chain. He wore a silk hat, and altogether was attired in the fashion which has come to be a uniform of New York politicians of his kind for all occasions, and in all seasons. Mulgrave was thick-set, but his heavy body did not suggest much physical power, though there was no lack of a certain kind of will-power in his large, rather sombre face. His mustache started out to be bulky and drooping, but was suddenly brought to a fine point.

"My friend here tells me," he said to Horace, in a deep voice and the rather ponderous manner which in his kind is the sign of amiable intention, "you are the son, and grandson, of the Horace Maxwells he has worked for these fifty years." As he said this he extended his hand to Horace in a way that seemed affectedly hearty, and then invited him into the saloon, in front of which they had met. The old man left them at the door, say-

We Meet a Ruler of New York

ing, "You know what I think of the Maxwells, Mr. Mulgrave."

The visitor was fairly dazed as he followed Mulgrave into his bar-room, the resort nearly as famous as its noted proprietor. Its glories had been reflected in many newspaper accounts, had served as a model for a scene in a popular drama, yet Maxwell had formed no adequate idea of its proud splendors. As they entered, and probably at a signal from Mulgrave, scores, hundreds of electric lamps gleamed out. They hung in ornamental clusters from the frescoed ceilings, sparkled in enamelled callas gracefully curling out from the carved pillars dividing the mirrors behind the bar—a polished old mahogany plank resting on onyx posts and panels, its edge bound with riveted silver. Along the wall opposite the bar were a number of heavy tables and arm-chairs, all of rosewood, and in the floor mosaic work reproduced, in the centre the emblem of the Mulgrave political club, at one end his monogram, at the other an eagle with valiant outstretched wings.

A score or more patrons stood at the bar or were seated at the tables, most of them young men noticeably keen and alert in expression, and smartly dressed. Besides the drinks in long thin glasses glinting with crushed ice, prepared by bartenders in gleaming white frogged and corded jackets, customers were served by waiters outside the bar with plates of cold meats, salads and sandwiches.

The scene was so incongruous with the neighborhood, Maxwell could not conceal his amazement.

"It surprises you, eh?" Mulgrave said, as a waiter drew back chairs for them at one of the tables. "It maybe never occurred to you," he continued, after giving an order to the waiter, "that when our organization is in power each district shares alike in patronage."

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Maxwell's look showed that the explanation, if the remark was offered as such, did not explain.

"It's like this," Mulgrave went on, in the manner of one accustomed to explain with authority, but not to discuss, "we have just as many office-holders, elective and appointed, drawing just as good pay, from this district as there are from a brownstone, or what we call a 'diamond-back,' district. These boys here"—he glanced about at the patrons—"are nearly all in office. My place serves for their club, and besides is patronized by the water-front merchants on the edge of the district. You know what my position is here," he concluded, smiling heavily.

"You are very often mentioned in the papers as a district leader," Maxwell replied. "But do you hold office?"

"I have no time to fuss with office-holding for myself," Mulgrave said, contemptuously. "A leader that looks after the votes of his district has his hands full."

Here the waiter brought dainty glasses, napkins and a bottle of champagne; served the wine, put the bottle into a silver cooler, and retired.

"I think your business here is about the estate of Martin Farnham," Mulgrave said. "If I can be of service to you, let me know."

Maxwell thanked the politician for his friendly offer, but wondered how Mulgrave supposed he could be of any aid in the business of the Farnham estate. He was not long in ignorance, for the leader continued: "I did not know you were Farnham's lawyer, although our organization has done a good deal for him in the way of contracts, franchises, and that sort of thing. Some of these contracts are running now, and if there's any tangle about them, let me know."

"Oh, I see," Maxwell said, very much enlightened now. "Thank you."

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"I suppose Farnham left quite a pile?" Mulgrave said, looking sharply at the lawyer.

"It will take some investigation to determine," Maxwell replied.

"But I've thought sometimes," Mulgrave added, as if he had not heard Maxwell's answer, "that Farnham was mostly acting for other people, and perhaps got only a commission on his contracts."

"He was rather close about his business affairs," Maxwell remarked, feeling that he was being pumped. "But I guess," he added, as if he were telling as much as he knew, "I guess his estate will be enough for two—Mrs. Cavendish and her daughter."

Mulgrave opened his lips as if to speak, closed them, looked at Maxwell to see if he had taken a turn at the pump, then asked: "Are there only two heirs?"

"I know of no others—do you?" Maxwell said. "Of course the daughter is only a presumptive heiress; the will mentions only Mrs. Cavendish."

Mulgrave pretended not to hear this remark. He motioned to a hard-featured, quietly dressed man who had been slowly moving about the place with an eye on everything and everybody, in whom Maxwell readily recognized an ex-pugilist of considerable present reputation as a sporting character and manager of Mulgrave's resort. He stepped briskly to the table at the sign from the leader.

"Dan," the latter said to him, "this is Mr. Maxwell, who may be down here now and then on business; see that he is not bothered."

"Yes, sir," Dan replied.

"And send for Cairnes and Foley. They made a break to pinch Mr. Maxwell's watch to-day. Tell them to keep out of the district for six months, and if I find them here in that time I'll send them to the Island for a year."

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"Yes, sir," Dan replied.

It seemed to Maxwell that the district leader was making a display of his authority for some purpose—possibly gratification of a reasonable pride.

"Mrs. Cassidy's Michael," continued Mulgrave, "was arrested at the bridge an hour ago for fighting. See that he gets bail, and that his case is dismissed in the morning."

"Yes, sir," replied Dan, and added, turning to Horace: "That boy Mickey Cassidy is the coming light-weight. He's the lad known as Kid Cassidy, Mr. Maxwell. I've some good engagements in a small way for him now, but he can't be trained regularly, for he won't leave his job helping the old woman."

"Rather a superior sort of a boy, I should say," Horace commented.

"Yes," said Dan, "a natural fighter—gets it from both father and mother. There's champion material in him if we could get him to train into condition to meet the good ones."

"He'd fight as quick for fun as for the little purses you put up for him, Dan," Mulgrave said, laughing. "I'm going up the Sound now, and will not be here until ten to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir," said Dan.

"Look after things, Dan—oh, if Cairnes and Foley are ugly, have them run in on those forfeited bail warrants."

"Yes, sir," said Dan.

Dan had stood all this time bending slightly forward, with a stout stick, held behind his back in both hands, swinging slowly between his heels. He had kept his eyes on Mulgrave as long as the latter spoke, but then looked at Maxwell gravely and intently several seconds before he moved slowly away.

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"Now, Mr. Maxwell," said Mulgrave, as the lawyer rose, "I'd be glad to have you run up the Sound with me. We can dine on board a yacht a few of us own, and go to the club after that, sleep aboard, have a swim before breakfast, and I'll have you back at the Twenty-sixth Street landing by nine o'clock to-morrow."

Horace answered that he was compelled to decline the offer, adding that it was very tempting on such a night, and separated from his new acquaintance at the corner. Mulgrave turned down to the pier, where a naphtha launch waited to take him to his yacht. Horace made his way as well as he could towards Broadway. As he came out from underneath an arch of the bridge he saw, slouching along a little distance ahead, the two men who had abandoned their pinching intentions on his watch, when warned by one of the Cassidy twins, and whom he supposed to be Cairnes and Foley. They seemed to know it was he who was overtaking them, for, although neither turned around to look at him, one said as he passed: "Dan Corcoran just give us the tip to get out of the district. We owe that to you, boss, and we'll make you remember it some day."

As Neill Mulgrave on his way to the river passed No. 23 Hickory Street and raised his hat to Mrs. Cavenish and Rose, seated at their windows, but who did not return his salutation, he said to himself: "I wonder why they didn't tell the lawyer about the other heir—what's this he called it, presumptive heir? Do they want him to think Johnnie is dead? That is a very smooth lawyer, but I do not have to go to him to know that Martin Farnham's estate would be a very nice pile to get by marrying a pretty girl—even half of it."

CHAPTER V

A MONEY MILLER'S GOOD LUCK

MARTIN FARNHAM, the recently deceased head of the Martin Farnham Contracting Company, was born in Hickory Street forty years before the events related in the previous chapter. When he was ten years old he had confidently assumed the task of his own maintenance and that of his younger sister, Mary. Martin's early struggles, which never seemed struggles to him, may be briefly disposed of. He never failed to pay each Saturday night the three dollars due Mrs. Cassidy for the room and board of himself and his sister, until at the age of fifteen his earnings justified a somewhat better, though no kindlier, home than that provided by Mrs. Cassidy, who remained their friendly neighbor for many years. At that time he was a builder's time clerk; at eighteen he was a foreman, and at twenty he secured an independent contract for grading some Harlem lots, taking one of the lots in payment for the work. Five years later, with a shrewdness which gained him the backing of his former employer, he had bought, sold, exchanged, and otherwise operated in Harlem lots with bold meagreness of cash margin, and amazing fruitfulness of profit. By this time his sister had become a big, handsome girl and his house-keeper, and Martin disclosed his ambitious plan of moving into one of the Harlem apartment-houses he had built. She refused, because—oh, Hickory Street! how like you are in some things to politer thoroughfares that know not even of

A Money Miller's Good Luck

your existence!—because she had lost her heart to the pride, the joy of the neighborhood, and the ruler of its most warlike band, Jack Cavendish.

Martin endeavored to reason with Mary. He told more than she had ever guessed about his prospects: that men whose names dazed her backed his judgment in real estate speculation, and put capital into building operations he advised. Some day, and soon, too, he would have capital of his own to put into the operations he now managed for others, and then he would make money to warrant his sister living like a lady. She would have teachers to make her a fit companion for those he could introduce her to. No, he was not crazy. He foresaw the growth of the north end of the city for reasons she could not understand. He already had a reputation for putting through big contracts in a hurry, and in the right way, and it was no credit for such a man to be known to live where they were. No, again, he was not ashamed of the place where he was born; but he must live in a better neighborhood for business reasons, and she should go with him and profit in every way she wished by his success. He spoke of the certainty of his success as men speak of a next day's engagement. He admitted that Jack Cavendish was all that she proudly claimed—big, brave, and handsome; but these were attractions which were not good enough recommendations in themselves for his sister's husband. He must be a hard-working, steady man, content to devote most of his working hours to Martin's many affairs, and less time to larking, dancing, singing. He had given Jack a chance, but Jack had neglected his opportunity, had stopped work when the whistle blew, as if he were no better, had no greater interest in the work or ambition for himself, than a common laborer. His sister should marry a man who could help him make money for them all, not

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a good-looking ne'er-do-well who would be content to spend the money his wife's brother earned.

Then Mary was in a rage. She told her brother that she knew from Jack that he, Martin, was going into all these high-sounding jobs with only his wit for capital. His backers would make use of his wits until the boom burst; then would draw out their profits, and leave him broke. Jack knew; he was no fool! exclaimed Mary, hotly.

Martin lost his temper then, and said that he'd rather see his sister dead than married to such a man. Mary cried out: "Then kill me if you like, for I'm his wife now!"

Her brother gave her a look she never forgot. "It was not anger," she once said afterwards; "it was more as if I had struck him, and he'd seen a ghost at the same time."

Then Jack, who had been listening to this interview in the hallway, came into the room, and there was a fight.

You see, my dear reader, I am writing of people who were controlled by elementary passions; who in their rage hurt each other with their fists, instead of with scathing speeches. I am not saying that Martin was any better than Jack in this respect, for Mrs. Cavendish has told that her brother seemed glad of the encounter as a relief to his feelings. He made a hard fight, but was finally overcome, with much damage.

Mrs. Cavendish never saw him again, nor for many years did she hear or know much about him. Their ways were so far apart on the little Island of Manhattan they never crossed, or sent more than faint, indistinct echoes to each other.

Martin's career was wonderful; yet it is an almost every-day American story. Most men of his tempera-

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ment scent early and from afar some field wherein great fortunes are made: Western lands, gold or silver or copper mines, or railroad building. He saw his first in the city of his birth. Some very important men have often quoted Martin's remark: "New York is the greatest boom-town in America."

Before he was thirty years old he was one of the great building contractors of the city. Every cent of his early profits was turned into building lots, near which great public improvements were soon afterwards made; and if he did not invest blindly in such matters, but had useful early information from the powers that gave direction to avenues, boulevards, parks, street railroad extension, and such improvements, he doubtless paid for his knowledge, for he was a liberal, but quiet, contributor to political organizations.

Later a stone quarry in one State, a granite quarry in another in need of capital for development, a steel mill in financial straits, a railway franchise that needed municipal nursing, began to attract the busy little contractor's capital, brains, energy, advice, and quietly potent influence. Great financiers now had frequent consultations with Martin, and his advice unlocked closely guarded funds. Undertakings which dazzled investors and brought national prominence to their supposed promoters were counselled and directed by him, for his name was connected publicly with only the Martin Farnham Contracting Company.

The great financiers with whom he became deeply engaged wondered at Martin's mental equipment to deal with all matters relating to contracts. In their legal value and in all the twists which financiers give to such instruments where shares, common and preferred, bonds, mortgages, certificates, the bewildering maze of market and company terms in which evidence of corporate

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values is related, Martin never was at fault, although he was an uneducated man in the usual sense of that word. When there was a reorganization of a company involving every character of share or bond issue the modern evolution of finance has invented for the confusion of the amateur investor, Martin always had a clear understanding of what particular class of such issue should come to him in the "inside" distribution, and sturdily insisted upon receiving what he asked for.

A few of the great jugglers most intimate with Martin sometimes suspected that the little contractor was advised by a financial coach; probably some expert player in the game who preferred not to appear personally, but who gave Martin the benefit of his wisdom and experience. Failure to identify such a counsellor caused the abandonment of this theory, and Martin finally acquired credit for a native shrewdness answering for his own lack of special training.

But there was a man whose mind directed Martin in these matters, a lawyer unknown to the bar, a financier unknown in the Street, a skilled player unknown in the game, Horace Maxwell—a man even the clerks in Martin's office were at a loss to find an official title for, and spoke of as the "Boss"—Martin himself being known as the "Chief."

When Farnham secured his first large order, to grade a number of blocks of land fronting on what was then a scrubby hill-side, but which is now Riverside Park he went to his former employers' lawyers, and had them draw a contract. He was referred to a young gentleman, his junior by a few years, who occupied one of the dozen rooms comprising the suite wherein the great law firm's business was conducted. The room was just large enough for a big desk and two chairs; it was without a rug, and on

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the outside of the door was a small black and white enamelled sign which read :

MR. MAXWELL. CONTRACTS

That year Martin did a great deal in his line, and as he now undertook no work without a formal contract he had many interviews with Mr. Maxwell. At the end of the year he received a bill for legal fees that made him gasp, but he promptly remitted a check for the amount. Then he invited Mr. Maxwell to dinner with him and asked him how much he earned.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a month," replied Maxwell, frankly. "I began in the office on nothing a year, so you see I've advanced."

"But you're a lawyer now," inquired Martin; "you can practise in the courts?"

Maxwell assured his host that he not only was admitted to practice but appeared in court when there was occasion to test a contract.

"Which you always draw without any one helping you?" said Martin, eyeing Maxwell shrewdly.

"Of course; all of yours and many others, and we've never had a contract beaten."

Martin took two or three puffs of his cigar before he said, quietly: "I'll give you five thousand dollars a year to attend to all my law business, and take charge of my office."

"And will you sign a contract to that effect?" asked Maxwell.

Martin regarded him with cunning approval, and exclaimed: "You're as smart as I thought. Yes."

The contract was entered upon within a month, was renewed each year, and altered but once. After five years Horace suggested an increase in the amount of

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the annual "fee," as his compensation was described. Martin quietly asked him what fee he thought would be proper. The lawyer earnestly began an explanation of his services. He reminded Martin that he advised him now in affairs of great importance. To do so he kept himself carefully informed on all matters of modern finance, industrial organization, and such matters. The work was congenial, to be sure, but any law firm giving such advice would base its fees in a measure on the magnitude of the sums involved, and—

"Will ten thousand do?" asked Martin, interrupting.

"Yes," answered Maxwell, flushing with the shock of realizing how nearly he had made his carefully rehearsed point of asking for seven thousand five hundred.

"I'd have given him twenty-five thousand," Martin said to himself afterwards, as he chuckled over his good bargain.

CHAPTER VI

INTRODUCES SOME FASHIONABLE PAUPERS

THE Maxwell family lived in one of the broad, old-fashioned brick houses in Fifth Avenue below Fourteenth Street, built fifty years ago by Mrs. Maxwell's father, and inherited by her. It was one of the houses in the neighborhood that escaped the first rush of that vandal change we speak of as improvement, which has transformed so much of the lower end of the avenue from a district of quiet homes into a region of towering buildings where we may select a piano from one of twenty makers, buy woollens in lofts, or order an edition of one hundred thousand books printed and bound, while you wait. We must have our homes, it appears, only where land is valueless for any other purpose; and the day is not distant, I think, when Manhattan will be one solid business building, wherein some millions of people will labor by day, crossing the rivers at night for their beds and board. Already the island is fast being depopulated by the process of converting dwellings into steel and stone monstrosities—which, however, produce beautiful incomes.

In the Maxwell home, famed in the time of the late Mr. Maxwell for the best dinners in New York, there lived, when Horace contracted to do twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of work for ten thousand dollars, his mother and two sisters. Miss Emily Maxwell was two years her brother's senior, Miss Zoe his junior by two years; but both treated him as if he were ages younger than

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they ; both affected to consider him in need of pretty constant family discipline. Both, nevertheless, were certainly proud, and possibly fond, of him.

The father of the present generation died when Horace had just begun his education—that is to say, a year after he had been graduated from his college. He had remained there an extra year reading law, not to acquire a knowledge of that science, but because it was deemed necessary for him to remain on the track team another year for the safety of his college's athletic glory.

The accident of his having begun the study of the profession determined his career in life. After a year, during which he was easily acquiring the experience and knowledge essential for success in the social life he was destined to live, his father died. This was in the waning days of a market panic in which Mr. Maxwell was supposed not to be in any degree interested, but then came the dismaying discovery that his interest in it had been no less than vital, for it had taken his life, and—of superior importance to those who most lamented him—his fortune.

To a family that had only by clever management maintained its inherited manner of living on fifty thousand dollars a year, it was a stunning blow to confront the problem of living in any manner whatsoever on five thousand a year. But as that was the income the Maxwell estate produced when its affairs were settled, the widow, two daughters, and one son had that problem to face. The occasion called for and received serious consideration. At one family council Mrs. Maxwell had suggested that the effort to disguise from their set the true state of affairs be abandoned. She had heard that people with only five thousand a year moved to the suburbs, and on that modest sum were able to live in decent neighborhoods in comfort, and in a manner which pre-

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served their self-respect. Why not try it? But the passionate opposition the mere suggestion of this called forth from her daughters deterred any further mention of such a plan, and the councils thereafter related solely to ways and means whereby their position in their society might be maintained until the family fortunes could be mended by Horace.

That they succeeded is all that need be told here, for their struggle has nothing to do with this story. Their house was not involved in the late Mr. Maxwell's unfortunate ventures, as it was inherited and always held in her own name by his wife. And then their set was not one requiring conspicuous extravagance from its members.

The Thomas family, from which Mrs. Maxwell came, as well as her husband's, had had means sufficient to enable them to combine the lives of business or professional activity with such social entertainment as the standard of their times required, and to know something of the insides of books in their libraries for four generations. That may describe what constitutes "good" society in New York as distinguished from the "best," which is much worse, or "highest," which is much lower, or "fast," which is much duller.

The leisure taken away from their business or professions increased with each generation as its wealth increased, until that to which Horace Maxwell's father belonged made for New York its first leisure class. In this set Mrs. Maxwell was a ruler, although she never thought of herself as such. Nor did she care much for the fact that those aspiring souls to whom in the darkness of their best, or highest, or fast circles the light had come, who sought entrance to her set, anxious in their enlightenment to exchange notoriety for real social position, schemed for an invitation to the Maxwells' as the

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safest first step towards the goal of their chastened ambition.

These facts were canvassed in the family for the first time when the members sat as a committee on ways and means. It was agreed that while people of their poverty could not hope to retain leadership in their set, membership so firmly established could at least be maintained if their resources were skilfully applied with a view single to that end. And what other end was worth striving for?

Horace, who had his mother's even temper, listened to his sisters' plans with smiling indifference. They pointed out that nothing in the way of entertainment would be expected of them in the two years of their mourning, and after that Horace could be depended upon for some financial help. Then the family could entertain sufficiently to insure a continuance, for a time, of invitations from at least the best people in their set, and thereafter, in a general way, heaven might be expected to direct affairs with such graciousness as to save them from the utter darkness of life outside.

His law study decided Horace's entrance as a clerk in the office of the firm that had the settlement of the estate. He gave up membership in all his clubs but the one most approved by the men of the Maxwell set, where, it was decided, it would be expedient for him to be seen in furthering the justifiable deception concerning their income. He surprised the law firm by his good work, and when in due course of time he was admitted to practice, his specialty—it was an office of specialized departments—was the law of contracts. He had not been many years in the office before he was in charge of that work where, as we have seen, Martin Farnham found him.

His engagement by the little contractor doubled the

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Maxwell family income, but struggles to maintain a position on ten thousand a year and no rent to pay had already slightly acidulated the temper of Miss Emily, had made a pretended invalid of Miss Zoe, and reduced the amiable Mrs. Maxwell to a state of uncomplaining social serfdom.

Each year Horace cared less and less about the social world he was forced by family consideration to cultivate; for his work with Farnham became an engrossing and exciting game. He specialized his study strictly on the lines of Farnham's hazards. No move of the tremendous forces which were revolutionizing industries and commerce was made that Horace did not set doggedly to work tracing its source, its direction, its intention, its relation to other moves, and analyzing its possible effect on the remotest interest involved. His exact information enabled him to caution wisely the bold but inaccurately informed Farnham. His advice armed Farnham in his dealings with those who, under the rules of the game they played, were as justified in taking advantage of Martin himself as of the opportunities he offered them to take advantage of others.

The evening of the day his fee was fixed by Farnham at ten thousand a year Horace entered his home, and with an air of triumph confronted his mother and sisters. They, after quick inquiring glances at his smiling face, exclaimed in chorus:

"You succeeded?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then we can take Beach Lawn cottage next summer," Zoe remarked. She had risen from a sofa when Horace came in, and now sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"You made him agree to seven thousand five hundred?" Emily asked, searchingly.

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"More," Horace declared; and the listeners again looked at him with eager inquiry. "Ten thousand a year," he added, going over and kissing his mother, who patted his hand affectionately.

His sisters, ignoring him for the time, discussed with some interest whether a few rather overdue entertainments at home that winter, or a trip to Florida, offered the more advisable employment for the increase of the family income.

"I dare say, Horace, you could have secured twelve thousand out of the old heathen, and we could do the receptions and Florida both," Emily remarked after a little.

"Or fifteen thousand," Zoe suggested.

"Or fifty thousand, and completely restore our position in society," Horace observed. "It's such fun doing anything for you girls. You are such appreciative creatures. I should not hesitate to break into a bank upon opportunity to gain further marks of your sisterly approval."

Zoe laughed softly at him, and drawled, "It's so easy to be disagreeable, Horace, I wonder you find any pleasure in it."

"Don't be cross, Zoe," her sister said. "I think Horace really has done very well. After our years of beggary I am beginning to see that something may be done even with an extra ten thousand. Horace, you are a deserving young man, and I shall play you some music you like."

Of his business affairs Martin told Maxwell everything. He came to do this by slow degrees, for he was suspicious and secretive; but he was forced at last to acknowledge his dependence on the man he paid for a year's service a tenth part of what he sometimes earned out of a single piece of his advice.

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Only once did he entrust him with a personal affair. One day Martin said to him: "Maxwell, there is a woman living at this address I want to have paid five dollars a week. I do not want her to know who or where it comes from. Can you arrange it?"

"Certainly," responded Maxwell, and no other word was ever said on the subject.

This happened on the day after Jack Cavendish was killed by a fall down a ship's hatchway, where Jack, having been drunk for a week, was unsteadily looking for work.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT MARTIN FARNHAM'S EARNINGS BROUGHT HIM

THUS it was that Mrs. Cavendish became an aristocrat of Hickory Street; a woman looked up to, envied, marvelled at; the possessor of five dollars a week, certain, regular, with no discount for a husband's drunk. Five whole dollars every week, added to what she and her daughter earned; a crisp, clean bill every single week without work. It was like a romance in a story paper—a dream of luxury realized! No wonder it fixed the social position of the Cavendishes, mother and daughter, so high the neighbors marvelled they condescended to honor Hickory Street with their continued presence. But the Cavendishes were content, or at least did not complain, though Rose, as her earnings in the Grand Street store became greater, longed for a time when, as the head of her department, she should earn enough to warrant her mother in giving up the work she did at home for the same store, if not—but this was more of a dream than a hope—in moving into a better neighborhood.

Their combined earnings, with the allowance from Martin, afforded them many comforts which in Hickory Street were looked upon as luxuries. The housekeeping work of the three rooms was turned over to the stalwart energies of Mrs. Cassidy, partly because this arrangement gave Mrs. Cavendish more time for her sewing, and

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partly because it appeared as if the Cassidys otherwise would not have enough to satisfy four ravenous appetites. And John Cavendish, the handsome boy, was kept in school after he was fourteen, an extravagance Rose agreed to because her mother's heart-desire was to make a gentleman of her son, although the process required a part of Rose's earnings, and she had left school and gone to work, according to the neighborhood rule, at fourteen. There was also the luxury of charity. Mrs. Cavendish always heard of the direst cases of need: a mother and baby staring helplessly at the empty cupboard when the breadwinner was kept from work by an accident so common among those who labor 'longshore. Such cases she would help, and others, where she knew the need of tiding over a crisis to prevent its becoming a tragedy.

She and Rose seldom spoke of Martin. He was "doing well" in his world was about all Mrs. Cavendish knew or said of him. She assumed that the weekly allowance came from him, but when Rose wondered if he would not do more for her mother, take her to live with him, put John in a good position, or in some such way show that he had forgotten the old grudge, Mrs. Cavendish answered: "Your uncle has a proud heart, dear, and cannot forget that quarrel. But he is a just man, and if he is as prosperous as they say, when I am gone he will look after you and John."

In all those years Martin Farnham was living in a manner little more pretentious than that of the family in Hickory Street. It might have made a great difference in his life if his sister had gone with him when he urged her. But, homeless as he was, when he began to make money fast his whole life was devoted to the single ambition of making it faster. He was not miserly; he was wholly infatuated with the game he found he could

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play with such skill. His keen mind saw opportunities on all sides for profitable undertakings, and every dollar of his profits, aside from his simple living expenses, was turned towards them. Then he worked more hours and with fiercer energy that he might have the satisfaction of scoring another success. To hear some of the great men with whom he was now associated so much, praise his foresight in seeing a chance, and his skill in taking advantage of it, was reward enough. He acquired no polish, no graces, no cultivated tastes in which his wealth could easily have afforded indulgence; only an appetite for more work, more profits that he might play the game on a larger and more varied scale—and so worked himself to death. He lived in a single room in a house he owned, and ate, as he expressed it, where he found himself when he was hungry. That is a rather dangerous way for any one to eat, especially for a man who has come to work his mind and body eighteen hours a day. But Farnham did not know this, and was as indignant as surprised when he recovered from a swoon one night in Horace Maxwell's office. He was so weak then that Maxwell was able to persuade him to go into the country for a rest. But the strength was gone from the tireless little body, and he died sitting at a table where he had written a long letter of instruction concerning the management of his business, which Maxwell found addressed to him with the will, when he arrived in response to a telegram.

Neither the letter nor the will expressed any sentiments of love or any reproach for the sister the will enriched. Farnham had apparently never entertained the idea of diverting his fortune from her. His only instructions affecting her related to his wish that she should not attempt to restrain Maxwell in furthering Farnham's desire to have all his contracts carried out. To Maxwell

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he wrote that certain things should be done gradually to accustom his sister to the possession of the fortune during Maxwell's trusteeship. Otherwise he feared his sister would be easy prey for designing persons when she had full control of the estate.

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH MRS. CASSIDY NEARLY FAINTS

HICKORY STREET shook from end to end ; tremors of excitement extended as far as the crest of Cherry Hill in one direction, to the East River in another. The street was seething with gossip over the amazing luck which had come to Mrs. Cavendish. No other topic was discussed by the excited women, who exchanged from window to window, from door to door, the latest of the fast-growing reports concerning this all-engrossing event. But Nolan's bar in the rear of his mid-block grocery easily became the turbulent news centre when Mrs. Cassidy was seen to enter there, bearing a quart can, her strong old face working with emotion, revealing at a glance to the whole street her possession of particulars the housewives were keenly curious to hear.

The bar-room was already crowded when Mrs. Cassidy entered ; card-tables shoved into corners served as grandstands for eager listeners. On the unlit stove were perched the Cassidy twins, and an Italian woman who could speak English, who was translating Nolan's remarks to a group of her countrywomen. Each of these held a baby across her shoulder and a little child by the hand at her side.

"I knowed it was a good thing for Mrs. Cavendish," Nolan was saying, "when the lawyer writes to her that he was going to call. Mostly the lawyers sends you a letter to call on them, and when you call they give you the knife."

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"Call not on the Americano lawyer, oh, my sisters," said the interpreter, "for if you do"—she hesitated for the right word—"they murder you with a stiletto."

"Oh, Madonna!" murmured her sisters.

"And then," resumed Nolan, "how did the lawyer come?"

"We fetches him, and Neill Mulgrave gives the tip that the lawyer is all right," piped Hugh-Timothy in concert.

"And the ruler commands that the lawyer be obeyed," gasped the interpreter to her deeply impressed sisters.

"And we gets nickels to burn," cried the twins triumphantly. Then Hugh-Timothy fell off the stove seeing their mother arrive, for they had promised to gather stove-wood where an old building was being torn down in Henry Street.

"What's the latest, Mrs. Cassidy?" cried several, when that lady had stared the twins out of the forbidden premises.

"'Tis wonderful!" she replied. "I'll be troubling you for a pint, Mr. Nolan," she added, passing the can to the proprietor.

"A quart, if you like!" he exclaimed, as he drew the can full.

"I've just left the dear good woman," Mrs. Cassidy explained. "I told her it was time for me to go and sell papers on Park Row, by the bridge, which I've not missed a day, blizzard or sunstroke, these twenty years, barring Sundays, when Brooklyn gentlemen, which is my customers, stays to home. But she told me to send my Michael to my place again, which he'll be arrested for fighting, him being his father's son, as well you know, Nolan, and begged me with tears in her eyes to stop by her side, which is why I'm here for the quart, and let it go on my score, Mr. Nolan, for it's little I hoped to

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see as great a day as this for Hickory Street since the Italians moved in, and the Irish moved out, barring a few of us what's left."

Mrs. Cassidy slowly raised the pail to her lips, reduced its contents to a pint, and awaited the questions she knew all wanted asked.

"How much does she get?" Nolan said, and the company held its breath to hear the reply.

"It's the truth as ever was spoken," responded Mrs. Cassidy, "that Mrs. Cavendish don't know, her Rosie don't know, I don't know, and the lawyer himself don't know. But, listen, it'll be more nor ten dollars a week, and it may be fifteen, and that's as true as I'm a widow. Mr. Nolan, fill the can; I must be going."

Leaving the company fairly staggered by the information she had imparted, Mrs. Cassidy retired. She returned to No. 23, went to her own two rooms on the fourth floor, where, sustained in her unusual labors by the can, she proceeded to array herself in a green print gown, highly illuminated with green ribbons, which she was never before known to wear except on the fête-day of Ireland's patron saint. She worked with tremendous energy, inducing various vagrant ropes of gray hair to come within the restraining influences of hairpins and combs; a work whose difficulties were increased because the fragment of mirror guiding her was unequal to the task of reflecting her hands and her hair at the same time.

"'Beauty,'" she said as she toiled, "'beauty,' as the dear dead poet says, 'is but skin deep, but Ireland,' says he, 'is deeper nor a well, and abides,' he says, 'forever.'"

At last, satisfied with the partial conquest of art over nature, and taking up the now nearly empty can, she descended to the Cavendish apartment, where she was determined to dust and polish again until the second visit

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of the lawyer, in whom she felt an interest deeper even than in the traffic over Brooklyn Bridge.

Mrs. Cavendish turned with a start as the old newswoman entered. "Oh, it's you, Mrs. Cassidy," she said, much relieved. Rose, who was arranging her mother's dark hair, smiled, and said: "Does the lawyer frighten you, mamma? I think he is very nice. He'll know everything we ought to do, for he belongs to that Maxwell family that has always been—" she hesitated for a word, and Mrs. Cassidy supplied it.

"They's aristocrats, if ever there was one on Manhattan Island!" the newswoman exclaimed, with deep conviction. "As my Michael would say, they's the real thing. Many's the time have I seen the lawyer's father drive into the Swamp with two men on the box, before the bridge was started at all."

"There," exclaimed Rose, looking at her mother's hair with critical approval. She buried the end of a coil in the recesses of the mass and pinned it down. "If you only had a small comb to finish that with, and some lace to soften the throat of the dress, you'd look as if you'd always had lawyers calling on you about 'Estates of.'"

"And soon she'll have the combs and the lace, the dear woman!" remarked Mrs. Cassidy, swirling the contents of the can into frothy life, and speaking of Mrs. Cavendish as of one absent. "Soon she'll have them, for, Rosie dear, your ma must take up the burdens of the rich, and, with the candle burning at both ends, go chasing down the corridors of time, as the dear dead poet says, 'with drums beating to the greater glory of St. Patrick.' Rest his soul."

"It's hard to think it's true," mused Mrs. Cavendish, "but I suppose I'll get used to it in time."

"I was convinced it was true," declared Rose, laugh-

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ing, "when the credit man of our store told me to order whatever I wanted and have it charged. The girls in the suit room, my department, opened their eyes when I gave them a few orders. Oh, the fun of giving orders for once, and not taking them!"

"'Tis wonderful," sighed Mrs. Cassidy, for she was gazing into the can that now was empty; "'tis wonderful to think how the poor butterflies must have been consumed, as the dear dead poet says, 'consumed in the fierce white light that beams upon Tyrone.' Bought you anything from Percy?"

Rose showed all her very fine teeth when she laughed at this question. "No, Mrs. Cassidy," she said, "Percy is a floor-walker, and does not sell goods. He proved to be a doubter, though, for he said I'd be back in the shop trying garments on customers again. He asked how much it was, too—every one in the store did—but, of course, I could not tell them. They can't believe we have not asked the lawyer how much it is. Do you suppose we ought to do so? I may be spending too much, and he'll scold me."

"Here he is, anyway," excitedly announced Mrs. Cassidy, who was looking out of the window. "And my twins fighting a path for him."

There were shouts and hurrahs in the street, and then laughter and cries of rage and pain. "Good boys, Hugh-Timothy! Hit from the shoulder! That's the way!" cried Mrs. Cassidy, giving the other inmates of the room, thereby, an idea of the scene in the street.

A moment later Horace Maxwell entered Mrs. Cavendish's parlor, looking calm, and precise as to his dress, in spite of the war that had raged about him for a block, and smilingly remarked: "Yours is a tumultuous, but a joyous, neighborhood, Mrs. Cavendish."

"'Tis the language of a poet he do be using," mur-

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mured Mrs. Cassidy, who was regarding the lawyer as if under a spell.

"Before we go on with your affairs," he added, speaking to Mrs. Cavendish, but looking with a curious interest at Mrs. Cassidy, causing her to wink rapidly with both eyes, "may I ask if this lady, the mother of my lively bodyguard, is the Mrs. Cassidy who married Michael Cassidy, son of the woman you and your brother Martin lived with as children?"

During this speech, politely spoken, but with a hint of formality in its precise phrasing, Mrs. Cassidy courtesied with mechanical regularity.

"Yes, this is the Mrs. Cassidy you speak of, and the only one I know," Mrs. Cavendish replied. "She is an old friend, and was very kind to Martin and me when we were children."

"Not so kind as you've been to me this many years," Mrs. Cassidy asserted stoutly.

Maxwell hesitated a moment, but assuming that the newswoman would depart when he took up the business of the others, he decided to explain his interest in her at once. "Mr. Farnham remembered you in a letter of instructions he gave me, Mrs. Cassidy," he said. "If I have Mrs. Cavendish's consent, for this matter is only an expressed wish of Mr. Farnham's, not a provision of the will, I shall have the pleasure, when we have matters arranged a little, of handing you a thousand dollars."

Mrs. Cassidy suddenly stopped courtesying, looked fixedly at the lawyer, then blinkingly at Rose and her mother, who were smiling with honest pleasure. Then the sturdy old creature sank down in a state as near to fainting as was possible in one who had been hardened by twenty years of exposure at the mouth of Brooklyn Bridge "in blizzard and sunstroke." Her friends soon

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had her restored somewhat, though it was weeks before she was wholly so, as to her wits.

"A thousand," murmured the heiress. "That's two thousand days' earnings, counting good and bad luck as it comes. Let me go, dearies, let me go and tell Hugh-Timothy and Michael." She stopped at the door, suddenly struck with a startling thought, and exclaimed: "But what will I do with it, sir?"

"Oh, we'll find some good way to use it for your comfort," Maxwell replied. "It will be a week or two yet before I can pay it. But perhaps I can arrange a little advance if you have immediate need."

Instantly Mrs. Cassidy responded: "A suit for Hugh-Timothy—one seventy-five a suit. I seen 'em on Park Row, near Chatham Square—that's three fifty; a suit for Michael, five—that's eight fifty; and I'm owing Mr. Nolan seventy-five cents—that's nine twenty-five. Is the sum too much? 'Twould make me the happiest woman in New York."

Maxwell handed her a ten-dollar bill, and when she took it something was making her blink more than had ever sun or blizzard.

She was thinking of the days when she was a handsome young woman, and Martin Farnham, aged ten, and likewise ten years her junior, had stoutly urged her to wait until he was grown. He would marry her, and they would be rich, never wear patched clothes, have all the ice cream and candy they could eat, and pass their days in riding on the Brooklyn ferry-boats. She laughed at him when he became jealous of big Mike Cassidy; but she helped him fight his battles with other boys, and sometimes she fought men for setting upon little Martin Farnham too roughly. Possibly she was thinking now that if she had waited for him to marry her she might not have been obliged all these years, in "blizzard and

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sunstroke," to sell papers at the Brooklyn Bridge. The man she had married was a careless giant, who frequently lost his jobs 'longshore, and often forgot to bring home his wages when he had a job. There was not a line that looked hard in her big weather-beaten old features as she awkwardly courtesied herself out of the room.

CHAPTER IX

THE WANT AN INCOME COULD NOT SUPPLY

MAXWELL, Mrs. Cavendish and Rose talked much about immediate plans for the mother and daughter, when the old newswoman had left the room, but not much even at this second interview about the affairs of the Martin Farnham Estate. The lawyer tried a little to explain some of its business, and was patiently explicit in his efforts to make his clients understand something of the Martin Farnham Contracting Company; how he should carry out all its existing contracts, then get judicial authority for disincorporation, and after investing its funds, distribute the company's assets, which meant, hand them over to Mrs. Cavendish. He told them his immediate duty was to probate the will, but he was not yet quite prepared to do so. All that he said gave them no definite idea of the estate's affairs. The career of Rose's brother John, the news of the big Grand Street store, Rose's night studies at home keeping up with John's school work, the incidents, trials, tragedies, comedies of Hickory Street—these had been their interests. Nothing had ever entered into their experience which gave them even a slight knowledge of the things the lawyer talked of; and he found the more he explained the greater was their confusion. At last they hinted at a wish to know the value of the property whose income they were to have; and Rose, thinking he might misunderstand their reason for asking, explained her fear that she had been extravagant. When, with

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some misgivings, she confessed to the total amount of her shopping purchases the lawyer smiled as he assured her that she had not been extravagant. Evading a direct reply to their inquiries he told them he was in a position to make Mrs. Cavendish any allowance they might determine was proper, when they had agreed upon a plan for their immediate movements.

Rose had a plan. She was for moving to some boarding house, or a hotel if they could afford it, near the theatres and the big shops.

"Anything further?" Maxwell asked, with polite attention.

"Why, no," responded Rose. "What more could any one want?"

"And you?" he said, turning to Mrs. Cavendish.

"I've been trying to think," she responded, slowly, "but I cannot. If a person has all she wants to eat, and something to give to a neighbor who may have nothing, and has a fine gown like this, I do not see what else there is—except that Rose likes to shop for pretty things."

There was a long silence, during which the lawyer's beard and mustache twitched a little, but his eyes denoted only patient attention.

Then Mrs. Cavendish said, more slowly: "When Jack was alive—my husband—he used to tell me stories his father told him of England. It must be a pretty place—from Jack's stories—and I've sometimes thought I'd like to see it. It's a far way off, to be sure, and I suppose it costs a lot to go there."

Maxwell rose and thoughtfully paced to and fro as he said: "Both your plans are excellent, and fit well together. If you will permit me I will decide on some quiet hotel uptown where you can remain until I'm ready to probate the will—a few weeks. You will have a great deal of shopping to do that can be attended to—having

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your gowns and boots and bonnets made—by the time you are ready to sail. If you will let me advise you, we'll look up an experienced maid for each of you—" Mrs. Cavendish's eyes stared, Rose's danced—" and I'll endeavor to arrange with a lady I know, who has been much in Europe, to travel with you. I suggest that you stay over on the other side a year. The lady I speak of will show you the right things in England, France, and Italy, and perhaps you can do a little of Germany, where she has a brother. She will be able as you travel to—to—well, to give you some little advice—that is, to talk over with you matters you will need to understand when you come back, and move into a house I will have ready for you then. You'll need some money for shopping, so when you go up to the hotel I'll have ten thousand dollars credit there for you, Mrs. Cavendish, to draw against as you need it. If you can be ready by to-morrow I'll call for you then and take you to the hotel."

When Maxwell ceased talking Rose's eyes no longer danced. They were staring like her mother's. Neither woman spoke nor seemed conscious of Maxwell's presence, although their eyes mechanically followed his regular stride.

"In offering to do what I have, and in making these suggestions," Maxwell resumed, "I am acting according to a letter of instruction your brother wrote. Under the will, as you know, I have no authority in such matters, of course. You see Mr. Farnham could not treat you like his shares, and other property, and put you in a trust under my administration for five years." Maxwell smiled at his own pleasantry, but the women evidently not following him, he resumed, gravely: "If my plans do not meet your views you must make and follow others; but I believe mine will serve to prepare you for

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—that is, you will find it less of a change in your new home after a year passed as I suggest, than if you undertake its management now.”

The lawyer stopped his short sentry-like tramp up and down the room and regarded Mrs. Cavendish for a time as if to hear any comments she wished to make. But as mother and daughter remained in dazed silence, he took up his hat and stick and went to the door, saying only, “I’ll call to-morrow,” and left the room. In the street he was confronted by Mrs. Cassidy, Micky and the twins; the latter already screwed into the new knickerbockers and roundabouts, which had the effect on their nerves of straitjackets, for their bodies expressed irksome captivity, their faces mental woe and anguish. It was with some difficulty they obeyed their mother’s orders, “Thank the gentleman, Hugh-Timothy, thank him kindly, or I’ll break your heads, dearies.” Stalwart Michael was detailed to escort Mr. Maxwell to the elevated road station, a duty he performed with a grin of joy, for he had brisk running fights all the way up the hill with youths of the neighboring tribes exercising their inherited instinct to resist forcibly the invasion of a well-dressed, and therefore, presumably, unfriendly stranger. Mickey employed tactical skill in taking advantage of his inside line, flying swiftly around Maxwell, delivering defensive blows on the enemy. He refused the offer of a tip when he had safely conveyed the lawyer to the station steps, and fought his way back to No. 23, where he arrived, the pride of his mother and the envy of the twins, who gladly would have exchanged their stiff new clothes for the glory of his conquests.

At dinner that evening Maxwell related some of his experiences to his mother and sister, who listened as we do to the tales of travellers returned from strange foreign lands, necessarily depending upon the imagina-

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tion to supply a picture of the savages and their haunts, whose outlines alone even the most graphic story can depict.

"I suppose that is an assumed name—'Rose Cavendish,'" said his sister Emily.

"Why?" asked Maxwell.

"Oh, people of the slums do not have such pretty names as that, by right," she explained.

"Not often, perhaps," Horace admitted. "But that name is hers in truth. She's handsome, too," he added, with some enthusiasm.

Mrs. Maxwell looked up startled, but concluded that her son was joking, and remarked, with an accent of mild reproach, "What nonsense, Horace!"

"Worse than nonsense, mother," replied her son, with much gravity, "it's rank presumption! Why, the girl is as handsome as—as—just think! tall, jet-black hair, gray-blue eyes, a nose supported at its base at that rare angle—"

"Supported at its base at that rare angle," is a euphemism for tip-tilted, I suppose," murmured Emily.

"It's no time to interrupt a man when he's poetical," Horace said. "At that rare angle which is just short of being saucy, yet expressive of a charming tinge of such independent fancifulness—"

"I suppose, Horace," his mother said, with a noble effort to appear indulgent, "this is a lawyer's tactful way of saying that his client is a vulgarly impudent—"

"Mamma!" interrupted Horace, "consider the young lady's expectations!"

"Well, let us consider them," said Emily. "You've been so secret about the amount the old heathen left, we know less than any one. Everybody pretends to know, and they say there have been pieces in the papers

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about it. Really, Horace, what will Mrs. Cavendish and her snub-nosed Rose get?"

"The estate will now pay," Horace answered slowly, and then indulged the luxury of a dramatic pause before he added, "between five hundred and six hundred thousand a year."

"Horace!" gasped his mother and sister.

"And I'll increase its earnings before it leaves my hands," he concluded, half to himself.

There was a long silence before Emily remarked thoughtfully, "I've seen that type: tall, black-haired, gray-eyed young women, who, I suppose, come from that class—cloak models, and such people."

"I believe she was something like that," Horace assented, smiling at something.

"And, really, they are quite smart looking; manage to assume an air," Emily continued.

"Miss Cavendish has quite an air," Horace said, still smiling.

"And will she inherit all that fortune?" Emily asked, stealing a glance at her mother.

"There is a wayward brother supposed to be scattering around the world somewhere," Horace answered. "But there will be enough for two."

"She's only twenty, you say?" Emily continued. "I suppose she could be trained into something presentable."

"Oh, quite presentable," her brother responded.

"Men of very good families have married such women," Emily mused, looking again at her mother.

"Emily!" exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell, rising and walking towards the door. "If you have no respect for your mother, decent consideration, at least, should keep you from making such horrible suggestions, even in jest. It was bad enough to have to sacrifice Zoe for the sake of the family, but—" she left the room haughtily.

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"When mamma's nerves are quieted I want you and her to call on the Cavendishes at their hotel," Horace remarked.

"Certainly," said Emily. "As your clients, we are bound to recognize them. Half a million a year!"

It was a long time after the lawyer had left Hickory Street before anything was said by the clients to whom he had made such astounding disclosures. Then Rose exclaimed: "Ten thousand dollars just to shop with! And I was afraid my fifty dollars of shopping was extravagant."

She walked over to the bureau and laughed at herself in the mirror. "Mamma, you'll have real silk, and real laces; and I'll design the gowns for us that we talked about just for fairy stories."

"But what was that he said about maids?" Mrs. Cavendish asked, dazed still.

"Why," responded Rose, "they are girls who will help do up our hair, button our boots, help us dress, and carry our wraps. I've seen them in the shop with carriage customers."

"I'll let no hired girl do up my hair," Mrs. Cavendish said, indignantly.

"But, mamma, we must have money enough to afford them, or Mr. Maxwell would not have said so. Goodness! it must be a lot."

"A lot of money, yes," said Mrs. Cavendish, "but—" she stopped speaking and began to wipe tears from her eyes.

"There, mamma, dear," said Rose, "don't think of John. He'll come back. There can be nothing to fear—with all this money."

"But where is he? Where is my pretty boy?" cried the mother. Then she broke down and wailed: "What do I care for all the money! Let them bring me back

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my boy, my son, my pretty boy, and they can have all the money. When he comes back he'll come here, and we'll be gone—who knows where?—and it will be money will keep us apart, Rosie, dear. It's not that I want, it's my boy."

CHAPTER X

EXPLAINS THE SACRIFICE OF ZOE MAXWELL, AND OTHER MATTERS

IT was one of Miss Emily Maxwell's serious charges against her brother that he cultivated the social garden wherein his sister bloomed only when pricked into a sense of duty by the thorns that blossom protected itself with, and at times used for offensive, as well as defensive, armament.

Miss Emily assumed a controlling direction in her brother's affairs—indeed, of the entire family's—since, by the exercise of a strong will and a wit which early developed a cutting edge, she had maintained rights over her brother and sister in the matters of the division of jam at tea time, or the services of a nursery maid supposed to render equal aid to herself and Zoe.

Horace, from the time he was no longer eligible for a place on his college track team, and therefore was supposed to have no further incentive for academic pursuits, had developed in a way to cause Emily's indignation. A man, she argued, who had established an intercollegiate broad jump record, needed but to apply something of the same degree and kind of energy to jump into social prominence. His family guaranteed him a place without a struggle in the social track team, and, as athletic sports had now become the swiftest medium for more than ordinary social prominence, Horace needed but to captain a polo team, or win a golf championship, to command social pre-eminence certain to secure a bride,

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whose dower, by comparison, would cause the Maxwells' fifty thousand a year to sink into insignificance.

But Horace had been a disappointment. While the family fortune, such as it was, remained intact, he displayed a silly enthusiasm for pictures and music, and old or rare editions—enthusiasms tolerable only in old age or poverty, according to the gospel of Emily.

Had he commanded national prominence as a college athlete to come to such a poor end? Why, he might as well have been a reading man at college and remained unknown, even to his classmates, or known only to be despised, if nothing better than a fancy for literature and art was to come of it! Emily took a violent aversion to all college professors, for she believed that, while Horace was seemingly developing only his muscles, some sneaking professor had actually contrived, unknown to his family, to develop his brain.

Then came the affair of Paulina Van Ness, a girl without a dollar, who, if inclined to boast, could boast of nothing more comforting than that one of her Dutch ancestors had owned a farm running across Manhattan Island; a girl who did not conceal the fact that she aided her mother and father in entertaining musicians and painters and writers! Horace, it was discovered, called frequently at the Van Ness house, consorted freely with these musicians, painters, and writers, and shamelessly admitted at the Maxwell breakfast table, when charged with the offence by the remorseless Emily, that he thought Polly Van Ness the nicest girl he knew; had rather call there than anywhere else; and, yes, if it would comfort Emily to know the truth, he was mighty fond of Polly, and would she, Emily, please pass the toast and not talk so much. This insubordination occurred in the year Horace entered college, a dangerous year for any boy, and, in the case of Horace, made doubly so, not only

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because he was seventeen, but because Polly was nineteen. It was the year she married Peter Foster.

Papa Maxwell, at the point where Horace asked for the toast, looked over the top of his newspaper and remarked that there was no better family in New York than the Van Nesses. Mr. Van Ness, to be sure, wrote books and articles for the magazines, and he had heard it rumored even that he wrote editorials for a newspaper; nevertheless, the family had always been distinguished and high-toned. Zoe tittered at Emily's discomfiture; but mamma, who had been carefully trained by Emily, looked serious. Emily during that day regretted that the law of the land did not permit one to chain and imprison a boy of Horace's wilful nature, or to behead a girl so threatening to society as that blond and impecunious Polly. But what seemed an imminent catastrophe was happily averted by the mad performance of Peter Foster, known to have but a beggarly three thousand a year allowed him by his mother, who was a widow, good-looking, and liable at any moment to recommit matrimony. Peter Foster cared little about the useless fields cultivated by the professional young men so much in evidence in the Van Ness salon, and affected at that time by Master Maxwell, but his heart was less faint than Horace's, and he one day walked the fair Paulina off to church, and thereby made a temporary desert of Bohemia.

Horace did not improve. When, after the death of his father, he went into contracts, and then took charge of Farnham's legal business, he was compelled to abandon Emily's plans as to polo and golf, because of their expense, and because he worked more hours a day than did his mother's butler. Yet he could have done much more than he did in the way of social industries. He faithfully performed escort duty for the ladies of the fami-

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ly, but he sulked so, when urged to do more, that Emily at last gave up her noble efforts for his reformation. He liked to go to Polly Foster's, and did so, meeting the same artists and musicians and writers as of old. But Emily managed to cure him of this. It appeared that at Polly's Horace learned of sales of books and pictures, of concerts where the music was good though the patronage unfashionable, and on these books and pictures and concerts Horace wasted all of the modest sum he reserved from his fee for himself.

One year Emily made a careful and accurate computation of these expenses, and proved to Horace that they amounted to a sum which would provide both his sisters with two additional gowns. So Horace gave up his foolish purchases, contenting himself with procuring catalogues of the sales, and marking the things he would like to buy, and getting programmes of the concerts and running over the piano scores of the numbers he would have liked to hear, although Emily, who played brilliantly, suffered from Horace's brave but uncertain assaults at the scores—but the sisters had the two extra gowns a year.

This was the condition of affairs even after Farnham increased Horace's fee. The lawyer had less to spend than the clerk he paid forty dollars a month, had fewer amusements, worked longer and harder, had less liberty, and knew fewer people. It was deemed part of the family plan that he should retain a membership in one club, but he seldom went there now, because he could not return the hospitality of members who eagerly welcomed him—for he was a man who firmly fixed the affections of men. He kept away from artists' studios, where he liked much to go when the north light had failed, the models gone, and he would not interrupt their work, for he could not buy even their least expensive canvases.

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Zoe married a widower; an absolutely wild man from some impossible place in the darkest West, where he had mines and mills and ranches; married him after a shockingly brief and unconventional courtship in a Florida hotel, and went as mistress of his newly established, newly built, newly furnished, newly decorated New York home. From being a sofa invalid she became a stalwart leader in a shudderingly fast set, chiefly composed of other Westerners, who all owned shamelessly profitable mines and mills and ranches; and all of whom, without the fear of any Emily's disfavor, were madly employing every device New York afforded for the sole and frankly avowed purpose of making life a bright, noisy, changing carnival.

The particular mill, mine, and ranch owner who laid sudden and impetuous siege to Zoe's heart, who was so impulsive in his demands as scarcely to give Emily a chance to write to Horace to make proper inquiries concerning the reality and value of the mines, mills, and ranches, was Thomas Sterne; fifty, with longish, iron-gray hair and mustaches, which would have given him a romantic appearance had it not been for the saving red-brown darkening his face, neck and hands like a dye. He was an uncommonly handsome six-footer, and you readily believed his assertion that he had lived twenty years in a saddle. He would have remained there yet had he not dismounted upon a mine which seemed to be waiting for some one to relieve it of its over-burden of riches.

He and his fourteen-year-old daughter Florence were guests of the same hotel as the Maxwells, and one day, discovering his child, whose beauty had caught Zoe's attention, sitting at the feet of that young lady, and his quick and abundant emotions being aroused at the sight—Zoe indulgently questioning, the child eagerly

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answering—he resolved to provide Florence with a mother in the person of Zoe. He went to work to that end as if he were rushing some extra thousands of tons of ore to mill, or responding to a hurry call for the shipment to market of some extra thousands of head of cattle.

Zoe laughed at him with fascinating frankness, assured him that he was always either absurd or terrifying, admitted that she did love little Florence, denied that that had anything to do with the case, and “kept him guessing,” as he expressed the effect of her attitude, until a favorable report concerning the mines and mills and ranches was received. Then, one evening, she agreed that if he solemnly promised never to require her to go further West than the North River she would consent to be a mother to Florence.

Mrs. Maxwell was profoundly shocked, and Emily pretended to be; but they gave them the wedding, and the breakfast, and took charge of Florence while the happy couple went to Europe.

Even the sacrifice of Zoe, as Mrs. Maxwell always termed that young lady’s marriage, did not lessen Horace’s responsibilities, nor bring any ease to his financial condition, personally. Zoe, at the suggestion of her husband, offered her mother an allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars a month, which had the effect of making Mrs. Maxwell ill for one week and indignant for many. But Emily, more practical, accepted the allowance, and conscientiously applied it to the household expenses. Thereby son-in-law Sterne’s purpose was attained, and mamma-in-law’s gradually soothed feelings saved from collapse. This contribution from the mines and mills and ranches eased the wheels of domestic economy a little; made possible a few more ceremonious dinners, whereby the growing belief was strengthened

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that the late Mr. Maxwell's estate had not been so much impaired as at first reported; and increased the number of Mrs. Maxwell's girlhood friends who remedied their recent remissness in the matter of returning calls. It also bore fruit in a bit of Emiline philosophy, imparted thus to Horace:

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a month in itself is no better than twenty-five cents; but added to fifteen thousand a year it is very effective."

"Very," said Horace, and added, gravely: "Whereas, added to two hundred and fifty thousand a year, it is again, curiously enough, reduced to its original comparative ineffectiveness."

His sister regarded Horace haughtily, suspecting him of trying to make smart phrases of no value in society, and uncomfortably suggestive of the odious Polly Foster set.

"I should think some one could write something—a story or something—about a man starving to death on two hundred and fifty dollars a month secretly provided for him by a jealous rival," Horace continued, looking at Emily as if he thought she might write the story, if she made an effort.

"I should think," Emily remarked, ignoring his weak attempt at humor, "I really think if you patronized your club more, and cultivated your circle of acquaintance there, you could pick up some clients whose business would add two or three hundred a month to your income. We could do some very smart things in the way of small evenings even with that additional sum, now. Something in the way of informal musicales, with singers and players who are just entering the profession and do not charge much."

"The trouble is," replied Horace, "such clients as you advise me to pick up are never on the ground where

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a fellow can pick them up. When they are ripe enough to fall into the hands of a lawyer there always is a lawyer waiting there to catch them, as they fall. I might go out with a club, though, and observing a fine ripe client still clinging to his branch, knock him down and claim him as he strikes the ground. We used to do that with chest-nuts in a tree back of the Prep school, but generally we had to fight to make good our claim. But you see I am not in training now, and—"

Emily went to the piano and played, fortissimo and vivace, some music she knew Horace did not like, and he—this was after dinner—went back to his office and worked until midnight over a knotty problem in corporation law. This happened frequently in the latter years of Martin Farnham's life, these long night sessions over papers and law books, for the business of the Martin Farnham Contracting Company had grown mightily and diversely, and the tireless little money miller, working all day over the industrial ends of his undertakings, thought nothing of passing half the night with his salaried lawyer over the affairs intrusted to Maxwell.

Horace never complained, for his responsibilities at home made him timid in respect to his position. The thought of what would be the effect on his mother and sister if he should be obliged now, when he was approaching middle life, to make a fresh start in a keen struggle in his profession where his acquaintance was limited, was a source of constant anxiety to him.

These were the conditions of his life when Martin Farnham died, leaving his estate in trust to Maxwell, to whom he had never uttered one word indicating his absolute confidence in him, but who now was practically the sole custodian, for five years, of the great fortune.

His acceptance of the trust involved his waiving all

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claims for fees beyond the sum he had been paid yearly by Farnham. This provision of the will stood as a monument to Farnham's principle of getting the maximum service for the minimum wage; projecting the principle beyond his grave, for the sake of consistency.

Maxwell shrugged his shoulders as he contemplated the new duties the trust imposed upon him, yet acknowledged that they might have been much worse. Mrs. Cavendish was certainly a calm and amiable-looking woman, not without physical resemblance to some he had observed in the boxes at the opera. Rose he could not match, quite. He wondered just what she had done in the suit department in the big Grand Street store to make her look so weary—more so, he thought, than any woman he had ever seen. That look, and the striking abundance of her black hair, and that she had an air, assumed professionally, he supposed, of being a *grande dame*, were what he chiefly recalled of her after two interviews. He reflected now that the air, or manner, so noticeable in Rose had not seemed ridiculous even in the Hickory Street room, kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room combined. His final conclusion was that Mrs. Cavendish and her daughter were not just the kind of women whose wardship he cared to add to his other social obligations. The task would have been easier, he thought, if the daughter did not give promise of becoming strikingly good-looking when leisure and luxury had obliterated the shop weariness.

"Anyway," mused Horace, on his way home after his second interview with the Cavendishes, "my income is assured for five years. In that time, when it is seen what I can do with the Farnham estate, I may impress some of the men who have been Farnham's associates with my amiable qualities so strongly that one will permit me, as Emily suggests, to pick him up as a client.

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Heigh ho! those chaps pay lawyers fifty thousand dollars a year."

That evening Horace wrote and mailed this letter to Mrs. Peter Foster, of West Eighty — Street :

"MY DEAR MRS. FOSTER,—Will you please name an evening when I may call to see you on a matter of business. Tell Peter he is to go away. Name some evening when no one else is expected, or if that evening is never to be, when I may see you for at least an hour before any one else calls.

"As an inducement for Peter to go away tell him I'll break my rule and meet him later at the club, and let him beat me at a game of pool.

"Yours very truly,

"HORACE MAXWELL."

The next day he received this reply :

"MY DEAR MR. MAXWELL,—It is ages since I have been so delightfully agitated! How mysterious, too! Not only business, but business in secret! Come a week from to-night, at nine o'clock sharp. Ring once. Some people are coming later after a concert, and I have persuaded Peter to go to the club, so we'll be quite alone. You are to help me make some sandwiches, for I recall that you know how.

"Cordially yours,

"PAULINA FOSTER."

CHAPTER XI

CONCERNS THE FOSTERS, SANDWICHES, AND SENTIMENT

MR. AND MRS. PETER FOSTER lived in an apartment house of the macaroni-box style. When, some fifty years ago, New Yorkers began the experiment of building dwellings on slices of earth but twenty-five feet wide, whereas twice that width had been thought necessary by the early immigrants from below Chambers Street to above Houston, the wits of the day had a pretty topic for epigrams, designed usually to show that in a home built on such a plan square dances and pianos would be barred; and at dinner for twenty, half the guests would be seated on the laps of the other half. How these wits would have marvelled had they lived to see the strip of ground on which it is thought possible to pile up chests of drawers called apartments, shrink to twenty, sixteen, and then to twelve, feet! Such is the present minimum limit; and as one house of such width will not stand alone on its edge, they are built in packs, and made to help support one another like a deck of cards on its edge. As the tier of drawers of which each house consists have not yet been devised so as to pull out, and permit their occupants to be dropped in, or grappled out, by some form of derrick operated on the sidewalk, thus obviating the necessity of elevators and stairways, the space left for living rooms has been reduced to but two dimensions, length and height.

It was in such an apartment the Fosters were shelved.

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Their particular drawer, like each of the other seven in that particular house, was divided into a front parlor of grand size, as it ran the full width, the hallway terminating at the back of the parlor, and actually had two windows opening on Eighty — Street. Back of that, and partly divided from it by an arch, a grille and portières, was a mysterious little room, which got such natural light as it could from the parlor, and artificial light from electric lamps skilfully arranged to throw light nowhere any one could possibly want it. This was called the library, but used by the Fosters as a smoking-room. Back of this the subdivisions of the drawer, each having its own door to the hall, were two bedrooms, a dining-room, kitchen, bathroom, and servants' bedroom. The dining-room and kitchen were connected by a door, and supplied with a vague dawn-light from a tube running between that and the next house, called a "light well." A similar tube was punctured by windows opening from the two front bedrooms. The bathroom had a tube all to itself, and the servants' bedroom was bright, light, and ventilated by windows overlooking the back-yard. With the exception of the front and back rooms, all the others had to be electrically lighted, even at noon on a brilliant day, if one wanted to do anything in a room except think.

Ordinarily this "model modern apartment, steam-heated, electric-lighted, with outside windows in every room," was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Foster, and a cook and housemaid, who shared the one cheerful bedroom.

The cook was a wholly, though mildly, insane, big-boned Dane, with red hair, who came to Mrs. Foster quite raw material, but blessed, unknowing, with a spark of genius. She had been trained by Mrs. Foster into a cook of such excellence she would have commanded readily a hundred dollars a month if her skill had been

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known; but, as it was unknown, even to herself, she remained with Mrs. Foster at eighteen dollars a month. This sum each pay-day she sewed into the lining of a waist she never wore, and which, she confided to Mrs. Foster, was to be contributed when it amounted to a million marks to certain political conspirators whose object was to retake Schleswig-Holstein from Germany. The maid was a pretty little woman, who came to Mrs. Foster direct from the immigrant landing, who spoke no known language, and was believed by the cook to be a lady of high quality hiding from a pursuing prince.

Extraordinarily, the apartment was further occupied by Peter Foster, junior, known to everybody who ever met him more than once as Petie, aged twenty; who had passed the last three years of his life in rustications from four several colleges, and was now permanently retired into rusticity for various causes related to over-exuberant animal spirits, and a too passionate devotion to bulldogs and pipes, at times and places neither a bulldog nor a pipe could be countenanced by any deserving faculty.

Petie's days of rustication were usually divided between his two grandmothers. Grandma Foster's invitations were gloomy commands for Petie. She entertained him at Newport after the manner of a prince, which would have been quite to Petie's liking if he had a princely income to meet the responsibilities of such entertainment. But to have a valet of his own, a stable at his command, cards to the Casino, to golf, riding, driving clubs, and not so much as a silver quarter to tip a servant with; to meet scores of fascinating women with whom he could dine, dance, walk, ride, drive, talk, yet without the wherewithal to send one of them a bunch of roses or a box of candy, was torture to Petie. This came

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of Grandma Foster's rule of never tipping Petie until he was safe back in New York.

"Let the boy save my tips and buy a dog or a horse; not waste them in buying flowers and candies for a lot of fool women who have more flowers and candies than are good for them already," was the old lady's explanation of her plan.

On the contrary, Grandma Van Ness always gave Petie spending money the day his visits with her in town began. But she never entertained others than Petie younger than herself, and went out—Petie with her—only to classical concerts, and lectures in foreign languages on literary subjects. So, although she let him keep a bulldog in the basement, and smoke a pipe in the little stone-flagged back yard, Petie's days with her were not wholly joyous. He adored his mother, and respected his father for his judgment in dogs and horses, and gladly would have lived always with them in his subdivision of the little drawer in Eighty — Street. But he knew there was a much needed reduction in expenses at home when he was farmed out to either of his grandmas, and so bore his lot with fortitude and in silence.

On the night Horace Maxwell kept the appointment Mrs. Foster made for him he stepped from the cigar-box of an elevator into the sentry-box of an outer hall, handed his cards for Mr. and Mrs. Foster to the languageless maid, was ushered into the grand salon, and there was soon greeted by a blue-eyed, blond-haired, pink-cheeked little woman, who looked so like the Paulina Van Ness of nineteen that he exclaimed, as he shook hands with her: "Polly, you are absurd! When are you going to look twenty-five?"

"Hoddy," Mrs. Foster replied, calling him as she had since she could remember calling him or any one else

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anything, "I am more absurd than you know. I was supposed, as a girl, to be in training to wear mamma's stockings—which are of the deepest blue, as you know—but I married a man who has not opened a book since he left college, and, worse, I have remained in love with him. I have a son who is twenty, and looks twenty-five. We live on exactly the sum that was Peter's allowance when he was a schoolboy, and my thousand a year from papa, and—this is the most absurd of all—we've never been a cent in debt since we married. There, that's a nice speech of welcome to a man who has practically deserted me for years. But Petie has dined with us to-night, and we've had a family council. I always talk of what's on my mind—sign of old age. Here are Peter and Petie."

Peter and Petie were both prepared to go out, and each, starting to greet Horace, dropped a hat, a stick, and a topcoat on the floor, all of which the languageless maid, as though she knew they would do it and had followed them for that reason, picked up and took away with her. Across the street the two men could not have been told apart. There were differences to be seen at near view, however: Peter's cheeks were red, Petie's pink; Peter's mustache showed tinges of gray and was stubby, Petie's clear, dark, and silken; Peter's waist line had disappeared, but Petie, though thickset, had a well-defined and supple waist; Peter's eyes, big and blue, were netted about with lightly graven lines, Petie's skin, about his equally big and blue eyes, was as smooth as his mother's. Both their heads had the peculiarity of seeming to be exactly square; both smiled as frankly and as readily as a child; and both expressed a simple, grave good faith, characteristic of well-bred, well-trained, well-cared-for dogs.

After father and son had greeted Horace cordially,

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Peter said: "Polly tells me if I clear out you will come to the club later. Say, old man, I hear more fellows asking why you never come to the club than any other fellow."

Horace said he thought of reforming his ways, and going to the club more often.

"I go every day," Peter said. "We can't afford to take the papers, so I read them all at the club. Tell Polly the news. Getting quite literary."

"And I," said Mrs. Foster, "am getting to be an authority on bench dogs, race horses, yachts, and prize fighters."

"Oh, Mr. Maxwell," now said Petie, who had an arm around his mother's waist, and was rocking her from side to side, "do you know a lawyer—kind of top-notch chap, I think—named Ebbets?"

Horace said Mr. Ebbets was a lawyer of national reputation.

"Well," continued Petie, "he has a son—I was in college with him a year; no, I was only there a term—who knows a dog."

"Indeed," said Horace, who was not strong on dogs, "what's the dog's name?"

"What dog?" Petie asked, holding his mother steady.

"The dog young Mr. Ebbets knows."

"Oh, I mean he knows any dog when he sees one. Dad's going with me now, before he goes to the club, to look over one of Ebbets's dogs. If Grandmother Van Ness tips me well this visit I'll have one of those dogs."

Peter and Petie kissed Mrs. Foster, the maid helped to cover their evening dress with their topcoats, handed them their sticks and hats, they bowed and smiled and said good-bye together and alike, and began their voyage to the kennel of the younger Mr. Ebbets.

Mrs. Foster took from the maid who appeared with

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them, knowing they would be wanted, two long aprons, fastened one about Maxwell's neck and waist, put one on herself, and then the maid brought in some open boxes of sardines, loaves of bread, butter, lemons, red pepper, a bread knife and some plates.

"We'll make the sandwiches here," Polly explained, "for the cook, who is gloomy and foreboding because I would not let her make them, is preparing the dining-room."

"It's like old times," Horace said, cutting the top, and all the crust except the back, from a loaf of bread.

Mrs. Foster was making a box of sardines into paste. "Yes," she said, "I have a reputation for these sandwiches. Most of my friends think they are made of some expensive pâté, and come from Del's. They are very cheap, though. Home-made, and with bottled beer, I serve them to a party of ten at a total cost of only a dollar and thirty-five cents. There, now, butter the top of the cut loaf, spread on some paste, cut off the slice up to the back crust, and then cut down. Oh, you remember. How is dear Emily?"

"Emily," said Maxwell, who was cutting and piling upon a plate thin, crustless, triangular sandwiches with solemn attention to nicety of detail—"Emily, I should say, grows more sympathetically considerate and gentle each year."

"She must be a great comfort to you," Polly said, removing the scales and backbone from the fish of a second box, preparatory to grinding them with a fork. "What did you come here to see me about to-night?"

"You have heard something of the Martin Farnham estate?" Horace inquired, as he attacked a second loaf.

"Peter tells me," Polly replied, looking up and holding her fork as if she expected to catch something to be thrown at it, "that it is solid gold, that you are its exec-

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utor, or master, or lord chancellor, or something, and that it will pay millions of billions of dollars. I suppose Emily will let you marry now."

Horace proceeded to tell his hostess something about Mrs. Cavendish and Rose. His saying they lived in Hickory Street explained no more to her than if he had said they lived two points to the northeast on the course to Kamchatka.

"Their plan, I understand," continued Horace, "is to go abroad for a year. I believe this is their first trip over, and as they have been, as I have explained, in modest circumstances—"

"Immodest, if they were any poorer than we are," interrupted Polly, squeezing some lemon-juice into the paste.

"They are not likely to benefit by the trip as much as they should," continued Horace, "unless they include in their party some experienced traveller who can advise them what to do, how to do it, and—well, more or less instruct, or—"

"Hoddy," again Polly interrupted, with the red pepper suspended in air, "are you going to ask me if I will travel on the Continent with your clients for a year, and train them for an assault on New York society?"

"You always were the cleverest woman, Polly!" declared Horace, much relieved. "My idea was that, as they will be in town several weeks yet, you could call on them, perhaps do a little shopping with them, and, if you find them utterly impossible, the matter ends. If you find them as they have impressed me, simple, honest, good-hearted women—the daughter may develop independence, and possibly brightness—why you could make one of their party. The estate, of course, will pay your expenses and allow you, say—er—why—oh, hang it, Polly, why do you not interrupt me again?"

Polly was laughing so that she covered her face with

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her apron, but Maxwell caught a sound in the laugh that made him nearly cut off the end of a finger in dividing a sandwich into triangles. Observing blood on the sandwich, he crammed it into his pocket, twisted his handkerchief around the wound, and said: "Now, Polly, I can't believe I am all sorts of a fool and brute about this. No one else but Peter need know. It's only by way of your earning five thousand dollars in return for giving my clients the society of a lady for a year; and—why, Polly, I've been so damned poor myself I thought—"

Polly threw down her apron. "Hoddy," she exclaimed, laughing, but half crying, "if any one else on earth had thought of saying this to me, I believe I should have died of mortification. But your remark about being so qualifiedly poor yourself shows why you have said this to me. Oh, we are so bitter poor! Why have you stopped cutting sandwiches? I'll talk it over with Peter, and, if he agrees, I'll call on the women. Go to the club now. If you beat Peter at pool, refuse to play a second game, because he cannot afford to pay for two. Is the girl—what's her name—handsome?"

"She is as brun as you are blond; has blue eyes—no, gray, I think. She is tall and slender—no, thin—and has a bushel of black hair."

When the tongueless maid had brought Maxwell's coat and hat and disappeared, Polly said: "Hoddy, you've an awfully nice heart, and I'm sorry if I ever hurt it. A bushel of black hair and gray eyes are a good start toward making a handsome woman—and you are tall, too. It doesn't hurt very much when you are very young. Are you going to marry that girl?"

"The girl!" exclaimed Horace, laughing, "why, the mother, who is not much older than I, is the sole heiress, and is not an unpleasing person to look upon. Good-night, Polly."

CHAPTER XII

A MIGRATION FROM HICKORY STREET TO FIFTH AVENUE

AT the Oxford Hotel a man of genius presided. He had looked about him, and critically observed the mighty piles of buildings, each succeeding one larger and taller than its immediate predecessor, built for the housing and entertaining of man. Each had more and larger and more gorgeously furnished dining-rooms, more and larger and more glittering cafés—where coffee was the least popular beverage. Each had more dim retreats made sylvan with palms and ferns and fountains; each had more and larger orchestras, so that you breakfasted, lunched, dined, supped, drank, wrote letters, received visitors, and went to bed to the accompaniment of music. Each had more and larger famously decorated assembly-rooms, concert-rooms, theatres, private banquet-halls. Each was more written about, pictured, advertised, patronized by charity balls, banquets for mutual admiration, concerts for the benefit of amateur conceit, and teas for the display of gowns and hats, than its immediate predecessor.

When the genius elected to design and conduct a new hotel by the latest capitalist with an uncontrollable desire to invest in one opened the Oxford, it was found to be everything the other new hotels were not. It was small. Instead of many, it had no public dining-rooms, no café, no bar, no music, concert-hall, theatre, palm-room, fountain—not even a roof-garden!

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"There are enough people in the world who come to New York, rich enough, too, who will want to patronize this kind of a hotel, if for no other reason than because it will repel the kind of people who patronize the others," said this genius.

Rose Cavendish objected to the Oxford at first. She had looked forward eagerly to the lively scenes, the lights, music, fountains, crowded corridors, glittering dining-room, and the delightful public tea hour of the big hotels; but her mother was so frightened at the thought of these very things, and content with the quietness and privacy of the Oxford, and Rose was so bewilderingly delighted with everything else, she consented to the arrangement. She was silently glad to have done so when she heard Mrs. Peter Foster incidentally approve the good form of the Oxford, and ridicule the garishness of its big rivals.

Maxwell had engaged their rooms: a large suite, including a dining-room overlooking the avenue, with a butler, a chambermaid and lady's-maid in exclusive attendance, but had not mentioned to Mrs. Cavendish the rate he was to pay. He had found that the mention of much more modest expenditures in her behalf had made that lady pale and speechless with nervous fright. When he had spoken to the cashier about arranging a shopping credit for the ladies he saw that that intelligent person knew Mrs. Cavendish as the Farnham estate heiress, and did not require to know more. The office would be pleased to take up shopping bills, and include the amounts in the weekly accounts, he said, graciously.

"Which weekly accounts you will please mail to me," Horace directed. That concluded the arrangement for the Cavendishes' first move from Hickory Street, where it so happened the two dollars paid for the last week's rent for their rooms were the last two dollars remaining

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in the family purse, and the last of Rose's last week's salary from the Grand Street shop. Horace may have guessed something of this, for, in addition to the credit arrangement, he gave Mrs. Cavendish an envelope containing a substantial package of five and ten dollar bills. "For your pin money," he said. When she counted it she told Rose the lawyer must have meant diamond-pin money.

The day after the Cavendishes arrived at the hotel Mrs. Maxwell and Emily called. When they departed Mrs. Cavendish burst into tears and Rose stormed through the room.

"Oh, Rosie, dear, I want to go back to Hickory Street," sobbed Mrs. Cavendish.

"I never want to see either one of them again," Rose exclaimed. "Nor even the lawyer—because he belongs to them!"

Yet one of the callers had tried faithfully to create a pleasant impression. Mrs. Maxwell was a gentle soul, and loved her son, whose interests she supposed would be forwarded if she could make herself agreeable to these women. But her score of affably intended efforts to find a common ground upon which to base small talk, one topic, if not of mutual interest, then of mutual knowledge, some motif, however slight, which could be woven into a single mental harmony, had all fallen—all were dismal failures.

Miss Emily, who was not without tact when she chose to exercise it, stared at Rose, and instantly froze into disdainful silence, broken only by short Delphic utterances concerning people and things she rightly supposed Rose would know as little about as Emily would know of the reasons for the recent change in desk sergeants in the Hickory Street police station.

Whether or not it was in explanation of her attitude

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towards her, Emily's only comment on Rose was: "Well, mamma, I suppose she has a right to wear as smart a gown as that, and look as if she'd been accustomed to that sort of thing all her life. But did you see her eyes? Nobody's eyes look like that, naturally. If they are not both artificial, they were made up by a professional. It was simply indecent."

Poor Rose! The offending gown was a ready-made purchase of the previous afternoon, done over by herself that same night to answer until she could provide something better. But her taste in such matters was inspired by genius. As for her eyes, their lower lashes did, in fact, naturally produce the effect ladies of the stage achieve by a heavy line of black grease paint. Such as they were, those lashes were wet with tears of vexation when Mrs. Peter Foster's card was brought in. Rose said she would not see her; but Mrs. Cavendish said, "We must, Rose; it is the lady Mr. Maxwell may send to Europe with us."

"Then we'll see her," Rose assented; "but if she's such a cat as the lawyer's sister, I'll order her out of the room, even if the court takes away our legacy for it."

Instead of being ordered out of the room, Mrs. Peter was invited to tea, and stayed; was invited to remain to dinner, but explained that she was going out to dine at a hotel with some English friends, and must go home to take her husband, as otherwise he could not go, for she kept their engagement-book. She drew such a whimsical picture of Peter going about to a score of hotels, inquiring if he was expected to dine, and excusing himself because his wife had deserted him, that Mrs. Cavendish laughed with honest merriment.

When the tea-service was brought in and the servant had departed, Polly saw at a glance that her hour of usefulness had already arrived. Mrs. Cavendish looked

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at the array of silver in helpless dismay, but Rose poured something from an urn, and was surprised to find it boiling water.

"These Oxford people have the strangest idea of a tea-service," Polly said, as if she, too, were puzzled. "Now, let's see." She opened the little silver tea-caddy and measured out some tea into a gracefully tall tea-pot. She added boiling water, and extinguished the spirit lamp under the water urn. "Well, we are making some headway," she exclaimed, as if proud of her achievement. "Did Mrs. Cavendish take cream and sugar? And Miss Cavendish?"

Rose looked admiringly at the dainty little blonde, so seriously busy over her pretty work, and then smiled to herself when she realized how tealess they would have been but for this timely aid in solving the mystery of the Oxford service.

"My husband and son will call on you to-morrow afternoon, if you are to be at home," Mrs. Foster said.

"Your son?" inquired Mrs. Cavendish, in surprise, wondering if little boys made afternoon calls in this life.

"My own and only," Polly answered, "and just the age of your daughter, I believe."

Peter and Petie did call dutifully the next afternoon, appavelled from scarfs to boots in identical fashion, wearing twin roses in their buttonholes and, frock-coated though they were, looking as cool and unruffled as a couple of plump snowbirds on a sheltered pine bough.

"My son and I have to make company for each other," Peter said to Mrs. Cavendish, "for we are actually the only two men in town this month."

This remark made both the ladies laugh, so Peter repeated it to Polly frequently that evening, as evidence that reading the papers so faithfully was making him not only literary but witty.

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Petie and Rose were soon talking like chums. He told her of a fellow he was in college with—he forgot which college—who was going to make a beastly lot of money out of an invention to do away with street-car conductors. It was to be a little box that travelled up and down on a wire inside the car. It was to stop in front of each new passenger, whereupon a little bell inside was to keep up a deuce of a ringing until the astonished and conscience-stricken wretch silenced it by dropping a nickel in the slot. Thereupon it silently moved on. Didn't Rose think that was curious, in view of the fact that the inventor was so little of a business man he had once sold him, Petie, a dog for ten dollars, which he, Petie, had promptly resold for twenty?

Rose did think so; and, moreover, thought it would be a good thing to do away with all conductors, who always stopped cars on the wrong corners, anyway.

Peter and Petie had tea with the ladies; and as Peter was really there on a tour of observation, it is worth while mentioning that the tea decided him to consent to Polly going to Europe with them. He explained the matter to Polly that evening: "Why, my dear, I watched that girl make and pour tea. Give you my word, Polly, found myself thinking she did the thing almost as well as you. Then found myself thinking she did it just like you—all the little tricks of the trade: warming the cups, making, pouring, putting in cream, sugar, passing, and all that. So much like you—astonishing! Need not tell me stories about being shopgirl. How the devil shopgirl learn to serve tea like lady?"

Polly did not tell him. She said she believed Mrs. Cavendish and her daughter would be in no manner undesirable companions; that the mother was a good-hearted, simple person who would be always contented if her daughter was, and that Rose seemed like a tractable

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girl, easily taught by one she liked, and possessed of a great amount of self-respect. So Peter and Polly agreed that she should undertake the trip, being under no obligation to continue her relations with the Cavendishes if they became in any wise unpleasant. Petie was to be rescued from the homes of his grandmothers and live with Peter, in Polly's absence.

Before telling Maxwell of this decision, Polly, to confirm her first impressions of the Cavendishes, called there several times, and made one of their party on several shopping excursions.

"I really like them," Polly said, when Maxwell went to the Eighty—Street apartment to dine with the Fosters and talk the matter over. "The girl is a character, and while she amazes and sometimes almost embarrasses me by the way in which she absorbs and reproduces my mannerisms, forms of speech, pronunciation, making me see myself in a new kind of mirror every hour I am with her, she has plenty of independence and individuality. She's teaching me some things."

"For instance?" inquired Horace.

Polly laughed. "Well," she said, "in my decrepit old age I am learning for the first time, and from her, the way to shop. Especially how to treat dressmakers, cutters, fitters, models, and milliners. My dear, she is adamantine. Not disagreeable, you know, nor cross, nor ugly, nor inconsiderate, nor yielding, nor fussy, nor undecided, nor weepy—just adamantine. She knows exactly what she wants and orders it exactly as she wants it. Of course, nothing is ever done in the first place exactly as you have ordered it. Then comes the sparring match. A fitter, we will say, will exercise art which if possessed by any man on earth would at once distinguish him as the greatest diplomat in history. Ca-jolery, flattery, suggestion, perversions of the truth that

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are not quite lying, gentle pressure, tentative bluffing—isn't it bluffing, Peter, when you try to make some one think your hand is better than it is?"

Peter, always vastly proud of Polly when she was talking large, nodded delightedly, and Polly continued:

"Bluffing, insinuation, hypnotism, concealment here, exaggeration there, all these means are employed to induce the customer to give way in some degree from her intention regarding the garment. Some customers fly into a rage, others into tears; some become silly, some weak; some puzzled, some fooled, some confused, and not infrequently they die. But Rose! Well, I suppose it is because she knows the game from the other side."

"Had a look at bluffer's hand," suggested Peter.

"Nothing disturbs, nothing confuses, nothing diverts her from a calm, scientific, fateful insistence on exactly the thing she has set out to have; and at last the fitter bows her proud neck to the—to the—"

"Yoke," suggested Horace, breathlessly.

"No," Polly replied. "Yoke has to do with dress-making itself and would mix the metaphor; to the relentless heel of the proud conqueror!"

"Bravo!" shouted Peter. "By Jove, Horace, if I could talk like Polly I'd make after-dinner speeches. Get appointed Senator, or Ambassador, or something."

"But what is accomplished by all this?" Horace asked.

"Accomplished?" repeated Polly in disdain. "If I had explained this all in such a beautiful speech to two women, instead of two men, they would understand. Why, as Rose has the best taste in gowns and hats of any woman I ever saw, and as she is inspired to get what she wants, the result will be that her dressing alone will make her a conspicuously attractive woman anywhere. Even if she did not have big gray eyes and a bushel of black hair."

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Polly explained that in the matter of the small cash expenditures Mrs. Cavendish had made her daughter the disburser. In the fervor of one day's shopping there was no time to return to the Oxford for lunch, so a visit was made to Maillard's, where bouillon in cups, breast of chicken cut in exact little cubes, and chocolate with cakes had sustained them. The waiter put a slip of paper, showing the amount of the lunch bill, before Mrs. Cavendish, and when that lady examined it she flushed deeply and pushed the slip and her purse over to Rose. Polly said that afterwards Mrs. Cavendish explained she simply could not pay out the money. She felt that the wrath of heaven would be visited upon her if she paid with her own hands for the dainty trifles a sum she had frequently been glad to have for the butcher, the baker, the grocer for a week. She knew that dreadful amounts were being charged against them at the shops, but that was different. She never saw the money involved in those transactions, the lawyer attended to that; and she supposed he had the money, and it was all right, or he would not make the arrangements he had. When it came to paying out actual money Rose must do it. In time it might not seem sinful for her to do so.

Rose, however, Polly explained, was involved in no such psychological cloud. She took to spending money as if it were the easiest lesson in the world to learn.

"Confounded hard to unlearn," commented Peter.

Polly remarked lightly that she had been obliged to quell a desire in Rose to supply her, Mrs. Foster, with bonnets, and passing over the incident with little more than this mention of it, Polly ran on in a sprightly fashion about the consequences of teaching Rose that, while she could not buy bonnets for her, flowers, costing as much, carried no offence as a gift; that a vase or a book, candies or fruit, if the fruit were delivered in its own or-

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namental basket, were feasible expressions of esteem. Since learning this, Rose had sent, so Polly declared, such articles in such quantities to the Foster apartment as to beget a belief in the mind of the insane cook that the Fosters had become enormously rich—or were on the verge of a social catastrophe.

CHAPTER XIII

POLLY FOSTER DEFINES A TROUBLESOME WORD

POLLY lightly disposed of this matter, although every fibre of her emotional nature still vibrated with the recollection of the actual scene of which her very Polly-esque account gave the men she talked to but a slight hint.

One afternoon Polly and Rose were in session in a milliner's parlor whence go forth scores of hats a day, yet where you see but half a dozen such articles on exhibition at one time. Rose ordered three hats and Polly none, though for her own purposes she had carefully studied the design of one which cost less than half of the least expensive Rose had ordered. The artful milliner put a hat on Polly's head and stepped back to admire its effect.

"Exquis!" the milliner murmured in sibilant ecstasy, and Rose declared the effect was perfect. Polly gave a glance in a mirror, and possibly sighed a little, but removed the hat, shrugged her shoulders and handed the work of art back to its creator. Rose, observant, exclaimed impulsively: "Let me send it home for you, Mrs. Foster."

"No, thank you," Polly said very quietly, and smiling, though she flushed slightly.

Rose did not understand—how could she?—and turning to the milliner, said: "Yes, send it to Mrs. Foster and charge it to me."

Poor Rose!

Polly said again, just as quietly: "No, thank you, Miss Cavendish," but there was a new tone in her voice

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which made Rose flush scarlet. Neither spoke again until their carriage had reached the Oxford. There Rose, having alighted, waited a moment for Mrs. Foster to follow; and seeing that she did not intend to do so, asked, "Shall I order the man to drive you home?"

"If you please, Miss Cavendish," Polly answered. Rose turned to the footman, waiting with his hand on the open carriage door, and started to speak to him, but her voice was trembling. Polly touched her arm and asked gently, for she saw tears in the girl's eyes, "Would you like me to go up with you?"

"Yes," replied Rose.

They were alone in the parlor, for Mrs. Cavendish was in her own room, worn out with the unaccustomed excitement of a week's shopping. Rose threw off her hat and turned as if to speak, then suddenly went to an open window, looking out on the hot, almost deserted avenue, and as she stood there Polly saw she was shaking with sobs. She walked over to her, put a hand on her shoulder, and said: "What is it? You'd best tell me—you'll feel better to tell me."

Rose faced her with eyes swollen and lips trembling like a child's, and said: "I've done something wrong and I do not know what it is. I'll never know how not to offend you—or any one. You are cross with me, and you are the only person in the world except my mother I care to have like me. You think me common and rude—and I wanted you to forget the—the difference. But I'll never know how to make you or any one forget!"

She threw herself on a sofa and sobbed miserably. Polly sat down by her side, took both her hands, holding them in her lap, while Rose, not trying or evidently caring to conceal her tear-wet face, looked with agonized earnestness at her companion. Polly said, slowly and affectionately: "It was very stupid of me, dear, to show for a

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moment, even, the slightest sign of being offended at you. I should have realized before anything else that there could have been no offence where none was intended. Now I've forgotten everything except that you were prompted by a sweet, kind heart, that no more knew I could be offended by what you wanted to do, than it would intentionally hurt where it wanted to please. We will have lots of little talks about lots of queer little ways in which we have to control and direct our good intentions, so they will not seem, even to our best friends, bad intentions. But not now. Now I think all you need is—a good cry."

Polly suddenly concluded as she did because Rose, without withdrawing her hands, had leaned her head on her companion's shoulder, and was sobbing in a way Polly knew would ease her troubled soul.

"It isn't as if I had come into this—this change—without a thought about it," Rose said, at last, still sobbing. "Ever since I've been old enough to realize the difference between our way of living and others, I've thought of this. I thought I was prepared for it, and that I should know how to act and what to do. Now, it hurts so to find that all I have learned is to dress like a lady, and yet act like a street girl. Since I began to know anything about Uncle Martin, to hear that he was rich, I thought he could be no true brother of my mother and always keep his resentment—surely that he could not die without forgiving my mother. Of course, I did not dream that it was to be like this. I did believe, though, that some time mamma would not have to always work, and perhaps that I would not. I tried always to learn to be gentle and quiet—and always I was good!"

Her voice rose passionately.

"I was a good girl—always I was good. I want you

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to know what that meant in our old home: it meant that I had hardly a friend there; no companions, no amusements, no company, no parties—such as they were—that I was laughed at by the men—yes, and the women of my age. I worked in the store all day and helped my mother sew, or studied his school books with my brother, half the night. Always I thought that by keeping away from those who lived about us I would not seem like them, would seem to have a right among others, if we ever stopped being slaves there and tried to be free somewhere else.”

She stopped speaking, and her sobbing grew less; but Polly said nothing, knowing she would become quiet soonest that way.

“I could not learn to do the pretty things that ladies do, of course.” She laughed a little nervously between her sobs as she went on. “How could I? The only piano in our street was in a place where I would never see it. I could not learn to play or sing, but it seemed to me that because I tried hard not to be like those around us, even if I could not play and sing, I might appear like a lady. Now I know I shall be saying and doing things every day to show people how common and rude I am, and that if I want any one to love me”—she lifted one of her hands and stroked Polly’s hair—“she will run away from me, or laugh at me, or pity me; and it will always be for some new thing I have done, and never know what—because I was not born a lady.”

She was no longer sobbing, but she kept her face on Polly’s shoulder and petted her hair for a minute or so longer before she leaned back, and, fixing her big, gray eyes on Polly, said, earnestly: “Mrs. Foster, what is a lady?”

“My mother says,” Polly replied, as seriously as the question had been asked, “that a lady is a woman who

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speaks in a low tone and thinks in a high tone. The world has been known to continue speaking of women who exchange husbands with the facility and lack of conscience those same husbands exchange stocks and bonds as ladies. I am not clever in putting big things in epigrams, but I venture to say that any virtuous woman who is equally considerate of the sensibilities of every human being she meets is a lady."

She smiled at Rose, and took her hand again as she continued: "So I should say that a young woman who cries her eyes red when she discovers that a remark, kindly meant, hurt the feelings of a friend, even for a moment, must have the soul of a lady."

Mrs. Cavendish came into the room, and looked anxiously from one to the other when she noticed Rose's eyes.

"We've been talking of ghosts," Polly said, in an awesome tone, "and had our emotions all bent and twisted. We need sunlight and exercise to restore our nerves, so are going out for a walk. Some artists are coming to my home this evening to show me water-color sketches of their designs for the new decorations for a great person's new mansion, and Miss Cavendish is to buy me such very handsome roses to wear that I shall look deceptively pretty, compelling the artists to make me fine compliments."

But Polly related no more of this scene and its cause to Peter and Horace than has been told in the account of her prattle at the dinner-table. Having done so, she concluded by telling Horace that she had asked him to dinner to hear that she and Peter had agreed that she might accompany the Cavendishes to Europe.

Horace went to the Oxford the next day to consult his "wards," as Polly called them, and found that in this, as in everything else, they adopted his plans without question.

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"Of course," said Mrs. Cavendish, "she is the comfortablest little woman that I ever met. But, little as she is, she always gives me the notion that she is protecting us."

"But she does not patronize us," commented Rose, flushing with her recollection of Emily.

"And everybody," continued Mrs. Cavendish, "seems as if they expect to do things for her, and glad to do them. She does not tip in the restaurants as much as others, but she always gets the best tables and the best waiting upon. The crossing police always pick us out to take us across ahead of others, and she always says, 'Thank you, officer,' and—"

Rose was flushing again, and interrupted her mother, saying: "If I am on the avenue with only mamma, men stare at me as if I were a freak. But if Mrs. Foster is with us they do not stare. Why is that, Mr. Maxwell? She's a thousand times prettier than I am."

"Now, that's a question," Horace responded, as if he had given it much fruitless thought, "that Mrs. Foster could probably answer. Possibly when you are with her you are so interested in her talk you do not chance to see so much of the men as at other times—and it may be a good rule not to see them. It's a curious thing about women like Mrs. Foster: they walk along in the street in a way that somehow strikes you they'll never see any one, yet they never pass any one they know without seeing them. It's a woman's art, in which only a woman can give competent advice, I should say."

It was in Maxwell's mind that his remark was more in the manner of Mr. Barlow than Lord Chesterfield. But he could hardly say to Rose that her beauty was of a kind and degree to make even the most discreet avenue stroller stare.

"The worst thing about that lawyer," Rose said to

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her mother, when Maxwell had gone, "is, you never know whether he is talking to you sensibly or is joking. I wonder," she continued, after a pause, "if he was telling me that if I did not stare at people I could not see them staring at me?"

"I think he's a well-meaning man," Mrs. Cavendish said, "but he always seems to be trying to look more solemn than he feels, so as not to be caught laughing. I wonder, does the man ever laugh?"

"I hate men who are always laughing," Rose said.

"Percy Troutt?" asked Mrs. Cavendish, smiling.

Rose herself laughed then, and cried out: "Oh, mamma, I nearly forgot. I have a letter from Percy."

"What does he say?" Mrs. Cavendish inquired, roused into genuine interest now.

"The store closes at one o'clock on Saturdays this month," Rose answered. "Percy wants to know if he can't call for us here next Saturday, and take us down to Coney Island. He says if we are too grand for that now, will we take a walk in the Park? I should like to hear the news from the store."

"So should I," Mrs. Cavendish said, eagerly. "I'd like to know how Carrie Foley is doing in your place, Rosie."

"I don't suppose Coney Island would do," remarked Rose, meditatively. "But I'd like to go there—we are not getting much amusement here."

"We can ask Mrs. Foster," Mrs. Cavendish said. "I'd like Central Park best. I've not been there since I was younger than you."

"I'll tell you what we can do—I don't see why not," Rose exclaimed, after some minutes of silence. "We cannot shop Saturday afternoon; let's order a carriage and take Percy driving in the Park. Oh, can't you see him liking it?"

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Rose stopped to laugh and clap her hands.

"Percy will brag about it at the store for a week. And he can have dinner with us. We'll order a bottle of champagne—oh, how he will brag!—and go to a roof-garden in the evening."

Mrs. Cavendish became alarmed at the extent of these plans, but was reassured when Rose said that these expenses need not appear on the hotel bill, and therefore not come under the lawyer's scrutiny—which was one cause of Mrs. Cavendish's fear. Rose said she would give her purse to Percy, and he should make all disbursements for the party.

"Well," said Mrs. Cavendish, "tell Percy to bring his guitar, then, and we'll have a jolly time here before dinner. I suppose the hotel folks wouldn't object to the guitar," she added, looking very much as if she feared they might.

"I'd like to see them!" exclaimed Rose. "There is some one on this floor playing the piano half the day and night."

So a letter was sent to Percy, which set that agreeable young gentleman bragging before the event, even, and made him the envy of every clerk in the Grand Street store, where he was a floorwalker, and where Rose had been an assistant forewoman in the suit and cloak department.

CHAPTER XIV

PERCY TROUTT INVOLVED IN A DINNER DRAMA

PERCY TROUTT enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest man who had ever attained floorwalking honors in Brown & Anthony's great store. He yet lacked some years of thirty, although, from almost constant smiling, he had acquired many fine wrinkles about his eyes, and, in spite of his smiles, the responsibilities of his office, thrust upon him at an age when most of his fellow-clerks were just beginning to dream of his honors as something possible in the dim future, his curly black hair was dusty with gray at the temples. It was generally agreed by the ladies employed in the establishment that this early acquired temple frost, so far from detracting from his beauty, added to it; and, goodness knows! the same critics generally added, his beauty needed no such, nor any other, aid whatsoever. His mustache, which was shaved away from the corners of his mouth, where perhaps it had interfered with his smiling, was not pointed, but upturned at the ends in the shape of little feathers. Like his forehead and temple locks, these feathers gave evidence of much painstaking, if not actually painful, care and cultivation. Percy's eyes were soft brown, and had the appearance of floating in sentimental seas of unshed tears. He was the "best dresser"—an expression not referring, as it may seem, to his ability as a dresser of others, but of himself—in the Grand Street store, and his partisans were willing to back him against competitors even in Broadway shops.

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As the firm he worked for made some contribution towards Percy's dress, he felt it was as much his duty to do all he could to sustain a high standard in this respect as it was to cultivate a smile of amiability supposed to attract and keep custom.

When Rose Cavendish left school at fourteen she went to work in Brown & Anthony's as a cash-girl. Percy was then but a clerk, yet it is admitted that he was the first to remark upon the style and manner of the child, and predict a great future for her when she was old and big enough to go into some department as a saleswoman. Rose was big enough to be put behind a counter in a year, and at sixteen was put in the suit and cloak department, where her fine career, already sufficiently related, more than fulfilled Percy's prophecy. It was in the same year of her second advancement that Percy first proposed to Rose that they become engaged to be married. When Rose laughed at him, and inquired how he expected to support a wife, already having a family of five to support, Percy pointed out that his proposal was for an engagement, not marriage. It was to be terminated in the customary way ultimately, of course, but could remain an engagement until he bettered his position, and his family became less of a burden. As to that family, it consisted of his mother and five junior brothers and sisters: youthful Troutts, but minnows now, to be sure, who could safely be depended upon to grow to an age and size naturally fitting them to swim out for themselves.

Rose's first laughing refusal did not discourage Percy. He renewed his proposal every six months, and, be it said to his credit—and nothing here related of Percy is to be considered as said to his discredit—he went to Mrs. Cavendish with these proposals like an honorable fellow, relating all that she should know about his present re-

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sponsibilities and his future hopes. He even schemed to have his mother and Mrs. Cavendish meet, but that proved to be impossible. Mrs. Troutt lived where she was born, in Greenwich; and Greenwich is a part of the Island of Manhattan that has never come into social, business, or political relations with Hickory Street, and it did not appear possible that it could. Had the Troutts lived in New Jersey and the Cavendishes on Long Island, or one on Staten Island and the other in Westchester, or, for the matter of that, one in Portland, Oregon, and the other in Portland, Maine, there had been means within reason for bringing them together. But there are districts of Manhattan Island so separated, so irrevocably and widely divided, that, by comparison, the two Portlands mentioned are contiguous, loving sister-cities.

Mrs. Cavendish liked Percy, and she was glad that Rose's habitual refusal of him left no bitterness to estrange them. In summers, on their Saturday half-holidays, Percy would sometimes go with Rose and her mother to Coney Island, and sometimes on winter evenings call in Hickory Street with his guitar. I have hinted that Percy played the guitar. All Greenwichers play some instrument, just as they all sing ballads and comic songs, and of all the accomplished young men of Greenwich none could play the guitar and sing so well as Percy Troutt. To Mrs. Cavendish he was the most entertaining—yes, and quite the most distinguished—gentleman she had ever met; and it was no wonder she sometimes speculated with sentimental interest on the arrival of the Troutt small fry at the ages when they would go into stores, support themselves, and thereby remove the marriage-wise ineligibility of Percy. Then, she supposed, Rose would willingly make him the happiest—as he certainly was the most charming—of men.

On the appointed Saturday Percy appeared, guitar-

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case in hand, and was heartily welcomed by his friends at the Oxford. He was at first somewhat depressed by the extent and magnificence of their apartment, and by the fact that two or three servants were moving about in a manner indicating their permanent service there. Mrs. Cavendish showed him all the rooms with much pleasure in the undertaking, for he was the first to visit them with whom she had felt at liberty to comment on the rooms, although the desire to do so had been great and constant in her simple heart.

"And a dining-room all of your own!" Percy exclaimed, when that room was shown.

"Yes, indeed," cried Mrs. Cavendish. "And only the dishes with the cooked things on, and those that are heated, are brought in. All the other dishes, see, are on this sideboard, or on this other piece of furniture—I don't know what they call it. There are flowers on the table fresh every meal; and that man you saw here does not go out of the room while we eat, but other waiters bring the food from the pantry on this floor where it comes from the kitchen, Percy, and he only serves it to us."

"Well, it is great!" Percy whispered.

"It leaves no work for me, and what I'll do with my time when we've finished all this shopping I don't know," Mrs. Cavendish continued. "Why, if I'd let her, there is a woman here who would even do my hair, help me dress, and button my shoes. I can't stand that, though Rosie takes to it very kindly."

"Rose likes it all?" Percy asked, looking as if he meant to smile, but coughing a little instead.

"Well, Percy, you know Rose is young and has seen more than I have, for I never worked in a store, and it's natural she should take to the new ways easier. I've worked all my life, to be sure, but always in my own

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home, and that does not fit a woman for this sort of thing as store work does."

"Of course, we see a great deal of life in stores like ours," Percy said, comforted, and he was able again to apply his smile with some approach to his accustomed ease.

When they had finished their tour of inspection they found Rose in the parlor, dressed for the drive, and Percy lost his smile again as he scrutinized her critically, professionally, from the tip of the lace bow, which rose featherlike from her straw hat, to the tips of her shoes, taking in review the exquisite harmony of her gown, gloves, parasol, and the flimsy wrap the maid had just handed to her, and Rose had thrown over her arm.

"Well, Rose," Percy said, after a long inspection, and as if admitting a much-disputed point, "they do for you better in the up-town houses than down our way, after all."

"'Superior in material and fit,' as we used to say, Percy," and she turned on her heel to give him a back view, came to a firm front, courtesied, and laughed.

"But you've been trained to wear just as good fashions," Percy said, loyal to Grand Street at the end.

"Yes, to show other women how well they would look in them—which they never did. Now, say they never did, Percy, if you want to be popular," Rose insisted. Then she noticed that Percy's smile had wholly disappeared, and she thought that kind of fooling might offend him. So she asked a hundred questions about the store, and made him promise to do all he could to help Carrie Foley, who had been promoted to her place. She so emphasized her dependence on his influence and tact in this matter, that by the time Mrs. Cavendish appeared bonneted for the carriage Percy's smile assumed its genial proportion. During the drive Rose told Percy

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he was to take them—but it was to be her treat—to the Waldorf Hotel, where, although midsummer, there would be music, lots of well-dressed strangers and foreigners, and also such smart New-Yorkers as chanced to be in town—their own homes being closed. She had composed a dinner, and made Percy learn the menu by heart, from clams to black coffee, and told him, also, he was to order a quart of champagne. This had the effect of making Percy smile genuinely, a rare occurrence, for the small Troutts were usually a cross, meekly borne, though heavy. Between the drive and dinner Percy sang a score of popular songs in rattling time, but in a plaintive voice. For dinner, Rose appeared reapparellled—splendid, but, as Percy realized in the profoundest depth of his professional understanding, in absolute good form.

New York has become the greatest American summer resort. Rave me not the lauded thousands who leave comfort, variety, civilization behind in their city homes to endure the discomforts, the sameness, the savagery of seaside outings. What are the other thousands who climb mountain heights in summer-time, to shiver in cracked cabins, stumble over rocky trails, fight insistent insects, eat fried food—what are all these in their number to that wise and multitudinous army that every summer, each year in increasing number, with triumphant music of ringing gold and rustling bank-notes, make holiday pilgrimage to the ever-joyous Isle of Manhattan? The mountain-climber finds wood-nymphs only in the book of verses he sadly reads underneath the bough, sighing for the reality he has weakly deserted—the roof-garden nymphs. The sad stranger by the seaside tries to imagine the hoarse roar of the breaker to be the symphony of dear sounds which exhilarate his mind and nerves that time he lovingly strolls Broadway or the

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Avenue. If the forests woo, I take a rubber-tired two-wheeler to the park, where rocks are clean, lawns smooth, walks asphalted, drives rolled ; where the trees have the popular and botanical names inscribed upon them in print as clear as any door-plate. When sated with those sylvan charms, my two-wheeler swings me back to a club-room cool and shaded ; where James, for the bidding, brings me refreshing draughts, and where the paper he hands to me is not day-before-yesterday's, but almost to-morrow's. Sigh I for the salt smell of the sea? An electric car carries me to the Battery, on whose broad, smooth esplanade I stroll at night, if I fancy, look out upon fairy castle-like craft throwing out over the water long, trembling lances of light, where stately ships move ghostlike across the picture, where islands and mountains and distant cities make a scene so beautiful and varied one has understanding why the dwellers in our inland cities come here, and laugh at those who go away.

When Percy and the ladies entered the main dining-room of the Waldorf, they stood for a moment uncertain what to do, dazzled and almost stunned by the number and brilliancy of the lights, the chatter and laughter of a half-thousand diners, the silent scurrying of many waiters, the long sweep of colonnades of dark marble columns, bronze-capped and with bronze vines twining about them, sparkling with little electric globes, as if real vines where fireflies held carnival. Then a head waiter came, politely inquiring if they had engaged a table. No? Ah, here was a problem. He looked over the vast room and shook his head. Would they be seated in the grand promenade—they could hear the concert there—and wait for a table to be vacated? Before this could be decided, a man who had sat alone at a near-by table rose, approached the party, and said to the waiter, after a slight bow to Mrs. Cavendish, as if excusing his

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action: "My party is evidently not coming. I can sit at a table with some people I know if this gentleman," inclining his head to Percy, whose smile was in place, but somewhat frozen, "will take my table."

Percy murmured rapturously that the gentleman was too kind. But the waiter, considering the incident closed, led the party to the vacated table. The gentleman bowed again, this time to Rose, as if he were acknowledging a favor, and she bowed in return as they passed on to their table.

Was it this little incident that caused a half-hush in the chatter at that end of the dining-room? This half-hush was accompanied by determined readjustments of positions of hundreds of diners, that they might bring the new party into range of vision. Then a sudden increase of talk, and something that passed at first by halting and uncertain leaps, then suddenly spread and rushed all over the room; a whispered word that caused another, not so slow and more determined, turning and twisting of diners, whose eyes now had much more speculation in them.

Little Nick Toorin, the eminent comedy star, had something to say on the subject later that evening to a group of appreciative listeners at his club.

"It was the best entrance I've ever seen on or off the stage," Nick declared. "There were three people: a dapper little chap in a light comedy make-up, a sort of first old woman character in mourning, and the girl—leading part, understand?"

(Murmurs of perfect understanding of the cast.)

"Give you my word, people dropped knives and forks all over the room when they saw her—the girl—make entrance. Light comedy and first old woman in a dead stage-fright. The girl—"

(Pause and sudden change of speaker's manner.)

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"Well, gentlemen, I'll make a hurry exit the next time any one starts one of those yarns about her having been a laundress, or seamstress, or something like that."

(Polite signs of desire on part of listeners that speaker stick to his lines, and not interpolate speeches.)

"My word for it, that girl has been either on the stage, or else is a dead swell these stories are told of for some mysterious purpose."

(Business indicating that listeners feel a dramatic interest is suspended.)

"She gazed about the room as unconcerned as a stage-hand at dress rehearsal."

(Comment by youngest actor: "Stage-hands, heartless ruffians.")

"Up to this time she had not been identified; it was only her stunning good looks and style that were making people stare. Well, waiter was shooing them off stage, when Arthur Lansing offered them his table."

(Marked evidence of interest in Arthur Lansing.)

"'Pon my word, he is a swell, for fair, or he could not have taken the situation. Now, you gentlemen know that any super can stand in a crowd up stage and cry, 'Down with him!' but it takes an actor to speak the same lines, standing down stage and alone. See my point?"

(Nods and murmurs of entire appreciation).

"To get into the scene with girl just then was to take centre of stage and calcium light at the same time. Arthur Lansing did it like a star, and I say men like him are stars in their line, as much as we in ours."

(Murmurs indicating cordial and general assent.)

"Ah! now comes the dramatic surprise: as she passed our table—all in a flash I recognized her."

(Subdued sensation.)

"Of course, the resemblance was slight, but I recog-

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nized the women as the originals of a snap-shot photograph reproduced in some paper " (pause)—" the Farnham heiresses."

(Distinct sensation. Servant directed to take gentlemen's orders for refreshments.)

" The cue was enough for me, and I said to one of our party: ' By Jove, that is the Cavendish girl!' A woman at the next table heard it, and it buzzed all over the dining-room in a minute."

(Quick but low echoes of speaker's " By Jove!")

" Now comes in a little sub-plot—my regards, old chap."

(Pause for refreshments.)

" Arthur Lansing took a seat at a table in front of me with some men, and at that table was a chap whose back was to the entrance, and who had not seen the girl. To him Lansing said: ' I just released my table to your clients, Maxwell.' "

A VOICE—" Lawyer in the case."

SECOND VOICE—" Belongs to priggish old family. This estate will pay him fifty thousand a year."

SEVERAL VOICES—" I'd play his part for half the salary."

(Mr. Toorin continues.)

" Maxwell turns, sees party, goes over, shakes hands, then he gets in the lime light. He was a cool one, too. Party by this time was conscious of curiosity about them and in danger of collapse. Maxwell appeared to take in situation, and talked them calm. For some reason people stared less openly when he got into the scene."

(Murmurs of " Well done!")

" Then came some very pretty sparring between Lansing and Maxwell, all done quietly and in speeches meant to be blind; but I've got distinct impression lawyer was fencing off Lansing's hint for introduction. It came,

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though. As Cavendish party was leaving, Lansing said bluntly: 'Introduce me to your fair client, Maxwell. I deserve that much reward for giving up table.'"

(Murmurs of "Only fair," and "Lansing can't be backed up stage by any one.")

"Well, Maxwell intercepted party, walked to corridor with them, where he presented Lansing. We saw them stroll up avenue—Maxwell with the old lady, Lansing with the girl, and light comedy chap, very much in need of rehearsal, running from one couple to the other."

(Applause; picture; curtain.)

When Horace Maxwell bade good-night to the Cavendishes at the Oxford entrance, and parted with Lansing at a club door, he said to himself, as he walked on: 'I wonder how Lansing knew they were the Cavendishes. 'Your clients,' he said. However, people with less keen sense than has Lansing for heiresses seemed to know it—all over the dining-room."

CHAPTER XV

MR. LANSING'S STRATEGY, AND MRS. CAVENDISH'S STORY

ON the Monday following the Waldorf dinner Mrs. Peter Foster, calling on the Cavendishes regarding the important matter of what luggage should be marked "hold" and what "stateroom," for they were to sail on Wednesday, was surprised to find Arthur Lansing there.

"I've made a brutally long call already," he said to Polly, after greeting her in a manner which in any one else might be called bluff. "I should have been off five moments ago had I not heard that you were coming."

"Some very, very great reward will be yours one day, Mr. Lansing, for your unbroken record of kindness to me," Polly said.

"That's what a man gets for trying to be nice to Mrs. Foster," Lansing said, wofully, and appealing to Mrs. Cavendish. "I've been her slave since she was a little girl, and received nothing but cruelty for devotion."

"His ankles are deeply scarred with my chains," Polly murmured.

"But my revenge is near," Lansing said, pretending to ignore Polly. "I'll not bully the deck stewards for her this trip, as I did the last time we crossed together."

"Do you sail on Wednesday, too?" Polly's voice expressed no surprise.

"I just learned from Mrs. Cavendish of my good fortune in having you three ladies for ship companions," Lansing said, turning calm eyes to Polly. She smiled

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just a little, and Lansing was too well bred not to smile just a little also. Besides, he liked Mrs. Foster too much not to thus admit to her that he knew she knew he was lying.

Lansing remained only a few minutes. With Mrs. Foster, even with Rose, his manner was frank and hearty—it certainly would be called bluff and hearty in one born in the hinterland of the Harlem River—but with Mrs. Cavendish he was gravely deferential. He gave silent consideration to his replies to her before venturing to make them vocal, was quietly attentive to anything she said, even when he was talking with the others. Polly, noting this, murmured to herself: "Superb! The man is certainly an artist!"

When he rose to go he said: "Now, if you, Mrs. Foster and Miss Cavendish, are going out, I'll do something very generous if you will take me along. It's suicidally lonely at the club."

"What will you do?" Polly demanded, for, although she understood Lansing perfectly, he amused her.

"I'll—I'll treat to soda-water," he said, impressively.

Polly caught a look from Mrs. Cavendish, which seemed to ask her to remain, and she answered: "Mad! too mad dissipation!"

"I'll take you—oh, what is there in town in summer?—to the waxworks show," he urged.

Polly shook her head. "No," she said sadly, "we'd find the wax all melted. Besides, how could I, on the eve of parting, look Peter in the face after having been to a waxworks show? Run away, and if you see my husband tell him to call for me here at six."

Lansing departed, promising to find Peter, and went promptly to a telephone, which he did not desert until the steamship agent he called up promised to have a good stateroom reserved for him on Wednesday's steamer.

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When he left the Oxford Polly said, "Charming man," with an inflection which might make the words a question or an expression of opinion, according to her hearers' lights.

"Mr. Maxwell introduced him to us Saturday evening," Mrs. Cavendish said, simply. "He asked if he might call, and we did not know whether it was right or not."

"So you said 'yes,'" Polly commented, comfortably.

"No, I think we only said 'thank you,'" Mrs. Cavendish added.

"That's all we knew how to say," Rose remarked, laughing nervously. "Mr. Maxwell was there, but he said nothing, so, of course, we did not know." Rose added this with her mother's simplicity, and Polly Foster wanted so much to cry when she heard Rose say it that she laughed. Then she was ashamed of herself, and said heartily: "Arthur Lansing is one of the best known men in New York. He is not rich, but he manages to live respectably on twenty thousand a year and his debts. His sister is the handsomest woman in New York society, and her husband is Mr. Worthington—you've heard of him."

Heard of him! Even in Hickory Street it would have been as needless to ask if they had heard of the Brooklyn Bridge. Mrs. Foster's hearers both said yes.

"Well," continued Polly, "Mr. Worthington is Mrs. Foster's—my mother-in-law's—cousin. So you see I am undeniably connected with the royal family, and in a way—in a sort of a Christmas-house-party way—Arthur Lansing and I are related, too."

Mrs. Cavendish looked a bit startled, as one might, after long familiarity with lions behind the bars of a Zoo cage, upon finding a lion uncaged in one's parlor.

Rose did not seem to be thinking much about Mr.

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Worthington. It is not likely that one as sensitive as she to emotional environment could meet a man like Arthur Lansing more than once and not divine something of his purpose relating to her—if he chanced to have any purpose whatever relating to her.

They were silent for some time, and it was Mrs. Cavendish who spoke first, and Polly was dismayed to find when she spoke she was trying not to cry. "Thank you for staying—for not going out, Mrs. Foster," she said, "for I have something to say to you—to ask your advice about—that troubles my heart sore."

Polly went and sat by her side before she answered: "My dear Mrs. Cavendish, what can trouble you—now? Tell me, of course, and if I can help you be certain I will."

"Will you stay, Rosie?" Mrs. Cavendish asked. "You need not, unless you wish, for I want to tell Mrs. Foster everything."

"I want to stay," Rose said; and she, too, sat by her mother's side, putting an arm around her waist, and then Mrs. Cavendish told a story.

It was not much of a story: some chapters in Hickory Street life which would not warrant more than a few lines as a news item, and not even that meagre space had not the name of Neill Mulgrave appeared. There was a girl, one Carrie Foley, who lived near the Cavendishes, who had no mother, whose father was a poor bed-ridden man, and whose brother Davy was a bad boy, a wicked boy. Before he was known in the neighborhood to be so wicked that the police kept a watchful eye upon him, he was a companion of Mrs. Cavendish's son John, a handsome, gallant, high-spirited boy, with no wicked thought in his heart. John was wayward, Mrs. Cavendish admitted that; too gay to be content with the quiet rooms in No. 23 Hickory Street, where his mother and sister worked until late in the night. On summer

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evenings he liked the lively bands of boys and girls who frolicked on East River piers. In winter the bright, joyous resorts in the Bowery had more attractions than the lamp-lighted sewing-room at home. But, as good and evil were defined in Hickory Street, John was good; and when he knew of the evil the Foley lad did, John forsook him, and they quarrelled. John, though several years younger than Foley, was a powerful and active youth, and was overcoming Davy when the latter drew a knife. In the struggle for its possession John obtained it, but Foley was cut in the arm and John was arrested.

The great man of the neighborhood, Neill Mulgrave, the district leader, came to their help. Did Mrs. Foster know what a district leader was? No? He was the ruler, the all-powerful, the dictator. Mrs. Cavendish did not know how it might be in other parts of the city, in Hickory Street there was no rule, no law, except the will of the district leader. His commands were obeyed because the force with which he backed them was irresistible.

This man procured bail for John, and though the young man was indicted, the leader had something done with the indictment. This was at once a common source and use of his power. The neighborhood knew of it as pigeon-holing an indictment. Mrs. Cavendish could not explain more than that it was done by an official put in office by Mulgrave and other district leaders, and who, therefore, of course, did with indictments what those who put him in office told him to. Why was Mrs. Foster amazed? Had she never heard of such things? Any ten-year-old boy in Hickory Street could explain more to her.

At that time Rose was being courted by this great man. She had another sweetheart, a clerk in the store, but she did not care for him in the way of marrying

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him, nor for Neill Mulgrave. But the latter was rich, great, had saved John from dreaded punishment for an act that was no crime, so why should not Rose marry him, he urged, and be taken out of the store and given a fine home of her own, and for her mother?

One day John came home in great rage, and said he would surrender himself and demand his trial rather than be beholden another hour to Neill Mulgrave. That man must never be allowed to call at their home or to see Rose again. Why? Ask Carrie Foley, said John, when she comes from the hospital, where the policeman who rescued her from drowning took her, and where she was guarded, a prisoner charged with the crime of attempting suicide.

Poor, sinful, penitent Carrie Foley was taken by Mrs. Cavendish into her own rooms for a time. Her heart bled for the motherless girl, and she did not judge her harshly when she heard all the pitiful story—the privation at home, the temptation, the promise of marriage, the bitter repentance.

Men were sometimes wickedly cruel towards women who were weak—in Hickory Street.

So when Rose said she could get Carrie work in the store, Mrs. Cavendish did not forbid her to do so, nor forbid Rose walking to and from work with her every day. Carrie's reformation had lasted, and she had prospered—indeed, she had succeeded to Rose's place in the store.

But, before all this had come about, a dreadful thing had happened. The night John had quarrelled with Foley a man had been robbed under an arch of the bridge, and the robber had wounded his victim with a knife. For this crime, upon the testimony of Foley and a companion named Cairnes, and upon evidence that he was already indicted for an assault with a knife, on the same

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night, in the same neighborhood, John had been indicted by the grand jury.

Neill Mulgrave, who had been told not to come there again, did, however, call upon Mrs. Cavendish with early news of this indictment. It was a serious matter, he said, but he thought he could fix it if Mrs. Cavendish cared to have him continue his friendly influence. John answered for her. He would go to prison, innocent as he was, he said, before he would let his mother and sister be put under another obligation to Mulgrave. The district leader told them to think the matter over and send him word in an hour. Then all the courage in the mother's heart forsook it, and left there only fear for her son. All her life she had witnessed the absolute power wielded by such men, absolutely, insolently, brutally. Who was she to brave it? Where could she turn? To whom? Rose was not there to comfort or advise her. So she begged John to go away, at least until she and Rose could think and determine if, anywhere in the city where they were born, where they had lived honest, virtuous, hard-working lives, where they had harmed no human being, but done all they could to relieve the distress of the more unfortunate about them, there was some fearless person so strong, so independent, and so good as to champion them in their misery, their fear, their helplessness.

She begged John to go away, and at last her prayers and tears prevailed. He agreed to ship on any vessel where he could find a berth; but would return, he said, after one voyage, whether his mother had or had not found the help she hoped for. He would do this only to satisfy her. He had not been gone more than an hour with the bundle she hastily made up when the police came for him. That was six months ago, and she had received no word from her son in all that time; neither

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did she know with certainty how or where he had gone. Three sailing vessels left for foreign ports on that day, and on one of them, so some sons of a neighbor of hers had learned, John probably had shipped. Two had returned to this port, the other was somewhere on the waters of the earth or beneath them, she did not know, and about that could only pray. That was her story.

An unlikely one, you say, sir? I believe it to be true. Why, once I told a stranger story, and no one doubted. That was of a poor woman whom some officers of the law, failing to collect as much blackmail as they thought her capable of paying—for the privilege of conducting an honest little business enabling her to live decently and send her children to school—arrested, had her convicted of a hideous crime, of which they furnished the false testimony, and had her children kidnapped from her, all by due process of the law. She was robbed of children, reputation, purse, health, and mind. But the wrong would never have been heard of by the public had it not chanced that the Honorable Committee of an August Body was convened to hear such cases, and this one chanced to be brought before it. The whole power of the State was exerted to restore this woman her children. But she died, because she had been mortally hurt before the Honorable Committee chanced to hear of her. I wrote that story, too, and no word of doubt or denial has ever been raised against it. I wrote it from the solemn words spoken by sworn, unimpeached witnesses, testifying before that Honorable Committee. The officers who collected the blackmail from that poor woman still patrol our streets in uniform, because the leaders for whom they collected it, and did murder to increase it, remain now, as they were then, our rulers.

So Mrs. Cavendish told her story to Mrs. Foster, for she had learned to trust her, and believed her to be fear-

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less and wise, and because she was the first woman she had ever met who, it seemed to her, might give aid and not suffer the vengeance of Neill Mulgrave. She must do something, have some assurance that search would be made for her boy, that he would be protected when he returned, or else she and Rose could not go away on Wednesday, or ever.

Polly was trembling, pale, and aghast. The other story I wrote was not the kind of story Peter, reading in the news of the day, repeated to Polly. So it was difficult for her to comprehend, although she did not doubt, the sob-broken story told by Mrs. Cavendish.

"Why have you not told this to Mr. Maxwell?" she asked.

"I could not," Mrs. Cavendish replied.

"Then I will," Polly exclaimed. "He is as fearless as he is honest; and now, with your wealth, he is powerful. He will find your son, and he will fight your enemies."

"Will he fight that wicked Mulgrave?" Rose demanded, and there was a gleam of fight in her eyes and a flash of fight in her cheeks that startled Mrs. Foster, who had never been in Hickory Street. "And kill him?" insisted Rose.

"Politically, perhaps," Mrs. Foster said, laughing, to draw Rose out of her passion.

Peter came to take Polly away, and they sent for Maxwell to dine with them. At dinner he heard the story. He said little about it, made notes only of some names and dates, saying it would be a simple matter to locate the one vessel unaccounted for. The indictments, he said, he would look into. Then he asked Polly for some music, and she played for him Schumann's *Aufschwung* and Chopin's *Second Ballade*, which Horace had learned to like when he was sixteen and Polly eighteen.

Mrs. Cavendish's Story

When he was saying good-night she said to him: "Hoddy, unless you object, I am going to ask papa and mamma to call on the Cavendishes to-morrow, and Peter is going to ask his mother to call."

"Object?"

Maxwell made the inquiry in an innocent voice, but he smiled in a way that made Polly say: "Well, Arthur Lansing has called, and I know perfectly he will ask the Worthingtons to call, and I know they will. I don't see why our people should not call. Wouldn't Petie make Rose just as good a husband as Lansing?"

"Better," said Maxwell, still smiling.

"I suppose you think I am sinful, but, upon my word, I would not speak of this if I did not honestly believe Rose will make a splendid woman. Now, Hoddy, stop smiling; it isn't your way."

"I have no way, neither my own nor any one else's," Maxwell said, declining to lay aside his smile. "Of course, I shall be tickled to death to have such smart people calling on my clients. In some remote way it may reflect social grandeur even on me. You never can tell, you know, about those reflections."

Then he said good-night, and as he walked through the moonlit park, smoking, he continued to smile, and remarked to a poplar tree, whose leaves were not green but all black and silver in the moonlight: "It's so much funnier to see it going on, knowing the people, than it is to read about it."

CHAPTER XVI

PEOPLE OF HIGHEST QUALITY CALL AT THE OXFORD

POLLY and Peter both wrote letters when Maxwell was saying irrelevant things to the trees in the park.

She wrote:

"DEAR MAMMA,—Yes, thank you, Peter and I will dine with you and papa to-morrow evening, but we must leave early, as I'll still have my stateroom stuff to pack. I'm sorry I have so many million things to do in the morning I shall not be able to see you then, as I have something I'd rather tell you about than write. It is this: I wish you and papa would call on the Cavendishes to-morrow afternoon. I have told you already that they are respectable, honest, kindly hearted women, which, to be sure, is no reason why you should call. But there is a reason. The daughter has a fine soul. It is a bit turbulent, but she will master it. (If we do not master our souls, but they master us, do not read that sentence to papa.) Also, she will inherit a big fortune. Hoddy Maxwell won't tell me how much, but Arthur Lansing has called on them, and he takes hints in this sort of thing from Nan Worthington, and of course Nan got her tip from her husband, so the fortune must be enormous. Now, I do not see why Petie should not try to win the girl. He has called with Peter and was quite successful, although the poor boy talked only about car horses. Anyway, that was better than dogs. The girl is as

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sensitive to slights as a setter—now I'm talking dogs—and if the Worthingtons call, and you do not, she might cherish it against Petie. If you go, do try and make papa understand that he is not to talk German poetry to Mrs. Cavendish. Could you not keep saying it over to him as you drive up to the Oxford? It sounds miserably cold-blooded to write this sort of thing, but you know, dear mamma, I would not so much as suggest it if I did not like the girl, and believe in her.

“Do make papa give us some of his Johannisberger for dinner to-morrow. Peter has not had a decent glass of wine for ages.

“Lovingly,

“POLLY.”

Peter wrote:

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—As you intended to come down to see Polly off Wednesday, please take an earlier train and get to town in time to call on the Cavendishes Tuesday. The evening would do, because they do not go out. Polly says the girl will have a lot of money, and we think this is a fair chance for Petie. He called there with me, and was in the running from the start. Arthur Lansing is entered, and will be backed by the Worthingtons; but Petie, while not so well trained for the distance as Lansing, has age to give, and is looking quite fit, from having to keep regular hours with the Van Nesses. Hoping you are quite well, and enclosing Polly's love with mine, I remain,

“Your dutiful son,

“PETER.”

Mr. Arthur Lansing, who seldom wrote letters, who got along in a manner satisfactory to himself by writing not more than one for each score he received, also posted a letter Monday afternoon. His was to Mrs. Worthington:

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"DEAR NAN,—Well, we're off! The evening I came in I went to the Waldorf, as there was not a soul at the clubs, and it was a lucky move. I'd taken a table for some men I'd sent for on a chance of their being in town, and my soup had not come before I resigned the table to the very women themselves. That was luck enough, but I turned to a table where I'd seen some men I know, and fairly sat down in the lap of Hod Maxwell, their lawyer. Maxwell tried to bolt when I let him know I'd like to meet them; but when I pressed him a bit he came to the scratch all right, and we strolled with them to the Oxford. They had a little chap with them, a foreigner, I judge, from the way he rattled off an order for dinner as long as a sermon, without even looking at the *menu*. But he does not seem to count. I called Monday, learned they were to sail Wednesday, and took passage on the same steamer. Wasn't little Artie busy?

"Now, Nan, you must keep your word, and get into town and call on them, and make Worthington trot along with you. I guess he won't need a whip, from what he told you of the Farnham estate. I am horridly overdrawn, Nan, and must have a few thousand to do the trip with, so please fix this for me. Polly Foster was there, and, of course, saw my game—the devil couldn't fool her—but she is a good sort, and unless she decides to put her Petie in, and is not working a play for Maxwell, I believe she would be rather friendly to me than otherwise.

"Oh, you wanted to know what she looks like. When Jane Hading has some innocent lines to speak in a scene when she is providing a contrast for heavy work to follow, she thinks she looks as this girl does. Only this one is dark.

"Affectionately,

"ARTHUR."

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“Still her dress—
Her dress at least, you must confess—”

Mrs. Worthington had not repeated, possibly not read, a line of verse these dozen years. Once she read Dobson, and this came into her mind as she bowed to Rose standing by the side of her mother, determined to give and receive support in this ordeal.

When the Worthington carriage stopped at the Oxford entrance, the footman—not in boots, and *sans* cockade, for this branch of the Worthingtons are precisely American, and their men on the box wear trousers—walked into the hotel office bearing the Worthington cards, while the coachman slowly drove on. The carriage had been recognized from within, and no less a personage than the assistant manager took the cards and inquired graciously—it is agreeable to have opportunity to be gracious to even a footman of the Worthingtons—for whom were the cards.

“Mrs. and Miss Cavendish,” said the man in the deep plum-colored livery, glancing haughtily at the head hall “boy,” who was bald-headed, and who chanced to be the footman’s father.

“I beg your—that is—did you say—” began the assistant manager, reading the cards again to reassure himself.

“Mrs. and Miss Cavendish,” Plums repeated, deftly winking at the head hall-boy, who was making certain small signs indicating his belief, and possibly hope, that the assistant manager would shortly have a fit.

“Mrs. and Miss Cavendish,” the assistant manager exclaimed, fondling the cards in a dazed way, and in truth a fit did seem imminent. “Front,” he exclaimed, and handed the cards to the bald-headed boy, saying in a voice that carried throughout the office, instantly stop-

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ping all business, all conversation, almost all life: "Take Mr. and Mrs. Worthington's cards to Mrs. and Miss Cavendish."

Then Plums talked with the carriage agent rapidly and with deep interest about horses, and neither his lips nor any muscle of his face moved, for footmen learn to do that on the box while they and coachmen discuss us who admire from the sidewalk. The "boy" returned and informed Plums that the Cavendishes were at home. Plums went out and stood on the curbstone as a signal for the carriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington were gravely informed that the ladies were in.

Mrs. Worthington, when she had inwardly remarked upon Rose's dress in the line and a half of verse she was surprised to remember, said: "No, Miss Cavendish, please sit here in the light, for my brother says you look like Jane Hading in her ingénue manner, and I must see you plainly." Rose, who wondered who Jane Hading was and what an ingénue manner might be, took the chair she had intended for Mrs. Worthington, and suddenly suspecting she was being made fun of in a way she knew nothing about, stiffened and turned exceedingly big and defiant eyes on her caller.

Mrs. Worthington may not be the handsomest woman in New York. Emily Maxwell has views on that subject it will pay you to hear if you are in the opposition. Bets were once even on Nan Lansing and Emily Maxwell in the famous race for the Worthington plate, so Emily should be a judge of Nan's points. But as to Mrs. Worthington's ability to recover her pace after a break—it was on the strength of that she won the race—there could be no question. She proved it now, when she regarded Rose's defiant eyes for the tenth part of a second, lowered her own a little, puckered her brows into the surprise of admiration, and said: "Miss Caven-

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dish, let's talk secrets for a minute: that is a perfectly stunning blouse you have on. Who made it for you?"

Think not slightly of Rose, serious reader, that all resentment went out of her eyes and in its place came a look of flattered interest. Consider her career, and that she, with the soul of an artist, had never had opportunity for the expression of art except as art aids in the beauty of woman's dress. I know well that you, miss, would have been pleased in like degree only if Mrs. Worthington had spoken to you of intense kindergartening, the Greek drama, expansion of woman's sphere, or Maeterlinck's second manner. And I know, too, that had Mrs. Worthington made the slip of speaking to you about dress, and seen the burning scorn and disdain in your fine eyes, she promptly would have recovered her pace by asking your opinion on some of the properly familiar topics mentioned. What I am trying to say is that Mrs. Worthington had rare intuition, and divined therewith that Rose loved dress, not as some silly chits we know of love it, but because it was the only form of art with which she was as familiar, as you with the twenty-eight-line sonnets.

Mr. Worthington has fat shoulders from which his body tapers rapidly, a skin so gray you are surprised to find, after being in his presence an hour, that he has short gray side-whiskers. He has a long upper lip, and a small rounded chin, and never enters upon the slightest undertaking without painful thought. He said to Mrs. Cavendish, slowly, but with amiable intention: "I knew your brother, Mr. Farnham. He was actively engaged in a number of enterprises in which we have some not inconsiderable interests."

Mrs. Cavendish could only stare, wonder if she was dreaming, and marvel at hearing Rose and Mrs. Wor-

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thington talking easily, earnestly, and frequently both at once.

Mr. Worthington continued after pausing to give Mrs. Cavendish a chance to reply, and relieved that she did not, for he disliked conversation, as it tended to make him forget his speeches: "We were fellow-directors in a number of companies, and I assure you I and his other colleagues felt sincere regret at his loss, though it is only just to say of young Mr. Maxwell, whose family I know well and deeply respect, that he shows a gratifying interest in and knowledge of your late brother's affairs."

Mr. Worthington made another opportunity pause—he is a just man—but Mrs. Cavendish, poor soul, only smoothed the parting of her thick black hair and looked at him in wondering silence. He began to consider her a woman of much sense and understanding. Then he took up his thirdly, which was also his lastly: "The name Farnham is not a common one in New York, and as I had often heard my grandfather speak of a certain Martin Farnham as an estimable man in the sail-making way, whom he greatly respected, I spoke of the matter to your brother one day—it was after a directors' meeting, and I recall we had declared an extra dividend, and some light refreshments were served in the board-room by a neighboring caterer—and learned with pleasure that my grandfather's friend was your brother's, and hence your, grandfather, and I am, therefore, pleased to meet you."

At the word "you" Mrs. Worthington rose, and Mr. Worthington rose and gave his hand first to Mrs. Cavendish and then to Miss Cavendish, and the callers departed, Mrs. Worthington and Rose talking gayly until the door closed.

For a whole minute after they were gone there was silence in the room, then Rose drew a long, deep breath,

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hugged her mother, and exclaimed: "Why, mamma, she is just splendid! She is going to send me letters to her Paris dressmakers, and—oh, mamma, what did you say to him?"

Mrs. Cavendish thought for a moment, then laughed, and said: "Why, dearie, I did not say one single word to the man the whole time he was here. He was talking about Martin, and our grandfather who left all his money away from our father. I suppose he thinks I am dumb; but, Rose, I couldn't have said a word if I had been asked my name."

Rose laughed, and said: "It may be silly, but it isn't conceited, that as I was talking away to Mrs. Worthington I couldn't help thinking what the girls in the store would have thought if they had seen me. But," she added, after a pause, "if Percy is down to the steamer to see us off we won't tell him. It will make him not smile."

Mrs. Foster the elder came with Polly, whom she had picked up going elsewhere, and who, she insisted, should make with her the call Peter had so respectfully asked for. Polly's mamma-in-law was a stout little woman, with a great deal of silvery hair, made a great deal of by her hair-dresser, florid complexion, a selfish little nose, luxury-loving eyes and lips, and inclined to be entirely good-natured if she had her own way entirely, without opposition, but surprisingly pugnacious on any provocation. Her mother's people had been prosperous burghers on Manhattan Island before the Worthingtons, as she said, "thought of buying a pack to come to this country with," and the cousinship existing between her and the present Mr. Worthington, which was a paternal connection, served only to add spice to her comments on the Worthington-worship afflicting New York society. A truce had been existing between

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the two families now for a few years, and it was a very comforting status for Mr. Worthington, the elder Mrs. Foster having a sharper tongue than usually exercises behind such full lips as hers. In the days of open hostilities she used to point out that if the Worthington millions had fallen to her branch of the family she would have established a society court in America concerning whose authority and brilliancy there would be no question. Now, you hear of this set, and that set, and the other set, each pretending to social pre-eminence and basing their pretence solely on wealth. If money alone was to be the warrant for social leadership, then why had not the owners of money left their fortunes to those of their children who had brains enough to do more than look like owls and talk like sheep? She had no money, every one knew she had but a beggarly thirty thousand or so a year, with Peter to support out of that. She made a great point of this, although every one equally well knew Peter had but three thousand a year, and a month for him and Polly at Newport, to live on. She was thankful there were enough New Yorkers who believed in grandfathers, good manners, and some wit to afford her a little society in which you did not yawn your head off—or else have your sense of propriety stunned every other minute.

In spite of these admirable principles, the elder Mrs. Foster did not hesitate about calling on the Cavendishes. The truth is she had only a week before put Cousin John Worthington through a sharp cross-examination about the Farnham estate, and as she liked youthful Petie, whose great popularity with young women made him a desirable tenant of her house when she was entertaining youth, she had a shrewd eye for his matrimonial chances.

She made a favorable impression upon Mrs. Caven-

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dish at once. "I hear that precious grandson of mine has been here to call," she said. "I love the child, though I do not know why I should, for he has never distinguished himself since he kicked himself out of his nurse's arms, except for the amount of trouble he has given to us all his life. Of course, the boy is incapable of a dishonorable act, or even great mischief, for he hasn't an ounce of brains; but boyish scrapes make an uninterrupted story of his life. We are a foolish lot to care so much for our boys who give us nothing but anxiety."

Did she know, as she went on in this fashion, that Mrs. Cavendish's heart would warm towards her?

To another listener, with less sympathy for "boys who give us nothing but anxiety," the tale she told of poor Petie would not have established for that young gentleman a very high reputation. When she had finished on this line, she added: "I have to look after his career, you know, for all of the little I have will go to him at last, and though it's little enough for me, for Petie it will afford a horse, a dog, and a club—all he wants—and pay for his wife's gowns."

"Very well done, Mamma Foster," thought Polly, who had been attentive to this frank picture of her son.

"Who is Jane Hading?" Rose was asking Polly.

"Jane Hading," repeated Polly, cutting the circuit of her attention to her son's historian, "Jane Hading is a very beautiful French actress. Have you been admiring her picture?"

"No," said Rose, blushing. "What is she like—her looks?"

"She has a face like a face on a coin, and is rather mettlesome, I've heard."

"And what is an ingénue manner?" asked Rose.

Polly stared a bit. "What is this, dear—a game?"

' Three guesses and out, next player please give atten-

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tion!' An ingénue manner is something affected by girls of fourteen and forty-five. I'm rehearsing mine now, and expect to have it ready in time. It is supposed to convey the impression that you are much less knowing than you ought to be, and is successful only when you know nothing—or everything! It is as becoming to most women as would be a bib on a bulbous broker. But actresses—oh, we were speaking of Jane Hading. When she is ingénue her manner is that of Satan thinking himself sanctified—are you looking for your fan? It is on the chair behind you."

So Rose, taking some time to recover her fan, thought she must have offended Polly in some way, and was dumbly miserable until the callers rose to go, with assurances that all would meet on the pier in the morning.

Polly said Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness would call, and so they did after she and her sprightly mamma-in-law had taken a surface car for Eighty — Street. Mamma Foster's horses and carriages were out of town for the summer, and she could not, like the Worthingtons, keep a set of servants and carriages in town in her absence, and would not patronize the public coaches whose employment in New York made a subsequent encounter with mountain bandits a pleasant pastime by comparison. Mrs. Foster the elder was to occupy that night the little bedroom known as Petie's, and dine with her grandson, loaned by the Van Nesses for the occasion. Peter had to sign a card at his club for the bottles of claret and champagne wherewith to regale his mother, and the appearance of those bottles settled in the mad cook's mind that a fortune, not a divorce, was imminent in the family.

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH A DUKE BECOMES INTERESTED

MRS. VAN NESS was Polly done in gray, and with vivacity subdued to quiet amiability. She had coached her husband concerning his intercourse with Mrs. Cavendish as instructed by Polly, and felt safe to devote herself to Rose, after a minute of that artless, aimless rattle of small calibre arms, wherewith we mask the preparation of our heavy guns when we go forth into social battle. Which is to say, as Mrs. Van Ness in a singularly gentle and deliberate voice was observing, that whereas it was a distressingly hot and close July, still it served to content one with the prospect of a week on the Atlantic, she was thinking to herself: "The girl is distinctly interesting in appearance, might be somewhat volcanic. Petie could no more understand her than he does thorough-bass. Mother, neutral. Would look as well exposed in front of an opera box as do most of those who are so exposed."

Mr. Van Ness was a tall, thin man with a long, thin nose, reddish, but not obtrusively so; straggling black and gray beard, that straggled away into cleared spaces on his thin cheeks. He had never been inside a newspaper office in his life, yet to a few intimates and the editor of the *Daily Mars* he was known as the writer in that mighty but eccentric newspaper of those editorial essays on religious topics wherein the ever-blessed general reader never discovered the vein of satire, but which worked theological controversialists into white heat of

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passion, and which caused an eminent divine to explain that he always read the *Mars* because he felt it to be his duty to know the latest news from Satan. His also were those literary appreciations, usually vivisections, but done with a knife so keen that the subjects seldom felt their wounds, and not unfrequently thought they had but been patted on the back. He was engaged, when haled forth for this call, in translating a German view of Poe into Latin to get a stronger grip on it for translation into English. His mind was full of that when he found himself sitting opposite Mrs. Cavendish and saying over to himself: "Not German poetry." Then he wondered why not German, and tried to think of Mrs. Cavendish's name as an aid to solving the problem. He was undecided whether it was Cudahy or Carlsen, pondered that one was Irish and the other Danish, concluded it must be Cudahy, and that the lady opposite him might therefore be opposed to anything German. He marvelled, as he overheard his wife, how Providence, even in its infinity of gifts, could have endowed women with a capacity to talk so much when there was nothing to say. Suddenly he felt a chill, when he realized his wife had stopped talking and knew she was listening to hear how he was getting on. He tried until his brain was racked to think of something to say; repeated in agony, "not German poetry," revived somewhat at the thought that the lady—oh, what was her name?—might like Spanish poetry, if not German, and then in a final desperate mental wrench said: "The avenue is much more quiet since it has been asphalted."

Mrs. Cavendish had a kindly and quick sympathy, and in a way not far from the exact state of the case she understood the trouble causing Mr. Van Ness's thin face to break out with unwonted beads of perspiration. She replied good-naturedly that asphalt pavements were a

A Duke Becomes Interested

blessing in the part of town where she had lived, for besides sweeping them the street cleaners could and did hose them every day. The simple lady had set the complex man at ease as perfectly as if she had been drilled in the art for a lifetime. He abandoned the thought of Spanish poetry as an alternative, recalled what—unhappy man!—he supposed he was there for and said: "My son is to meet you at Havre, as I understand. You will find him a fine young fellow, though much unlike my daughter, Mrs. Foster. Herman is younger—he is—let me see." He turned to his wife. "Martha, how old is Herman now?"

"Herman," said Mrs. Van Ness, with a slight but significant accent on the name, "is twenty-five, just five years older than Petie." There was another slight but significant accent on the second name.

"He has lived in Germany practically all the time since he was fifteen," continued Herman's father, "and now writes acceptably in that delightful language."

This accomplishment of Herman's did not seem to impress Mrs. Cavendish deeply—"race prejudice," thought Mr. Van Ness—so he added: "But he is a stalwart young fellow, after all. His is no brow sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought; but, on the contrary, is chiefly noticeable for three not at all pale scars of wounds received in as many duels."

Mrs. Cavendish was horrified, and Mr. Van Ness cheerfully explained the pleasant custom of German students' duels; not telling her, however, that the several places on his cheeks, bare of beard, were proofs of his own student day duels.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Van Ness, after a long silence, as they walked towards the lower end of the avenue near which they lived, "did you say a single word about Petie? One word!"

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"Petie?" responded her husband in surprise. "Why Petie, Martha? I spoke of Herman."

"Poor Polly," moaned Mrs. Van Ness, and then she added: "Now, Jacob, now, you really must give Peter a bottle of Johannisberger for dinner this evening."

Jacob silently wondered at the inconsequentiality of woman.

Rose threw herself into a chair when Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness were out of the room and exclaimed: "I'm as tired as if I'd been fitting suits on cranky customers all day, and worked overtime, at that. She looked at her mother, and added, anxiously: "But you look as if you had been sewing all night on a rush order. Now, you are to lie down while I ring for a man to take the trunks away. Poor dear, it is awfully hard work, isn't it?"

Before she could ring, two more cards were brought. They read: "Mr. Richard T. Sterne," and "Mrs. Richard Tillinghast Sterne."

"Who are they?" Rose whispered to her mother.

"Why, that is Mr. Maxwell's married sister and her husband," Mrs. Cavendish said.

"Another sister of Mr. Maxwell's," replied Rose. "Well, if she's like the first one we'll have a lovely time. Must we see them?"

"How can we help it?" sighed her mother.

Rose looked for a moment as if she did not see any relief, but then suddenly turned to the servant and said, in exactly the manner she had observed in Polly one day at the Foster apartments: "Not at home."

Mrs. Cavendish was frightened when she saw the servant disappear. "He'll tell them, and what will they think of us?" she cried.

"I don't care," declared Rose. "You are dead tired now, and if Mrs. Foster says 'not at home' when she is, it must be right."

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When Mrs. Sterne received the message from the servant she said to her big husband: "I'd like to have seen the women for Horace's sake, to have counteracted the impression of our family dear Emily probably made."

The heroic efforts of Rose to put an end to the afternoon's reception did not succeed. The servant with the message to the Sternes had been gone but a moment when the door opened and Mr. Park entered. Mrs. Cavendish and Rose stared in amazement at the odd-looking little figure who had entered unannounced; but Mr. Park, bowing with much manner, said, in a politely friendly tone: "I expected to find Mr. Maxwell here."

"He will not be here to-day," Mrs. Cavendish replied.

The little man sat down, laid his hat, umbrella, and gloves on the floor, turned his shallow, pale blue eyes towards Mrs. Cavendish with a look of regret, and then said: "It will do as well perhaps to speak to you. Money is going to forty years. It will never be better, probably much worse. You understand me? It is a term we have in affairs. At two and a half an investment is returned in forty years. You must bear this in mind. Worthington, Garnett, Mallory—I've convinced them all. By the way"—he smiled deprecatingly—"we should not speak of our own affairs, perhaps, but I did something rather good to-day. I bought a million and three-quarters annuities, and took a million insurance. I pay my premiums out of my annuities, and make one and three-quarters per cent. clear on the transaction. It comes only to a little matter of thirty thousand or so a year to me, but with money going beyond forty years, we must provide ourselves against an embarrassing reduction in incomes." He rose, picked up his belongings from the floor, and said: "I shall advise you from time to time, Mrs. Cavendish, as I did your late brother. Oh, have I mentioned it? I am Mr. Park—Calhoun Park.

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It has afforded me much pleasure to meet you, and I sincerely wish you *bon voyage*."

There was one other incident of the same eventful July day that deserves to be related in connection with those already described. Horace Maxwell was about to leave his office to go to lunch when he received a call from a lawyer, Mr. Stephens, of the eminent firm of Brown, Jones, Smith, Stephens & Brown, who chanced also to be a college friend. "You know our firm is the correspondent of Dobson, Hobson, Robson & Dobson, of London," he said.

Horace recalled that he had heard the interesting fact mentioned.

"A client of theirs, now in this country," Stephens continued, "has applied to us for information concerning the plans of the Cavendishes. Now, of course, we do not go in for this sort of thing very much in this country, and at first I was disposed not to bother you in the matter."

"That was very kind of you," said Horace.

"Do not be disagreeable," Stephens urged, in non-professional manner, "for I'm going to ask you out to lunch when we finish."

"Oh, in that case, fire away."

"Very well. Is Miss Cavendish presumably her mother's sole heir?"

"No; presumptively, there is another to divide with her."

"Oh, I didn't know that."

"Neither did I until after Farnham's death."

"Will Miss Cavendish presumably inherit half the Farnham estate on her mother's death?"

"I should say, presumably, yes."

"Well, what sort of marriage settlement would Mrs. Cavendish be likely to make on her daughter?"

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"I have no means of knowing, except to ask Mrs. Cavendish, which I decline to do."

"Witness is unfriendly. Is Mrs. Cavendish likely to remarry?"

"Same answer as the last."

"Witness is excused. Come along out to lunch."

"Hold on a minute. May I ask who your client is?"

"Between ourselves, that is, not for publication, it is the Duke of Quarry. What are you grinning about, old man?"

"I am grinning about something I said to a poplar tree in the park last night."

"See here, Maxwell, you ought not to confine your witticisms to poplar trees in the park at night. It's selfish, and tends to impugn your sanity."

CHAPTER XVIII

OFF FOR PARIS!

THE next was sailing day. Is there a scene more typical of New York than that on the pier when a mighty liner is within an hour of beginning the wildly delightful—or miserable, as your nerves determine—six or seven days' dash across the Atlantic? Had I the charmed ring that gratifies every wish, I should follow the example of that sturdy old lady who passed the last ten years of her life swinging to and fro between two continents, on an Atlantic liner. A week at sea, half a week in London, a week at sea, half a week in New York, and repeat. What excuses for dinner regrets, when you know you would regret if you ate the dinner! The delights and excitements of partings and greetings, three or four times a month; a solid week for uninterrupted sleep, or wakefulness, or reading, or smoking, or the blues, or abstinence; the study of palmistry, or riddles, whatever you wish! But even if one did not entertain longings to solve riddles, nor care for the ocean, where is the proper study of mankind to be made from so many, and differing, interesting types as on a transatlantic steamer?

Just ahead of Arthur Lansing, as he walked up the gang-plank of the ship, dressed, of course, as if for a morning stroll in town, for he was too old a hand at crossing to distinguish the event by any of the marvellous eccentricities of costumes one sees on deck even while the ship is fast to her pier, just ahead of him hurried

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a youth, flushed and quivering with excitement. He was entering upon the realization of his eager young life's dream—Paris and the study of art! Behind him, carrying innumerable bundles, with much excited talk and laughter and warning and inquiries, came a family—father, mother, and a stepladder of five electrified children. The father and mother had come to this country twenty years ago on an immigrant ship. There was pride in the father's eyes, tears in the mother's, even as she laughed, for they thought of that other steerage crossing, and now how the old folks at home would wonder and rejoice at their prosperous return, and the five children who, coached as they had been, were yet uncertain in speech in their mother's, fluent as they were in their mother-tongue. But we cannot stand here by the gang-plank watching mere strangers go aboard. Our business is with some acquaintances already beginning to arrive.

Mrs. Foster came in a carriage with Peter and Polly and Petie, the speechless maid following in a coupé with the hand luggage. Mrs. Foster, senior, was about to go aboard with her party when a tall, smooth-faced, slender, fresh-complexioned young man, stepping out of a cab, raised his hat, and hastening to her side spoke to her. She was evidently surprised to see him, and said so. But she seemed pleased, too, for she stood talking with him at the foot of the plank, while her companions were swallowed up and disappeared in the crush of people at its top. The young man motioned to his servant, who paid the driver, took some hand luggage out of the cab and went aboard. Then a number of reporters came and hovered about the young man, so plainly wishing to interview him that he excused himself to Mrs. Foster, and turned to one of them who asked a question. The young man laughed at the inquiry, and

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said: "I say, you chaps keep a sharp eye on a man in this country. But I do not object to seeing you on board, in my stateroom, in a few minutes."

Then he turned to Mrs. Foster, and said: "Thank you very much. It will be a great pleasure to meet your daughter-in-law—I'd no idea she was crossing." Then he, too, went up the gang-plank with Mrs. Foster, just as a carriage drove up with Maxwell, Mrs. Cavendish, her daughter, and the maid who had been engaged for Rose.

As Maxwell turned from seeing that the stateroom stewards took all the hand luggage he was surprised to see Mrs. Cavendish pushing through the crowd with considerable energy. Looking to see why, Maxwell and Rose at the same time discovered Mrs. Cassidy, the twins and Mickey standing on the outskirts of the crowd, indifferent to a policeman's repeated pleadings: "Move on here; we must have a clear gangway here."

Rose, without hesitation, followed her mother, and Maxwell followed her; for the first of the supplemental mail wagons was rattling down the pier, and there would soon be the last tumultuous rush up and down the gang-plank, in which the women would require his assistance.

"It was kind of you to come," Mrs. Cavendish was saying to her old friend.

"I'd not come at all to put mortification on you," the newswoman whispered, hoarsely, "only, as the dear dead poet says, 'a stitch in time,' says he, 'saves many a patch,' he says."

She bent forward and whispered: "Mickey has it that Mulgrave has sent word out to the wharf gang, which has no good in them except they will fit well in the electric chair, to watch out for your Johnnie, if he turns up."

Mrs. Cavendish was startled and alarmed, and mo-

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tioned to Maxwell, to whom Mrs. Cassidy repeated her news.

"I will not go away!" exclaimed Mrs. Cavendish.

Maxwell assured her that he had already learned that the ship John in all probability was aboard would not be in New York for several months. His manner had its usual effect of quieting Mrs. Cavendish, and she listened to what he told her of the inquiries he had already set on foot, and to his command to Mrs. Cassidy that Mickey was to report to him whatever he heard bearing on the subject.

Rose stood to one side talking to the boys. She tipped the twins each with a silver piece, and each of those young gladiators, hastily examining his own and the other's tip, and observing that there was no discrimination in fortune requiring adjustment by resort to arms, grinned in ecstasy.

"Mickey," said Rose, "do you remember that man who used to yell after Carrie Foley, because she would not speak to him?"

"Sure," Mickey replied. "He weighs twenty pounds more than me, but I can do him."

Rose needed no interpreter to understand this. "Here, Mickey," she said, smuggling a five-dollar bill to him, "you keep this in trust for me until you have 'done' that young man; then it is yours."

Thereupon Mickey started up the pier at a lively gait, the twins following close, not to miss the fight.

Here comes the last supplemental mail wagon. The porters rush along by its side, snatching off its blue and white mail bags even before it stops, hurrying their burdens aboard ship. The gong has rung, and officers are repeating, "All ashore, who are not sailing. All but passengers ashore, please." Maxwell hurried his charges aboard, bade them good-bye, and hurriedly shook hands

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with Polly, who was talking with the young man Mrs. Foster had presented to her. There were on all sides a thousand last kisses, farewells, fond messages, and Maxwell reached the pier just as the dockmen started to swing down the gang-plank. As the great ship got slowly under way Horace waved his hand to Polly, but Rose did not see him, for Arthur Lansing was chatting with her.

In the customary news items about the sailing occurred this:

"Among the passengers was the handsome young Duke of Quarry. His unexpected departure from Newport, which is said to have left that colony quite disconsolate, was due, he said, to his wish to join his regiment if the threatened trouble in the Transvaal should cause it to be ordered to South Africa. Mrs. Foster, who was down to see her daughter, Mrs. Peter Foster, off, was the only Newporter there to wish the Duke *bon voyage*."

CHAPTER XIX

A SMALL BURGLARY WITH BIG EFFECTS

DAVY FOLEY was a convincing exhibit in support of those investigators who are now declaring the influence of environment, more than heredity, accountable for criminality. Literature on the subject has been enriched by the history of one infamous family of criminals, with genealogical research extended back to the fifth generation, and scores of less infamous examples where sons and daughters of criminals have shown criminal tendencies. All of which, say these new investigators, would prove something, but not much, were not the facts in every instance equally strong in support of the environment theory: that every generation of the infamous family has been influenced by similar criminal environment. Had any individual branch of that shrunken, withered, distorted, genealogical tree been removed in its tender youth by a skilful forester, grafted on to a healthful trunk, where there was plenty of sunshine, good drainage, and wise cultivation, it would have grown straight, sound and strong, and borne sweet fruit. Also, had a straight young shoot from the sunlit tree been grafted on to the trunk of the stunted thing, growing in the unlit mire, it speedily would have assumed the sickly and abnormal aspect of its new fellow-branches.

An old sergeant of police, who remained sergeant, and rose no higher because he had adopted early in his career on the force the curious habit of studying his call-

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ing, instead of the ways of acquiring influence to promote him, and who has these many years been a source of useful information to the writer—if any use there be in a knowledge of such as Foley—listened patiently to me one night as I tried to explain to him something of the academic war between the theorists of heredity and of environment. He gave heed, paused, and said: "Well, sir, I don't know much about environment, nor about heredity; but perhaps I know a little about criminals, if that has anything to do with it. I've studied 'em for forty years, old and young, male and female, black and white, fierce and frightened, them as could read and them as couldn't, first offenders and habituals, smart and stupid, sneaks and them as took the chance for their lives every time they did a piece of work. The records I've made of them at the desk, that are stowed at headquarters now, would fill a patrol wagon, I guess. Now, what do I think of them in regards to this matter you speak of? This: babies is born into the world without no more morals than manners. Does this heredity teach them to eat with a fork and say 'please' and 'thank you'? Well, no more it teaches them to respect the rights of property and person. If they is brought up with folks who eat with their fingers, you wouldn't hear them crying for a fork. If they is brought up with folks what helps themselves to what don't belong to them, you wouldn't hear them crying for the police."

These simple conclusions of the old sergeant may be all wrong: I found him dozing one warm summer night over a learned and instructive argument opposed to such views set forth in a report of the Society for Ethical Study, I had loaned him; whereas I left him wide-awake over a technical description of a new police signal-box, which I substituted for the report.

I think if our old sergeant were asked to classify Davy

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Foley, he would have said: "Sneak, habitual." When Davy was but ten years old, and there was yet a Mrs. Foley, the family lived not far from Hickory Street, but in a poorer neighborhood. There the men were less regularly employed, and when they worked it was not in warehouses, or on the piers, but in the roughest labor, sewer-digging, street-paving, track-grading. The women worked, not in stores, but in factories; or went out late in the afternoons to sweep and scrub floors and halls in the great office buildings south of them, working there until late into the night.

Mrs. Foley, a sociably inclined person, passed much of the time, when she was not mopping the marble floors of an office building, discussing in her own or a neighbor's room the threatening danger to their calling of the organized companies of Italians, who, not content with monopolizing the plate-glass cleaning industry, were stealthily reaching out monopolistic and greedy hands for this office-building work; setting up the odious claim of better work for less pay, and responsible insurance against the loss of articles from offices during the hours of their ministrations. Such danger to the rights of Americans required the intervention of the district leader, or else let the country be at once abandoned to the ruin of cheap foreign labor! These and similar topics were usually discussed with accompaniment of beer, and were, therefore, so engrossing that Master Foley and his sister Carrie were left much to their own unaided efforts to acquire those manners and morals which, however desirable, we are, according to the authority quoted, born without as surely as without the instinct to demand a fork for our food, and to say "thank you" for it when it is provided.

Unrestricted, uninstructed, Davy, without any choice in the matter, had only the company of other lads similarly at liberty with whom to study the world; but, though

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his adventures were varied and exciting, they were usually concluded in time for him to seek his bed on the floor of the Foley room some time before morning. If he found it profitable to write an account of those early years, he probably could not tell with certainty the date or incidents of his first theft. There was one day, wandering along the river front, when the sight of a long procession of wagons loaded high with bunches of green, half-ripe, and ripe bananas reminded him that he had eaten nothing that day. A lad of the name of Terence Cairnes was with him, and they traced the procession of wagons to its source on a pier. There they found a big iron steamer, from which gangs of laborers, extending in lines from wagons on the piers to two hatchways of the ship, were passing bunches of the fruit from the hold. The green bunches went to one wagon, half-ripe to another, ripe to a third. A man at each gang-plank kept tally by ringing such an indicator gong as notes the fact when we pay our fare in street-cars. A loaded wagon would drive half-way down the pier, where an auctioneer disposed of the lot in brief order, and the purchaser directed it to his particular fruit-cellar. It was very interesting to the boys, who looked at the busy scene for some time without thinking of their hunger. Then Cairnes noticed that bananas dropped from the ripe bunches in some number about the wagons, and that this loose fruit was not being carefully watched. Lounging up to a wagon they stealthily slid under, filled their half-open shirt-fronts with fruit, and sneaked off some distance before a watchman, noticing their bulging clothing, called on them to stop. They darted for the street, dodged a policeman who, without much energy, tried to head them off, fled to the Battery, and finding they were not pursued, sat on one of the sea-wall benches and breakfasted heartily, pleasantly, and without remorse.

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Was that his first theft? It may have been earlier that the same young gentlemen of leisure observed a door ajar in a vacant house in Oliver street. A spirit of curiosity drew them in, and their youthful eyes were gladdened by the sight of some brass water faucets. Patient labor and ingenuity transferred the metal to their pockets; and a little barter disposed of it to an honest junkman, who gave the boys ten cents for the pretty things they had found, after threatening to turn them over to the police if they did not accept the price he offered. The boys were so nice about this, the honest junkman gave to them addresses of several other vacant premises, whose doors might be locked, but he thought he might find keys that would fit them.

There were so many adventures of this kind, Foley, though he tried his best, could not be expected to recall them all, nor arrange them in order befitting biographical material. They became events of almost daily occurrence, and Davy acquired skill in their doing. But up to the time when a threatening competition of Italian labor and all other earthly woe ceased to trouble Mrs. Foley, her son had never been arrested, although the police now took flattering notice of him. Then something happened to Mr. Foley's back, caused by a cave-in of a sewer trench, and Carrie Foley was trying with not much success to provide a paid doctor for her bed-ridden father. Davy, for the first time in his life, felt some compassion for his sister in her struggle to maintain their "home"—pitiable distortion of a home that it was! He determined to do something on a scale to produce considerable results.

Near Coenties Slip, on the East River front, there was a little sidewalk eating-stand, where a brisk trade was done at a very early hour in the morning serving oysters and clams to men about to go to bed, and coffee and

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doughnuts to other men about to go to work. The stand was not much larger than a piano case, yet the proprietor not only kept his supplies there, but lived there, too, it was believed, for no one ever saw him outside. His customers took what they ordered from him standing on the sidewalk while eating; and it was when thus partaking of an early breakfast that Foley and Cairnes, making such observation as they could of the interior of the box, determined on their first piece of strictly professional work. At the back, opposite the little counter over which the food was served, was a narrow door, and by the side of this, on a shelf a cigar-box into which the old man put his cash. The morning after their observations Foley, waiting until the early rush was over, approached the shelf behind which the old man was wiping dishes with his apron made of an oyster sack, and ordered some clams. As soon as the first was opened and put on its plate Foley began protesting boisterously. Leaning over so that his face was close to the old man's he angrily demanded to know if he looked like a drunken sailor, who could be served clams left over from yesterday! As he talked, he saw the little door in the back slowly open a few inches, a hand thrust in at the opening grasp the edge of the cigar-box, and slowly draw it away. Foley's heart was beating so he could scarcely talk, but it was his duty to keep the old man engaged a minute or two longer. He darted glances to the right and left to see if Cairnes was at a safe distance, but, instead of seeing him, heard his warning signal, and, turning to run, was gripped by the throat and thrown heavily. The chance they had to take turned against them: two officers, one relieving the other on post, came round the corner just as Cairnes was opening the door, and the double capture was effected easily.

For an hour after he was placed in a cell Foley was

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too frightened to think, but then, still white and shaken, he asked that word be sent to his sister to tell Neill Mulgrave her brother was arrested. Carrie went to Mulgrave, weeping, and he said, for her sake, he would see what could be done. Foley and Cairnes were taken before a magistrate, committed to the Tombs, and soon thereafter indicted by the grand jury for the grave offence of burglary. Then Mulgrave secured bail for them, and the indictment was pigeon-holed in the office of the district attorney — along with many others — because of “inability to secure the attendance of witnesses.” Mulgrave saw to that through an agent, and it was a trifling matter. The old oysterman maintained an illegal street obstruction. Did he want his stand carted off by a wagon of the Bureau of Encumbrances, and knocked to pieces? No? Very well, drop that case. You got your money back; that’s enough for you. And no word about it. Understand?

This was a simple lesson in practical politics, taught with variations as to details daily, and was of no great importance to any one—except to poor Carrie Foley.

CHAPTER XX

BANISHMENT AND RECALL OF FOLEY AND CAIRNES

CAIRNES and Foley became useful if humble political followers of Mulgrave. They learned to repeat their votes in so many precincts on election day that their expressions of choice, thus recorded, in the selection of municipal, State, and national rulers more than offset the similarly recorded views of as many merchants as do business in a whole Broadway block, or of as many members of the Reform Club as are required at a meeting called to pass beautifully rhetorical resolutions in favor of a pure ballot. Also, they were apt in the necessary work of discouraging the activities of impertinent citizens at primaries. Any honest, simple soul, who foolishly supposed he had a right to meddle at primaries, was discouraged by insults, rough handling, assault, if necessary; and with absolute assurance of immunity from police interference in the work, Foley and Cairnes rather enjoyed this part of the service they owed to Mulgrave.

But in their profession they advanced slowly. Purse-snatching was attended with personal danger, robbing drunken sailors was easy, and frequently resorted to, but seldom profitable. Petty thieving from ships and piers was little better than working for the junkmen. They lacked the education or address to do much in the way of confidence games, and the green goods business required capital, because those who pretend to sell five thousand dollars in counterfeit bills for five hundred

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dollars in honest bills, bait their traps with genuine money. Besides, this business was in the hands of a few men who held a monopoly of the territory, and for whom the police drove out of town outsiders endeavoring to set up an opposition shop. They realized their own deficiencies, and that they needed the addition to their firm of a good-looking, well-educated man of wit and of invention.

It was because they recognized these qualities in John Cavendish they made cautious efforts to induce him to join them. Cairnes and Foley were not without agreeable accomplishments. They could sing negro songs and dance almost as well as professionals; had many vivacious acquaintances of both sexes; knew better than any guide all the fascinating resorts of the Bowery and Chinatown; and were, in fact, well equipped to interest and entertain a younger man of John Cavendish's bold and spirited nature. It was after they had made John their companion in many lively but, as Hickory Street in the main viewed such things, innocent adventures, Foley suggested to him another kind of adventure—and was knocked down by John for an answer. The quarrel followed, as has been related.

It was not by Mulgrave's direct command that the charge upon which John was afterwards indicted was testified to by Foley and Cairnes, but they understood that the leader, for some reason they did not inquire into, would be pleased if an indictment against him should be procured. The district attorney, in examining the two witnesses before the grand jury, neglected, through an oversight, no doubt, to discredit their testimony by introducing evidence of the fact that both were at that time out on bail under an untried charge of burglary.

So, having served several short terms on Blackwell's

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Island, for sometimes Mulgrave either found it inexpedient to intervene, or else let them go to jail that they might be properly appreciative when he exercised his authority to save them, and having been arrested many more times when there were no convictions, Foley and Cairnes felt they were harshly treated when banished by the leader from his district for six months. How were they to know there was anything sacred about Horace Maxwell's watch and chain? Did they not promptly forego the easy prize when one of the Cassidy twins hinted that Maxwell was under Mulgrave's protection? It was hard lines to have to go into a new and untried field, to work where they did not know the safe retreats, had few acquaintances among their own profession, and where the police would be unfriendly.

In truth, their banishment did turn out a time of hardship for the two young men. Like many others of their district, honest men and women, too, New York outside of it was an unknown country. They first looked over the ground where even the stars of their profession seldom venture, slouching up Fifth Avenue a little before midnight, when it was alive with roof-garden audiences descended to earth again. Here they began to think they had found a rich field, easy to work. Many joyous men, in that curious midsummer night's costume, dinner dress and straw hat, sauntered along with watch fobs carelessly dangling. They selected one such stroller for professional observation, and were amazed, after following him half a block, when he turned on them and said, in an authoritative tone they had learned to respect: "You crooks follow me round the corner quietly. No, don't go back; there's a cop waiting for you if you do."

Turning off at the next corner, the man waited for

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them to overtake him, and said: "Get off the avenue, and don't come within a block of it again."

They recognized him then. The gentlemanly looking person in dinner dress and straw hat was Mr. Cullen, of the central office detective force.

"Nothing's doing," said Foley, sullenly. "I suppose a man has a right to take a walk on the avenue."

"Not such as you," Cullen responded. "I know what your pull is. But Neill Mulgrave's pull don't go on the avenue. You two have been sliding out from under too easy, lately, anyway; and if I have any trouble on your account, you won't get six months on the island, but years up the river. The order is out to keep the avenue clean—and that's a tip for you. Move on!"

Here was a manifestation of authority which much puzzled the simple young thieves. They knew it was in the power of the police to keep any block, street, district of the city "clean," if ordered to do so; but in their experience they had never before heard of a police order absolutely to suppress vice, although that the police protected it under a system of administration as business-like as a bank's, they knew perfectly.

Cullen was not a man to be trifled with, and, although disheartened by this first hazard of new fortune, feeling some natural pride at being the object of so great a man's attention, Foley and Cairnes moved westward four avenues. There they chanced to meet a jail acquaintance, who warned them that the "graft" was light, but encouraged them by saying that with industry and boldness a steady worker could make a living; and if he avoided violence in his work, not be very closely watched by the police. This friend, having no professional work immediately on hand, offered to show them a place where they could enjoy a night's repose for ten cents. This proved to be the basement of an old dwelling in Hell's

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Kitchen, presided over by a negro known as "Curly," who had but one leg, yet was so demoniacal a fighter the police of the precinct ventured into the Black and Tan, as the place was called, only when the hunt for a criminal demanded utmost effort. There were no beds or blankets for lodgers in the Black and Tan basement. There was the floor, and you could lie upon it if you had the temerity to clear a space among the black and white sleepers. The proprietor would clear a space for you with the stout, iron-shod pole which served in place of his missing leg, if you first earned this evidence of good will by spending ten cents for a soda bottle of a villanous white liquor, called for under the name of gin.

The negro managed, and was the ostensible proprietor, of the Afro-American Hotel—that being the name on the sign of the Black and Tan. On the floor above the basement there was a combined dining and bar-room. Above that were three floors, whose rooms were rented by the night to more prosperous criminals than those who slept in the basement, or to agents of the game of policy, a gambling device patronized extensively by the neighborhood, and of great profit to its managers and those for whom the police collected blackmail from its managers. The Black and Tan became the home of Foley and Cairnes during their term of banishment when their means afforded them better sleeping accommodations than a plank on the open wharf. They seldom went above the basement, but their occasional luck afforded them enough acquaintance with the upper rooms to be of service to them later.

The graft was light in that neighborhood, as they had been warned. At times they made excursions three or four avenues east, with a view of investigating the pasturage in some of the big, brilliantly lighted, free concert halls. There they were roughly refused admission

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by stalwart officials at the entrance. At first they were inclined to be ugly about this, for they had always been welcome patrons in Bowery concert halls. Were they not good enough for these? The man at the door, instead of wasting time arguing this point, simply said: "Now, you move on, or I'll put a cop on you." It was so everywhere they went in the brilliantly lighted, crowded section of the city. They saw men they recognized as belonging to their profession freely entering a resort where they had been turned back, and for the first time they realized there was a caste in their world, as well as in that of honest folk, and that they were out of their class here. They were learning now what old criminals say is true: The man who steals his living gets a poorer one, and works harder for it, than does he who stokes a furnace in the hold of an ocean steamer. But this truth came to them, as to most habitual criminals, too late to be of any moral value. They were habituated to crime. The conscience of neither had ever received any shock, felt any pricking. If they had consciences, those mysterious attributes were in these young men as dormant as at their births. They had cut every tie which once loosely bound them to honest society. Foley's father was dead, and Carrie Foley was living with the Cassidys in Greenwich, where they had been established by Mrs. Cavendish. They were shunned by every acquaintance not a criminal—were outcasts; yet they longed to return to their familiar haunts as perhaps a few honest men do, and it is because he cannot resist returning to his most familiar haunts that a criminal nearly always finds himself for the officers of the law.

So, as nearly as their hunger-paled faces and furtive eyes were capable of expressing joy, that sentiment distinguished Foley and Cairnes when, some months before the expiration of their term of banishment, they

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received Mulgrave's command to return to his district and await orders from Dan Corcoran. Many of their class were there, and, knowing them all, they had companionship; many resorts were there where they were welcome, so they had amusement; there were bars where they were encouraged to rob chance customers, for they divided such proceeds with the proprietors, so they had occupation.

They had been back in the district only a few days when Dan Corcoran sent for them, told them to keep an eye and ear alert for any news of John Cavendish, and if they learned anything to send him word.

CHAPTER XXI

MICKY CASSIDY MAKES A REPORT

IT was November now, and on a day when the east wind swept across the river harsh and cold, a shrieking herald of winter, Foley and Cairnes stood at the end of a street running down to the water front, almost in the shadow of the bridge. They were thinly dressed, and with hands in coat pockets seemed to be trying to wrap their shoulders about them for warmth, screwing their heads into their coat collars, and inclining them at a sharp angle against the wind. They had been standing there almost as long as they could endure the biting blasts when a sailor, glancing at the street sign, turned up at their corner. Their experienced eyes told them he was what they had waited for—a sailor just off ship, with wages in pocket, and, more luck, going into their district. The sailor stopped frequently to inquire his way, and at such times consulted the address upon a letter he took from a pocket. He turned at last into Hickory Street, began studying the numbers, and at No. 23 examined his letter again, went to the front door, and, finding no bell or knocker, entered.

Foley and Cairnes stared at each other. "What's doing?" Foley said, at last.

"It's a queer game," Cairnes replied. "The sailor's an American, but there's only Italians living here now."

"Since the Cavendishes and Cassidys moved out," Foley added, and then repeated, significantly, "the Cavendishes."

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They waited until the sailor reappeared, when Foley, assuming as friendly a manner as he could, approached the sailor, who was looking from the letter to the house number in a puzzled way, and muttering condemnations of his eyes.

"What's up, Jack?" Foley asked.

"Is this Hickory Street?" said the sailor.

"It is, sure."

"And is this No. 23?"

"You're right there, Jack."

"Well," said the sailor, "does this writing say, 'Mrs. John Cavendish, No. 23 Hickory Street, New York, by the kindness of Matt Johnson,' or does it say I'm a fool that can't read plain writing?"

Foley could not read writing easily, but he caught at the name and address eagerly and jumped at a chance. "Why, that's John Cavendish's handwriting, or I'm a Chinaman," he said, reaching for the letter, which the sailor held back.

"That's what it is, mate," the sailor said, "and the same John Cavendish told me I'd find his mother on the second floor for'ard. So to the second floor for'ard I goes, and runs into half a hundred Italians, men, women, and children, sewing on coats and pants with a red-hot stove covered with irons in the middle of the room; and not a one of them could speak a Christian language to tell me what I wanted to know."

"It's lucky we met you!" Foley exclaimed. "Me and my mate here was chums of John's, and know his mother well. She's moved, and if you want, I'll take the letter to her."

The sailor eyed Foley and his shivering mate, and said: "That sounds right and square, but I'll take the letter myself if you'll lay a course for me."

"No trouble in that," Foley responded. "We can go

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to a gentleman you will trust who'll send the letter for you as straight as a string."

They took the sailor to Mulgrave's saloon, where Dan, the manager, gave them an ugly glare for presuming to enter uninvited. But he refrained from his evident intention of ordering them out when he saw Foley making signs about the sailor. This the manager seemed to think justified the petty thieves in intruding where splendid robbery had provided a splendid domicile, but only for those who robbed and ruled. Dan led the party into a rear office, partitioned off from the main room by polished wood and stained glass, and there Foley said: "This sailor has a letter for Mrs. Cavendish, from John, and we fetched him here so Mr. Mulgrave could send the letter to her." Dan, without looking at Foley or Cairnes, or showing any interest in the matter, said: "I will call Mr. Mulgrave. He's talking to some gentlemen in the next room."

He went across a hall to a similar room occupying the other half of the end of the premises, and after a few whispered words with Mulgrave returned with him. The leader nodded good-naturedly to the sailor, and said, heartily, "Well, Jack, what can I do for you?"

The sailor explained his failure to find Mrs. Cavendish, for whom he had a letter, and handed it to Mulgrave.

"That is simple enough," Mulgrave said. He re-inclosed the letter in another envelope, addressed it to "Mrs. Cavendish, Claridges Hotel, London," put a five-cent stamp on it, and said to the sailor: "Drop that in any letter-box, and it'll be all right." Retaining the letter, however, he hesitated, handed it to Dan, and said: "Here, Dan, you run out and post this. I think Jack needs a drink before he goes out. Send us a waiter as you go."

Dan departed, the waiter came, drinks were ordered

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and supplied liberally as the sailor told his story. He had sailed, he said, on the ship *Fairhaven*, out of New York ten months ago, bound for Vladivostock, Siberia, with a miscellaneous cargo consisting mainly of mining, milling, railroad, and building material and machinery. An hour before they sailed the captain, as fair a man as ever commanded a ship, received word that a lad who was to have gone out with him to take a place in the office of the consignees at Vladivostock had been obliged to hurry by a shorter route across the continent, and by steamer from San Francisco to Yokohama. He was to have gone as a passenger, but he would have acted as ship's clerk and supercargo; and as this was the beginning of a new and very important line of business for the captain, he was glad to have the old-fashioned help in the clerical work of his voyage. It was on this account that when a good-looking, bright and fair-spoken young man, giving the name of John Farnham, applied for a berth the captain took him to the ship's agent near by, and made arrangements to have him go in the place of the other clerk. This was done only when the young man satisfied the agent that he was a nephew of the well-known contractor, Martin Farnham.

John was put in the stateroom intended for the clerk, and was a favorite of the captain and the whole ship's company, fore and aft, excepting the first mate, who seemed to think his place and dignity were slighted by the favor shown young Cavendish, for the young man was John Farnham Cavendish. All went well enough, however, until the *Fairhaven* had rounded the Cape, when the captain took sick, and after a week's illness died. The mate became the master of the ship—a change that every soul on board had reason enough to regret, but more especially the young man in the cabin and Matt

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Johnson, seaman. The new master early found fault with John, and soon charged him with insubordination, and threatened to put him in irons. He did send him forward and required him to do, as well as he could, a sailor's work. This he could not do very well, and it gave the new master opportunity to wreak a very savage spite on the boy. Matt showed his sympathy for John, and he fell under the displeasure of the master, who, according to Matt's story, made the ship a hell-hole for both of them. Arriving in Vladivostock, after a fair run, John, sick and discouraged, readily agreed with Matt to desert if opportunity offered. Their story being told to him, the clerk whose place John had taken aided the deserters. Matt got away on a British tramp steamer going to Portland, Oregon, for a load of flour, but before he left he took the letter from John, as Matt's plans would take him to New York a couple of months at least before John's ship reached there. Matt had worked his way on a steam coaster from Portland to San Francisco, where he had shipped for Liverpool on a grain carrier, and from Liverpool had arrived that morning with a pocket full of money, the letter delivered, and off his mind, and every one must join him in another glass.

"What was the name of the vessel John was to ship on from Vladivostock?" Mulgrave asked.

"The British ship *Orient*," declared Matt in a loud voice, for his numerous glasses had made him uproarious. She was to get a cargo at a Japanese port. This he had learned, and the probable date of her arrival in New York, from the young gentleman at the trading-house office at Vladivostock. That's all he knew. If he knew more he would tell it, for Mr. Mulgrave was a gentleman, had treated him, Matt Johnson, first-class seaman and friend of Johnnie Cavendish, fair, he had. Everybody must have one more glass.

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"Take him away, he's getting noisy—and I've done with him," Mulgrave whispered to Foley. He did not add that he was impatient to read John Cavendish's letter, which, of course, Dan had not posted.

Sailor Matt went forth, arm in arm, with his two agreeable young friends, who had introduced him to such fine company. Poor Matt!

The day after these occurrences Master Hugh Cassidy, in tight blue uniform, ornamented with brass buttons, sitting in the ante-room of the office of Martin Farnham, Estate of, felt the door in front of him open, but did not look up for half a minute, so engrossed was he in reading the sporting news of a morning paper. When he did look up he grinned exceedingly, but soon recovered his professional demeanor, and said, haughtily, to the visitor, "Who do you wish to see, sir?"

"Say, kid, I'll stand you on your head if you give me any of your airs," said the visitor, but he, too, grinned.

"My orders is to ask the question I has asked," Hughey said. "Do you want to see Mr. Maxwell?"

"Yes."

"Write your name and business on this card, then," Hugh commanded, handing the visitor a blank form and pencil.

The caller wrote out, with much care: "Kid (Michael) Cassidy, light-weight champion. Business, of Johnnie Cavendish." Hughey took the card, read its inscription with much unction, and proceeded to an inner office, where Horace Maxwell read it, observed the look of dignity on the twin's face, and said, gravely, "Show the gentleman in."

Hughey, favoring the clerks in the office through which they passed with a rapid volley of winks, ushered in his brother. How transformed! Mickey was apparelled in the fashion of to-morrow. His linen, much in evidence,

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shone; his silk hat, carried as if it were a rare vase and likely to break, shone; his gloves, restraining the muscles of his hands with painful uncertainty, shone; his scarf-pin, his smooth, pink face, his hair, all shone.

"Well, Michael," Horace said, motioning his distinguished visitor to a chair, "I am glad to see that being light-weight champion brings prosperity."

"I win three thousand dollars in the last three months," Michael said, with the simple modesty of all really great heroes.

"That's more than I 'win,'" thought Horace, but he said, pleasantly, "I have heard of your success through Hughey, who feels a natural pride in it, and, of course, the papers have told the whole world."

"The papers is all right," remarked the champion, a little uneasy in his efforts to make out what the lawyer was talking about.

"I see no harm in boxing, for any one who enjoys it," Horace said.

"I'd fight for peanuts if they didn't give me purses," Mickey remarked, now on safe ground.

"I boxed in my college days," Horace continued, "and I always keep in fair condition for boxing even now."

Michael looked critically at the sinewy, athletic form of the lawyer, and said: "I always told the twins that I'd bet you was a fighter. I saw that the day you first came into Hickory Street."

"When you did my fighting for me," laughed Horace. He glanced at the champion's card and said, "Have you heard of John Cavendish?"

Michael answered that he had been in Mulgrave's place the day before, when he saw a couple of bad characters take a sailor into Mulgrave's private office. They stayed there a long time, and when the sailor began to talk loud, Michael took a chair near the office, and over-

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heard something the sailor said; which he related to the lawyer.

"Now, people may say I had no right to peach on this gang," continued the champion, "but you've done right by my folks, and I want you to know I'll do right by you. What I've said goes. I mean you can tell any one you want that I said it. You took Hughey in your office, got Tim a job in another office, made my mother janitress in one of the Farnham houses, and—say, I'll fight for you, Mr. Maxwell."

There were tears in the light-weight champion's eyes, and he ruffled his silk hat as he tried to rub his eyes with the gloved hand that held it.

"You are a very decent young fellow, Michael," Maxwell said, pretending not to notice the tears. "There will be no occasion to use your name in this matter, I think. Keep your eyes and ears open about John Cavendish, and if you learn anything more, do as you have to-day, come at once to me. Thank you."

Michael retired, and when he reached the ante-room he said to the young person in blue livery, taking him by the ear, "Do you mind what the boss tells you, here?"

"Sure," said Hughey.

"Well, see that you do, or I'll pull your head off. So long."

Within an hour Maxwell had commissioned a private detective agency to find the sailor, Matt Johnson. The agency's report came the next day: Johnson had been arrested the night before charged with drunkenness. He convinced the magistrate he had been drugged and robbed by two companions he was drinking with. The judge dismissed him with a reprimand, and Johnson, having no money, had shipped on a vessel bound for Brazilian ports the same day.

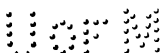
CHAPTER XXII

PARIS ENCOUNTERS TOLD BY POLLY FOSTER

(A letter from Mrs. Peter Foster, London, to Mr. Horace Maxwell, New York.)

"MY DEAR MR. MAXWELL,—Apply to the government at Washington for a place for me in the diplomatic, or secret service corps. I could pass a good examination, too, for a responsible office in the quartermaster-general's department—artillery arm, if you please, the red trimmings of the uniform being more becoming to my style of beauty than the cavalry yellow, or infantry white. As to diplomacy, I preserve the respectful, if not loving, esteem of four men who have proposed marriage to Miss Cavendish, each of whom in some measure holds me responsible for the shock of surprise at his refusal. As to secret service, I have dealt successfully with a score of blackmailers and confidence operators. As to quartermaster service, I have moved my column—before filing my application learn if it should be command, column, or detachment—from New York to Paris, thence to London, without the loss of a single hatbox, nor so much as a glove.

"Oh, Hoddy, did I not feel certain we shall be sailing back soon, when I can report my adventures in person, I would write you an account of them you could sell to the *Ladies' Own Journal* for gold beyond the dreams of avarice. Only your plaintive appeals for some particulars induce me to write these.



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"Coming over on the steamer Quarry behaved very nicely; he recognized it was Lansing's innings, and under the rules of the game as played by gentlemen not in story books he was to remain on the benches until Lansing had made a hit, or struck out. Quarry would state this in its equivalent in cricket, but I am reduced to baseball terms, never having been able to understand more of cricket than that you, one, a spectator, alternates between drinking tea in a lawn marquee, and saying, soulfully: 'Played, indeed!'

"Very well, then: Quarry made himself only impersonally agreeable to Mrs. Cavendish and Rose, and passed much of his time in confiding to me most delightfully shuddering scandals about Newport, where, by the way, he received six proposals of marriage, but meanly declined to tell me the names of the mammas who made the proposals on their daughters' behalf. It appears that he became very chummy there with Mamma Foster, to whom he had a letter from his mother, the duchess, and with my Petie, so he took me into his confidences as a family friend.

"Lansing had rather a hard time of it for a couple of days, and then gave up serious purpose during the voyage; for he could not claim any considerable portion of Rose's time without making his attentions conspicuous, owing to the amazing frankness of a dozen other men's attention. I would not tell any one not perfect in his faith in my truthfulness that the girl had three proposals of marriage before we landed at Havre, but such is the fact. These three, and some others, by the way, are not counted in the four I have mentioned. Two of her hasty wooers *en voyage* were French, one was Italian, and all owned funny little titles. Rose, I am convinced, is not to be blamed in this matter. You know how easily steamship acquaintances are made—and dropped. Rose

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made such acquaintances, as I suppose girls steeped in all the traditions of all the conventions make them, but where her ignorance of the conventions, or the world, or whatever betrayed her into annoying situations, she did not know how to drop such acquaintances at the proper, or improper, moment. I saw at once there was not the faintest taint of a flirt in her nature, so was not disposed to spoil her fun. Fun it was to her. She proved to be an admirable sailor; and while she made dutiful reports to us, her mother and me, at frequent intervals when we were all on deck, there were many trips forward to watch the ship throw curling billows of jade-green spray—I wore my hair in a braid down my back, you wore knickerbockers, when my delighted attention was first called to this romantic phenomenon—and other trips aft, to watch the screws race half out of water when the ship was pitching.

“But one evening, the fifth out, Rose asked me into her stateroom, and there told her mother and me of the honor the three men with funny little titles had done her. First she was inclined to be indignant about it, but soon gave us droll imitations of her suitors’ broken English, and repeated with mock impressiveness the things they had tried to say about her eyes, concerning whose beauty she entertains honest doubt. Which the same is a good thing. Well, after that mademoiselle walked the deck only when defended on one side by the severe person of your unworthy correspondent, on the other by the duke or Lansing.

“Quarry left us at Southampton. He said his mother would call on me in London, and hoped she could induce us to visit his place in Quarryshire. He invited Lansing, who accepted, and the parting between the two was instructive in the ways of such men. ‘How soon shall I look for you in London?’ asked Quarry, meaning

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plainly: 'Do you intend to propose to the girl soon, or make a long siege of it?'

" 'I am to represent Mr. Worthington in a Paris meeting of French stockholders in the B., X. & W. Railway,' answered Lansing; 'so I guess I'll be ready to go to London about the time the ladies go,' meaning plainly, 'If I am not engaged to Miss Cavendish by that time I'll be refused, and it's your innings.'

" Herman met us at Havre. It is awkward to the verge of absurdity for a woman of my age to have a brother the age of Herman. I think of writing to *The Times* on the subject. In so many ways parents are careless of the rights of their children. Herman is only a few years older than my son, yet is too old for me to exercise any authority over him. Also, while he is old enough to occupy the position of a man in his relations with all others, with me he continues the traditional right of a very young brother to consider an older sister a fool. This view of the younger brother is the mere abstraction of a nightmare compared to the concrete horror I found waiting for us in the person of Herman. I pause to collect my thoughts in orderly sobriety before attempting to convey even a faint impression of what my dear brother looked like. He wore a mustache, meagre in size, but fierce in its Wilhelmish upturned ends; on the two points of his chin were hideous tufts of beard clipped down to nothing in the centre of his chin and on either side; his long hair brushed straight back called attention to three scarlet scars, criss-crossing his forehead; his clothes—but I forbear! From what storehouse of antiquities do German students exhume clothes? Added to all this, he speaks with a German accent, when he is not speaking German in a belief it is English. He greeted me by lifting me quite off my feet, kissing me first on either cheek, and then, remembering perhaps it



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was a sister, not a brother, he held in his arms, on the mouth. Setting me down with a jar, that did not improve the set of my hat nor my temper, he said—do I say he said?—he roared, he bellowed, above the noise of the train guards, porters, and stewards, he boomed: 'Wie gehts, Paulina. How iss die Mutter und the father and Peter and Petie, eh?'

"There was a cheerful situation for a woman of my temperament! I whispered to him in German: 'Herman, you are a conspicuous, gross, dancing bear! Moderate your voice and behavior, and in the name of heaven, try to talk American while I present you to the people with me.'

"The next morning at l'Hôtel Continental, in Paris, I tried to have a serious talk with Herman. First I begged him to go to a barber for the reform of his chin, but he answered that the other fellows would accuse him, if he did, of being afraid to look like a German in Paris, so he would not. I inquired 'What other fellows?' and learned he expected two University companions there, a Baron von Rudesheim and a Count von Zedwitz.

"Then I tried to persuade him to go to a tailor, but he said that while German tailors were open to improvement, Paris tailors were past it, and he would remedy his wardrobe when he reached London—but, as you know, he never reached there. Next I tried to convince him that putting his arm around me in public, addressing me as 'du kleine,' controverting my slightest observation, and imparting obvious facts to me as if we were playing at kindergarten, and I was the *kind*, were eccentricities of behavior, brotherly to be sure, yet calculated to attract to me attention of a character I should be happier without. Then he declared he would fight any man who looked at me; and as he is six feet tall, broader in proportion than he should be, and from his

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history I know would rather duel than do anything but recite sentimental German poetry, I realized if I persisted I should only be digging graves for all men in Paris so singular as to look at me. So I had recourse to a few tears, petitioned Providence, and begged Herman to keep away from me at all times except when I signified I required the service of an escort.

"What comes next to harrow my soul? Within twenty-four hours Herman was madly in love with Rose! That a bulk so huge as his should in an instant burn with a fever of love is to me a phenomenon in physics, rather than psychics. Really, Hoddy, the poor boy was poisoned with love. No case approaching it in virulence ever came under my diagnosing eye. I should have been only comparatively miserable had he but gone to the girl with his woe, but instead he came to me. He raved in German—I'm beginning to hate our household language—of her beauty, his passion, my unsisterly indifference, and besought me to give him hope. I should have very well liked to give him a spanking; but as he clutched both of my hands in one of his, and with the other gesticulated in a manner highly dangerous to the one little electric lamp in the ceiling—which won't light—I only suggested he let me send for some beer and writing paper, for him, and that he put his feelings into a letter for the relief of his mind, and the enlightenment of Rose's; and please to let me go into the next room and be dressed by my maid, who was having silent but awful spasms, supposing I was being murdered. I am not certain that sentence will parse, but I do become so distressed when I think of the German part of our adventures!

"The fever of composition acted as a counter-irritant; so when I was dressed Herman was in a condition to take me down to dinner, though he muttered much, and his

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eyes still rolled in frenzy. Hoddy, do you remember the sitting-room in l'Hôtel Continental, opposite the court, at the ends of the two side corridors? It was there you and I, in youthful wonder, gazed at the poor old wasp-waisted noblemen waiting for the *table d'hôte* to be served on the one night in the week when they dined. We were to meet Rose and her mother there, and entered for that purpose. I saw them, and near by were two enormous men, duplicates of Herman, sitting bolt-upright, side by side on a sofa, staring at Rose, who did not see them. On our entrance, my nerves, already sadly shaken, went quite into bits as those men, seeing Herman, bellowed in that language which will give me a nervous start in the future, even in song: 'So, it is little Herman?' and lunged at him. The three met like three sportive buffaloes, each kissed the others' cheeks, and I was duly presented to the baron and the count, and then, through me as interpreter, they were presented to the Cavendishes. We dined in a party.

"Now let me be brief, and spare my feelings in recounting the history of that next week. Rose, with letters from Mrs. Worthington to guide her, and with me for companion, madly shopped all the mornings, and Mrs. Cavendish sad'y waited news from you about her John. In the afternoon we went to galleries or exhibitions, sometimes, and saw pictures to the accompanying thunder of Herman's and the two Germans' fearsome footfalls, guttural blasphemy of French art, and sighs over Rose. Some afternoons we drove in the Bois, and then we made a procession, for not only the three giant students, but Lansing, also, escorted us on horseback.

"Of course, you have guessed the grewsome truth: the other two students were as much in love with Rose as was Herman. You know something of the German almost mad admiration of beauty in woman. Well, I've

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never said this before, possibly did not realize it until the time of which I write, Rose is a beautiful woman—I think the most beautiful I ever saw. All that appearance of miserable fatigue has gone from her face, and her cheeks are as gently, suavely curved as a healthily happy young woman's should be. Her figure has rounded somewhat, and the slightly theatric bearing she adopted in her model room days—or, as I believe, heaven chanced to bestow upon her—shows off her form strikingly. A coiffeuse we patronized fell a slave to that bushel of black hair, and instructed Rose's maid in a manner to dress it to make it a crown indeed for her beauty.

“But what was I talking of? Oh, the Germans and beauty. They were as frank about their infatuation as a Sioux Indian about a red blanket. But, like Herman, they came to me with their rhapsodies, for their only English relates to an American game; and I could not give them hope Rose could be courted with such unrelated expressions as: ‘Your ante,’ ‘A full hand,’ ‘I raise you,’ spoken in Dutch comedy dialect.

“The first intimation I had of the seriousness the situation assumed was the receipt of a good-natured letter from our ambassador, saying he had consented, as a matter of purely personal friendship to the German Ambassador, to assure me that Baron von Rudesheim was a man of wealth, his family an ancient and honorable one, and in felicitous relation with the German Court. The ambassador wrote to me on the strength of our family acquaintanceship, and would I be so amiable as to inform Mrs. Cavendish of the purport of his letter, and thus aid him in discharging an agreeable task he had willingly undertaken for his friend the German Ambassador, etc., etc.

“I told Mrs. Cavendish, and when she could be made

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to understand that a man who could not say 'Good-day' in English was laying out preliminary work for a proposal for Rose's hand, she declared she would sail for New York next day, and never return to a country where such ridiculous stuff could be thought of by people outside of an insane asylum. As for Rose, she had me read the ambassador's letter all over, and said: 'Which one of your brother's friends is the baron? I never can tell one from another.'

"This struck me as being rather good, so I repeated it to Herman. Fool that I am! He turned white, demanded the whole story, and then said: 'I first shall to Miss Cavendish propose myself for marriage. Then my little friend the baron I shall see.'

"Herman said this with a lot of dignity, and I was proud of him, yet fearful of his purpose in seeing the little baron. Off he marched, made the best speech he could in English to Mrs. Cavendish, obtained that troubled lady's consent to do what she had a very indistinct notion he desired to do, found Rose, and made the plunge.

"Rose came running to me as soon as she could, crying heartily, and, to say the truth, it made me cry a little to think of the poor boy having to take a refusal. Rose said he made most of his declaration in impassioned and wonderfully rapid German, but she had no doubt what it meant, and gave him the only comfort she could: that she loved neither the baron, the count, nor any other man; that she did, however, love me, Polly, like a sister, and—there you are again, Hoddy—wouldn't Herman be a brother to her!

"Now, what do you think? Lansing had been sitting in that corridor opposite the office where Americans and Englishmen drink whiskey and water, pretending it is tea, drinking kùmmel with the Germans, when Herman

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entered. My little brother told the little baron he had heard of his using family, not to say ambassadorial, influence in an unfair way, and would the baron be good enough to send a friend to his friend the count, etc. The count declared that he, too, wanted to meet the baron after Herman; and then, Herman disclosing that he had made his declaration to Rose, the count refused to be his second, and challenged him. As each of these pretty youths wished to fight the others, and none would second any other, they had gone to their several rooms to send for other friends; and Lansing came to me to inquire if I cared to stop the threatened general death and destruction.

"At my wits' end, I resolved to send for the belligerents. They came, and, with Lansing, gave my little parlor the appearance of quartering a company of grenadiers. Polly made them a speech. Papa would have been proud to have listened to my flow of German, so eloquent it was. After assuring them they were giant ruffians, fitted with donkey heads; that, whereas I had no interest in preserving them as cumberers of the earth and sorrows to their families, if they had good reason for killing each other, I felt it my duty as a reasonable woman to inform them that there was no occasion for fight, for Rose but this minute had informed me she loved neither one of them; and therefore it became them to go forth in sorrow, not in anger, and drown their griefs not in blood, but in beer. Truly it was a fine speech and effective, for at its conclusion they wept upon each others' shoulders, kissed each others' cheeks and my hands, and said they did love each other and me much.

"Now, if they had been Americans that would have closed the incident, but being Germans it only opened it. The baron and the count felt that their honors required them not to retreat from the hazard of their fates,

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but, as bold men, to offer their hearts and hands to the disdainful beauty. This they did in long letters, in classical German, addressed to Rose through her mother, translated by me, and replied to by Mrs. Cavendish, on behalf of Rose, through me.

"It was then in desperation I cabled you to induce Mamma Foster to send Petie to me. I simply had to have one sane man whose services I could command, or else go mad. Lansing, who was staying at the Grand Hôtel, acted like a trump in our hour of trouble. The giants quarrelled, challenged, made friends, wrote to me, threatened suicide, composed verses, re-proposed to Rose at regular intervals, and were as comfortable to have around as three untamed jabberwocks.

"Lansing beguiled the youths away by nights, and I believe—may heaven forgive him and me!—brought them home to three red-coated valets, whose services were required to put them to bed. I never before thought good could come of the capacity for roundering for which New York men like Lansing are famous. Being kept up and out most of the nights, their day hours for proposing, verse writing, and quarrelling were limited, so we managed to live through the time until Petie arrived—thanks to your prompt efforts, and Mamma Foster's good nature.

"Never before in his life was I so glad to see the frank, honest, smiling face of my square-head offspring. The boy is so delightfully sane, sensible, and cheerful I shall never again breathe a sigh that he is not brilliant, and cares more for a horse and a dog than for music or pictures. By the way, he made his gladsome appearance leading the ugliest bulldog I ever saw. He bought him, it appears, not by encroaching on Mamma Foster's gift of pocket money, but by coming over in the second cabin, investing the difference in price of a first and

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second class ticket in that remarkable animal. It frightened into hysterics all the natives about the hotel, and before Petie found a kennel for it elsewhere, destroyed, and, I hopefully believe, ate up several disagreeable lap dogs; for it wore a look of sweet content and fulness at the time several inconsolable females lodged frantic complaints at the office that their lap pets had disappeared off the face of the earth.

"Petie was popular at once with Mrs. Cavendish and Rose, as he seems to be with all women. He has a way of assuming, as a matter of course, that women like him, and of putting himself into relations of chumminess, and of talking about things they understand without an effort, that explains his popularity, I suppose. Even my prejudiced eyes cannot find beauty or romance in his looks.

"Mrs. Cavendish had begged off going to theatres with us on the ground that it made her head ache trying to imagine what the actors were saying. Petie found a theatre where a popular comedy is running, wherein a wayward son is restored to forgiving parents and fortune in the last act. He bought a book of the play, and performed an intellectual *tour de force* he was pleased to call 'translating it,' for Mrs. Cavendish. Memories of his youthful wails of anguish over French verbs make me suspect that translation to have been largely by the tongue of faith. But he interested Mrs. Cavendish, haled us all off to the play, and for the next two nights in succession he and Mrs. Cavendish went again. More, they went to some restaurant Petie knows of for suppers, and talked about the play at breakfast like a couple of children. Mrs. Cavendish was simply happy, and Rose radiant in seeing her mother so.

"In thinking about this it occurs to me you may conclude Petie was acting on the advice of a not unwise and

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scheming mamma; but I assure you it is not so. I know Lansing thought so, and refrained on that account from pushing his suit. Honestly, I do not intend to further Petie's interests with Rose in any manner. I hope, of course, that he will fall in love with her and propose; I know Lansing and Quarry intend to—at least, intend to propose—so I shall do nothing to favor or hinder either candidate.

"I've been days writing this letter, and now I am prosing. Perhaps I am tired. There is more to tell, if you care to hear, but it must wait.

"Sincerely yours,

"PAULINA FOSTER."

CHAPTER XXIII

POLLY'S CIGARETTE WITH A DUCHESS

(Another letter from the same, to the same.)

"I WISH I had preserved a copy of the long letter I wrote to you a month ago about our Paris experiences. I forgot what details I wrote, and what reserved for a future letter.

"But, first, I must tell you that Mrs. Cavendish was overjoyed to hear you had received word that John reached Vladivostock all right. She is nervous about your cablegram to him there not being delivered, although his ship was still in port. She accepts your view that he took advantage of an earlier returning vessel, and is now on his way home. She relies implicitly upon you in this, as, indeed, in all matters, and is confident you will learn the name of the ship by which he is returning. I did not explain to her the difficulty of which you wrote me: that, as he evidently deserted his first vessel, there was some secrecy about his shipping on the second, increasing the task of tracing him.

"About our movements: they depend upon what you hear of John. Nothing will keep Mrs. Cavendish here a day after you learn where he is, and what port bound for. To that port she will go, wherever on earth it is. Mrs. Cavendish is pleased with all your plans about altering and doing over her new house; and I may add, *entre nous*, she is amazed at the cost. But I appreciate your purpose in telling her these things, as it gradually

Polly's Cigarette with a Duchess

accustoms her to a sense of the extent of her fortune, and this she takes rather seriously. Coming into it gradually, for your plan practically effects that, she will not, I think, be a fool with her money. Possibly, sir, you are not wholly overcome with emotion of gratitude because a mere woman approves your business methods. So I'll to my news proceed.

"Oh yes, you asked me about the blackmailing. Their efforts were numerous, but were so simply disposed of they ceased to annoy. The first was in Paris. A person representing himself as an influential journalist wrote to me he had been requested by an unnamed paper to prepare an article on the charming American heiress, whose beauty was the talk of the Boulevard, and in the course of his investigation learned certain facts concerning the lowly origin of the lady, and her mother, it would pain him to print. He addressed me as a friend of the ladies, hoping my superior information might supplant that which he possessed, etc. I sent this off to our ambassador, who turned it over to the police with urgent request for immediate action. Within a few hours I received a cringing letter from the wretch, begging me, for the sake of his family, not to prosecute. That gave me a cue: when such letters came to me in London—one wanted to know if it would not pain me to have published, before Mrs. Cavendish went as a guest to Quarry Castle, that a few months ago she had been a washerwoman in New York—I sent them direct to the police, and in the same mail informed the writers what I had done. At last, a polite but puzzled police official waited upon me, saying that somehow the writers all seemed to have received speedy warning; for, active as the police were, the men they sought were always across the Channel ahead of them. In spite of my efforts and Rose's, one of these letters reached Mrs. Cavendish,

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and if the wretch who wrote it could have seen that kind-hearted, honest woman's grief and shock to think any one wished to do her harm, vile as he was, I believe he would have repented. As to the letters from beggars, cranks, offers of marriage, delicate suggestions from 'ladies of quality' that their services could be arranged for to promote Rose's social career in London, they came by scores.

"All this was accounted for by the fact that one of the weekly papers here devoted to such tattle printed a story, upon the alleged authority of a New York correspondent, that Miss Cavendish was sole heiress to half a million a year; and that under a trust managed by you she would be one of the richest women in America, and a lot of rubbish of the sort.

"But here I, a woman, have to tell of a visit to what our home papers delight to call a 'ducal palace,' and I shy at the undertaking!

"But, by the way again—I hear you cry, 'Will the woman never get to a story!'—owing to the German invasion, and Petie's arrival, Lansing did not propose to Rose in Paris. He is very far from being a fool, and is not without experience in such matters. So he had no idea of taking the risk of a refusal, which he might receive only because Rose had acquired a habit of refusing offers of marriage. He followed us from Paris in a day or two, and was at the Gare du Nord to see us off on the Calais train. So were my dear brother and his dear German friends. It was more nearly like being a part of a circus than I care to experience again. The three students bore down on our railway carriage, literally with a truckload of flowers, fruit and candy, and, for the special benefit of Petie, smuggled in with the flowers two bottles of extraordinary Rhine wine. Incidentally, my astounded pen must record that that

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stolid youth consumed both bottles between Paris and Calais without so much as blinking awry. 'Tis well I named him after his father.

"To return to the station. When the German and German-American contingent had exhausted possibilities of speech of the eyes, of the shoulders, and of the hands, in expressing emotions of undying affection, prayerful wish for a fair trip across the Channel, grief at parting, joy at having met, they perforce burst into song. This was too much for the already lacerated feelings of the French station officials, and a dozen of them attempted to hustle the giants away from our carriage. As the train began moving, the students pitched into the officials, and my last view of the scene was the four men—for as soon as it came to blows Lansing was a lively ally—ably standing off an assault of something less than a hundred of the enemy. What with my fear that Herman would be sent to jail for life, my necessary struggles to keep Petie from jumping out of the window to join his friends in battle, and the defiant yelps of Petie's dog in the luggage-van, my last impressions of Paris are painful.

"We learn that after a 'lovely fight'—Petie wept with envy when Lansing described it—they were all arrested and had to pay fines of five hundred francs each. It was only the combined efforts of the German and American ambassadors that kept them out of prison.

"Very well, then. We arrived in London that evening, and went to Claridges, Petie taking a room at a little hotel in the same street nearer Bond, back of which is a mews where he could keep his dog. I, with my maid and luggage, was installed in the smartest suite in the hotel. Explaining why will explain something else I want to speak of. In Paris Rose asked me where we should stop in London, and when I told her she wrote off engag-

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ing rooms, instructing the hotel clerk exactly what she wanted for each of us. I protested mildly, whereupon Rose, who, I believe, sought the opportunity, made a little speech—'declared herself,' Petie called it. It was a make-believe comedy speech, but she was thoroughly in earnest, and when she arrives at that point it is easier to agree with her than not. Much! She said Mr. Maxwell supplied them with money there seemed to be no end of, and she supposed he expected them to spend it. As the disburser, she proposed to spend as much as she wished, and in the way she wished; and the principal way was to make me comfortable. This, as a means of expressing her love and her mother's love for me and appreciation of my kindness. 'Be'ore you take us to a gallery of pictures,' I quote the young lady, 'you read what some one who knows has written about them. Then when we see the pictures you explain them to us, and when we come home you read from more books about the pictures and make us understand what we are seeing. It is the same with buildings, monuments, operas, everything. Why, I would not know how or where to get such books—did not know there were such—and we would not understand them anyway unless the sweetest woman in the world took all this trouble to explain.'

"Here, Hoddy, I was kissed. She said further if the sweetest woman in the world—I love to repeat the expression—thought the two women before her were to be thwarted in a plan to make her at least comfortable, she was mistaken, and had best give up such notion.

"It is really very nice. I have a parlor, a breakfast-room, a bedroom, and a bathroom—see what the American invasion has accomplished, London hotels with bathrooms! I have Petie to breakfast with me, after we have walked in Hyde Park, so I enjoy a little domestic life.

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Rose keeps my rooms filled with flowers, and with Petie conspires in doing things I like to have done for me. Mrs. Cavendish continues to decline having anything to do with money. She turned over the account you established for her at Brown's to Rose, and says she supposes she will some time learn how to draw checks and pay out bank-notes and gold, but she still shudders when she tries to do so. As for Rose—well, as all her accounts go to you, you know how little she is affected by her mother's diffidence in this respect.

"We had been here but a few days when Quarry called with his mother, the dowager, Caroline, Duchess of Quarry—is she a dowager, though a widow, while her son remains unmarried?

"I suppose Mamma Foster informed me of all those items of personal history about the duchess which she, Mamma Foster, is always careful about when she is talking to one of a person one is going to meet. I had either forgotten, or else my preconceived impressions were too strong to be effaced by what I was told. Anyway, I was surprised at the appearance of the duchess. To American, possibly to all minds, there is something disparaging in the idea conveyed by the word 'dowager'; it invokes a figure inclined to be over-stout, dressed in the gowns made over from the days of departed splendor; probably a meek, or possibly a truculent, object of the heartless son's intention to oust from the joys and the cakes and the ale of her lost station, in favor of the new duchess; henceforth to dwell at Brighton, or Eastbourne, or possibly in a cheap Continental pension, on a meagre allowance; the object of devotion to lowly mortals to whom even her resigned greatness is as a blinding light; addicted to the petty borrowing habit; a model for a stage character to be played by the second old woman.

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" Not a bit like it!

" Caroline, Duchess of Quarry, is but two or three years my senior, and in these days that is not an age when women have as an excuse for playing the fool the lament that they are no longer able to play the devil. So far from being dependent upon a meagre allowance from her son, the situation, in its principle, is reversed, according to stories Lansing hears from City men he meets while pretending to attend to affairs here for Worthington.

" The Quarry estates were mortgaged in the late duke's time, but the present duke managed to raise forty thousand pounds additional—agreeing to put a certain amount into improvements—and of this sum, the gossip is, the dowager is chief lender. It appears that her husband's settlement upon her was liberal and turned out with unexpected advantage, and she inherited from a brother in America a pretty fortune, besides.

" The story is that her agent, in making some reinvestments for her, loaned on the new Quarry mortgages without her knowledge, he says; but Lansing's informants are inclined to wink in telling the story, and intimate she directed the loan and its terms, and say she is a better business man than her late husband or her son.

" She is a little woman, with a superb figure, for she is an enthusiastic horsewoman and golfer.

" Very well, then. They called; the duchess was simple and straightforward, and therefore successful, with Mrs. Cavendish and Rose. She talked of Quarry's trip over with us—of Paris, its shops; the Channel, its waves; London, its sights; and then to me of Mamma Foster, whom she knew rather as the friend and guest of her own mother. She was charmed, she said, at the opportunity to entertain me, because Mamma Foster had so beautifully entertained her son, etc., etc.

" The conventions being thus duly complied with, I

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received from her what I should call a wink, were it not too shocking to intimate that a lady with as aristocratic a countenance as Caroline—my Caroline—could wink, and ‘conniving at her meaning,’ I inquired if she had seen any of the newer London hotels. She said she had never been in one, new or old, before, so I asked if she would not like to look at my suite—we were in Mrs. Cavendish’s parlor—to see how really comfortable the new hotels are. She excused herself from the others, and we adjourned to Polly’s cage, where, as I expected, she expressed a fond mamma’s desire to know something more about the fair American her son was so infatuated with. I was quite frank with her. I told her that in the many little ways gently bred girls acquire unconsciously from their surroundings Rose was as untutored as an infant; but that her ignorance in such things never led her into uncouthness, and would soon be remedied, because she rapidly acquired an understanding of the thousand uncatalogued trifles, the doing and avoidance of which express what we call good breeding. As to education, so far as that is ever obtained from teachers and professors who instruct out of text-books, I saw no reason, as our society is constructed now, to suppose that a girl who had attended a New York public school between the ages of six and fourteen lacked anything essential—when as handsome as Rose.

“Polly made a hit there with Her Grace, who deigned to smile, and remark that she supposed if a girl nowadays could ride a hunter, play golf, punt a boat, and wear a gown smartly, it sufficed—providing her grammar conformed within reasonable limits to the rules for which Lindley Murray expressed preferences.

“I may translate the duchess somewhat flippantly, for she spoke with that eccentric forward and backward slide of ideas, careful avoidance of saying anything

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clearly, or ending a sentence, and the passionate reliance upon the word 'rather,' which has ever endeared to me the speech of English women.

"I informed her further that all of Rose's instincts were gentle and refined; that she was truthful as truth, kind-hearted to a fault, and, therefore—here I braced myself to catch the duchess should she faint—was what American women not tainted with foreign—I did not say English—ideas would feel justified in calling a lady. She did not faint, but opened her eyes in such painfully puzzled wonderment that in a flash of pure inspiration I inquired if she would not have a glass of sherry and a cigarette. She took both. So did I. She recovered to a normal point rapidly, and then we had a real nice talk.

"When we rejoined the Cavendishes the duchess delivered her invitation to us to visit Quarry Castle, and we accepted for a date two weeks thence.

"I never saw such a boy as Petie. He came in when Quarry and his mother had already made a preliminary move to go, sat down with the duchess, told her about his dog, got her special invitation to bring that object of his affections to Quarry Castle, and for a quarter of an hour kept her in a mental state distinctly approaching animation over a discussion of the value of introducing a strain of blood into roadster stock.

"We passed the two weeks chiefly in sight-seeing, although Rose campaigned a little in Bond Street in preparation for the visit to Quarry Castle. One evening we had Lansing and Quarry to dinner. Petie asked the other men to my room to smoke, and I slipped in there for a cigarette. I enjoy this indulgence by stealth now, as I do not want to set Rose a bad example. No, that sounds copy-booky. I think it is as stupid to assume any wrong in a woman soothing her nerves by the min-

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istrations of Lady Nicotine's mystic charm as to assume she is flying in the face of Providence by wearing rubbers to keep her feet dry in the rain. However, you never can tell what may shock a girl like Rose, so I conceal this from her. As I puffed my brief cigarette, Lansing explained to Quarry that he had not proposed to Rose in Paris. He did this only by telling the story of the Germans, leaving Quarry to infer that he would not risk his chances under such tumultuous conditions. He intimated also that he had had his chance, and expected no advantages in the future; would, in fact, take what came to him in an open field."

CHAPTER XXIV

A HOUSE-PARTY AT QUARRY CASTLE

(The second letter concluded.)

"SO this was the status—you say status, do you not?—when we went up to Quarry Castle. At the time the duke visited Newport last June you read in the New York papers, or had opportunity to read, full, vivid, I may say lurid, descriptions of the castle, with many pictures thereof to inspire the imaginations to flights beyond the power of the printed word. Therefore, spare I you. However, I must contradict the story so often printed that the castle is going into rapid decline and decay for lack of money to maintain it. That story is deemed necessary, I suppose, properly to emphasize the duke's anxiety to marry an American heiress. The buildings and the park—indeed, the entire estate, so far as I could see—are kept in perfect condition, and the park is beautifully cared for. There is an advantage in having your mortgagee living on your estate.

"There were in the house-party, besides ourselves, Sir Francis Baillie and Lady Baillie—she who was paragraphed as a beauty ten years ago—with their daughter, who was presented only last year; Mr. Bascombe, the writer, who is the member of Parliament from the county—how nice papa will be to me when he hears I have actually met and talked with the author of *Intellectual Evolutions*; Mrs. Bascombe, and the Reverend and Mrs. Corson—he is Lady Baillie's brother. Sir Francis is

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the eighth baronet of the name, and owns a lot of Irish and East Coast lands that pay no rentals. He makes a living, Petie says, by 'laying the odds,' whatever that picturesquely named calling may be.

"Lady Baillie I had met before. To my mind she is handsomer than in the days of her photographic renown. She retains the reputation of being one of the best horse-women in England, although she is as old as I! About her and her daughter I have more to say.

"Mr. Bascombe was as grand as I expected to find him from his writing, and from papa's enthusiasm about him. He is a massive man every way: more than six feet tall, big-boned and broad, with a splendid high-flung head, and big features that are naturally stern—severe—except for a large, loose-lipped mouth. He lodged himself deep in my affections at once by saying: 'Your father, Jacob Van Ness, I learned to admire greatly through his writings before I enjoyed the pleasure of knowing him personally. I am proud to say he remains my most valued American correspondent, although we have not met for some years.' He said that papa's reviews of his works had first called attention to them in America, and now their sales there greatly exceeded the combined British and colonial sales. That, he said, was not so much a source of pride to him as the class of people among whom they were read in America. Papa had sent him newspaper accounts of workingmen's clubs debating his, Bascombe's, theories, and showing intelligent understanding of them. 'Why,' he said, smiling grimly, 'I should not dare to ask a casually met fellow-member of Parliament his views of my works, for, if he had heard of them, it would be unlikely he had read any of them.'

"Then he told a story to the party of my father once asking an attendant at the door of the House of Parliament to take in his card to Mr. Bascombe. The attend-

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ant did not catch the name—‘no wonder,’ said the storyteller, ‘he heard it seldom,’—and papa added, ‘Mr. Bascombe, the famous writer.’ ‘Beg pardon,’ said the attendant, ‘but you’ve made a mistake, sir. There are only members of Parliament in there, sir; no famous writers.’

“We arrived late in the afternoon, and went almost immediately to our rooms to dress for dinner. In a little while Rose came to me in trouble: her mother had decided she could not face the dinner ordeal, and was altogether nervously miserable. I was not unprepared for this. I had been carefully observing Mrs. Cavendish, and noticed signs that beneath her placid exterior there were growing doubts and misgivings of her own strength, or will power, or nerve, or whatever it has been that has carried her through so many dreadfully trying experiences. Six months ago a sewing woman in Hickory Street; to-day a guest of one of the oldest noble families in England. On the stage women step from the laundry to the prince’s palace, not as guests, but as mistresses, with celerity, ease, and distinction. But in real life it seems a less lightsome affair. The wonder is, and I realize it now, how Mrs. Cavendish had borne so well the ordeals already endured. She appears phlegmatic, but I am beginning to doubt if she is so. I believe she had controlled an ordinary feminine system of nerves in all this affair by will power, and the power of love, all for the sake of Rose.

“I determined upon an extraordinary plan: I sent a maid to inquire if I might see the duchess for a moment in her room, and was promptly invited to do so. Without the waste of a moment in feeling my ground, I told her I believed her knowledge of the situation would justify me, in her mind, in making a suggestion as to who should take Mrs. Cavendish in to dinner. ‘My dear,’

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she replied, 'if I'd your wit, I would have asked your advice half an hour ago. Please make your suggestion.'

" 'Mr. Bascombe,' I responded, promptly.

" 'But,' she exclaimed, startled into perfect frankness, 'he's the only man in the party who talks about—why, about books and things. Rather. I was to send you in with him.'

"I told my reasons, and she agreed. You see, a cigarette breaks down so many fool feminine barriers which usually keep women guessing about each other's motives and language. We understood each other quickly. Rather.

"Then I went to Mrs. Cavendish, and told her I happened to know she was going in with a man who did not have a title—a perfect nightmare to her—who was just a plain 'Mr.,' and interested in problems about working people, and a Dear Old, altogether, and so calmed her. Rose and I and Rose's maid dressed her faultlessly, lightening the black of her mourning with purple; and we presented our three several American fronts to the enemy without the appearance of fear, and undeserving of reproach. Then I heard that little half-suppressed gasp to which I am becoming accustomed when Rose appears before men in full war paint. If I were not wasting this letter upon a mere man, but were writing to an understanding woman, I'd describe Rose's toilet.

"Very well, then. Mr. Bascombe told the story about papa I have already repeated, and I said to him, alone: 'You must talk with Mrs. Cavendish on the subjects of your correspondence to papa. She can tell you all about the actual workings of New York's tenement-house and factory laws. She has studied them practically.'

"I do not know that he saw through my amiable guile: I suppose he is too clever not to have done so, but he only gravely thanked me—and we were off.

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"Lord and Lady Storm, whose place is a few miles from Quarry Castle, came over to dinner with some people of their house-party; among them two boy officers who sail in a week for South Africa, where trouble is expected. Poor youngsters! Petie, for a cause I shall relate, wants to go with them!

"The settled and blessed laws of precedence in this country stand in place of our unsettled and unblessed law of expedience in determining most of the pairings for the dinner procession. So all those with handles to their names were disposed of arbitrarily before it came to the commoners and Americans. Thus it was I went in with the parson, and Petie with the parson's wife. Imagine my feelings when I saw my cheerful young man thus paired! An American boy who will introduce—even though successfully—the question of cross-breeding running and trotting stock to a duchess in the third minute of his acquaintance with her, is calculated to inspire his mother with emotions akin to agony and despair seeing him lead a young D.D.'s wife in to dinner. Imagination halts, stunned, when it is called upon to anticipate the subject Petie may launch under the circumstances.

"Of course I was anxious to observe the outcome of my plan for Mrs. Cavendish, so fixing my lips and eyebrows into an agreeable expression of general interest, and turning the fixture full on my reverend Corson, I attuned one anxious ear to Mr. Bascombe and one anguished ear to Petie—and now have a haunting impression that while thus disposed I agreed with the parson that Turner had greatly influenced the Champs de Mars school of art.

"Now comes the most agreeable thing I have to write: Mrs. Cavendish scored a distinct triumph. Dear old Mr. Bascombe began, I feel certain, only with the purpose of being agreeable, asking Mrs. Cavendish what

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she had observed about the working of the new tenement-house laws, of which he had heard she had made some study. It is so blessed to be asked about something you know as you know your confession of faith, and to be asked by such a man as Bascombe! She answered briefly at first, evidently thinking he was not sincere. But what I hoped for happened. He soon became interested, earnestly. His questions showed it, and she talked simply, earnestly, and as I know she can on that subject, with sympathetic intelligence. I heard him say: 'Really, madam, I never had such a clear understanding of the matter before. I shall consider it a favor if during our stay you will help me in making some memoranda on the points you have explained.'

"I mentally shouted 'Hurrah,' and the parson remarked he was glad his story had interested me—though what the good man was talking about I have only uneasy doubts.

"Petie tried dogs on Mrs. Corson, and it appeared at once she posed as an authority on dogs. Petie described the Chesapeake Bay duck-dog to her, but she declared that such a dog could not be a true breed. Thereupon Petie defined the points of the dog with great minuteness, went into the origin of the breed, and at last convinced the lady that it was a true breed, although American, the latter fact being the chief obstacle to her seeing the light. The Reverend Mr. Corson, encouraged by the success of his story with me, turned to tell it to the lady on the other side of him, giving me a chance to look about the table, and my dismayed eyes fell on the Baillie girl. Dismayed, because her eyes and smile were fixed on Petie in a way that made my heart sink. At first I hoped it was only her natural joy in seeing her aunt, Mrs. Corson, a lady of didactic temperament, routed in the field of her special learning. But no—the girl was interested in him!

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"Presently he caught her look and asked if she did not think people who drove automobiles should be taxed to maintain separate saddle paths for people who rode. She said she thought so. Rather. I knew it! Oh, I knew she would agree to anything the boy said. And I shuddered!

"After dinner, when the men joined us, Quarry asked Petie to sing 'some of those jolly college songs I heard you sing at Newport.'

"For reasons which grieve my soul Petie knows more songs of more colleges than any other living person, and as I have trained his voice a little he sings them rather well. I played his accompaniments, and I give you my word he soon had the whole party about the piano, and I believe would have been teaching them choruses had I not shunted—that means switched—the game.

"I hardly know what to write about Rose. Of course, she made a sensation. A woman with her prospects needs but refrain from eating with her knife, or kicking the chandelier, to pass in any English or American society to-day. But when she is as sweet and quietly behaved as Rose her acceptance is assured, though she had a wart on her nose. That is nothing. Her beauty—it grows on me daily now—would make her a fashion, a furore, were she penniless, assuming her born to a station where she would naturally enter the society Rose's money was necessary to secure her. Her position at Quarry Castle would have been much less involved had she been merely an ugly rich girl. But on the evening of that first day I saw her beauty doing its destined work. Lansing and the young officers showed unmistakable signs of falling in love with her; although to my surprise I did not observe the signs in Quarry. However, all were fascinated, save Petie alone. Oh, that Baillie girl!

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"I supposed Rose would be at a marked disadvantage because she could not ride, but chance favored her. In the park there is a lake of considerable size. That is, it is long enough for the men to have short sculling races, and shallow enough to be punted over; and as Quarry was a rowing man in his university, he had a number of boats for the lake. It was so late—this was in October—the boats had all been housed. But it was September weather, and Quarry had the boats outfitted for our use. It was clever of him, as Rose could not ride, to make a feature of the water sports. He taught Rose to punt, and that is the most graceful exercise for women ever invented. Rose learned the trick of poling in a day. I believe if you do not learn to punt in a day it takes you a lifetime.

"One afternoon we had a water fête, and it was all very nicely done: I mean as to the boathouse and bridge decorations, the music, some barge tableaux, and the tea—which the same it was champagne. There were obstacle races in which rustics and villagers took part—warm as the day was, I shivered as they splashed under, over, and through the obstacles—and a single-scutt race in which the gentlemen entered, and which Quarry could have won, I think, but let Petie beat him.

"The event of the day, however, was a punting race. The entries were Rose, the Baillie girl, and two young ladies who came over with Lord Storm's party. As to the race itself, the Baillie girl won by half a length in a hot, perspiring, dishevelled finish, to Petie's great delight, because, as he explained, he'd 'backed her for a winner for five pounds; Lord Storm giving him seven and ten for the field, against.'

"The contest was not the feature of the event—Rose was. She wore a white, thin wool gown, with sleeves

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very much flanged from the elbow—I'm trying to adapt this to a masculine understanding—and had scarlet at her throat and in her hat. Rose punted for 'points on form,' Petie said. She made every motion precisely as instructed, adding to them her grace: the pretty stepping of the hands down the pole as it is brought forward for the plunge, the snap of the plunge, drop of one hand, then the backward pressure with both, and the body always turned straight to the bow. No one of these points was neglected, and her boat moved forward as steadily and gracefully as a swan. As she stood thus, watching her opponents eagerly as they easily passed her, her flowing sleeves falling back to her elbows with each upward swing of her hands to grasp the pole for the shove, she looked like the Winged Victory of Samothrace—anyway, irresistibly reminded you of it. She was smiling at her defeat as she glided towards us at the finish; her hat had fallen down on her shoulders, and her hair was struggling to loose itself. The delighted Baillie girl had been helped to shore by Petie, and was coming up to the bridge to receive her prize from Quarry, when Rose drew near us who looked down from the bridge. The winner was neglected for a moment: all eyes were fixed on Rose, fascinated, as I have seldom seen beauty and grace fascinate Anglo-Saxons. I heard Mr. Bascombe, by my side, murmur, 'Youth, grace, perfect beauty—it is wonderful!'

"Mrs. Cavendish looked almost frightened—tell me why?—and the servants and rustics on the banks cheered—could they tell why? Quarry shook himself as Rose passed under the bridge, and stammered an apology to his mother, who was directing his attention to the winner. Lansing helped Rose ashore, bringing her up to us, where she congratulated the Baillie girl in a very artless way. I know, the way women know

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some things, that Rose was unconscious of the sensation she had made.

"As the vernacular hath it, I had troubles of my own the rest of the afternoon. Petie and the Baillie girl were developing symptoms of sentiment rapidly; and I could not shut my eyes to the fact that Lady Baillie was observant, but not disposed to interfere. I wondered at this, and at last took my wonder to the duchess, who explained the mystery. It appeared, from something she had overheard Lady Baillie tell Lord Storm, that Lady Baillie supposed that I was the Mrs. Foster who entertained Quarry at Newport. The natural inference followed: if I owned a Newport cottage, my only son was, of course, a desirable match for her daughter.

"I did not particularly like the undertaking, but I determined to illuminate Lady Baillie's mind as to my worldly state, and found opportunity to do so that evening before dinner. It was easier to do so because nice Englishwomen are themselves so frank about telling of their incomes—if they happen to be small. I first made clear that it was Mamma Foster, not I, who entertained at Newport; and then told about the funny little macaroni-box apartment I kept house in in New York. I did not feel happy in doing this, for I saw by her face she had not only favorably regarded the possibility of the match, but—what was worse—I thought I discovered the mother knew her girl liked Petie. She was thoroughbred, though, and made good-natured fun of the trials of such paupers as she and I. She said she had been her daughter's only governess for the last five years, and frequently, for months at a time, lived alone with her and two servants in a little place on the East Coast, where fishermen are always being drowned, or in need of woollen clothing, which she makes or begs for them. Honestly, if Petie had a

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dollar, or the girl a shilling, I should like her for a daughter-in-law very much. The mother has trained her beautifully, and it would be the kind of an international marriage of which there cannot be too many, as little as I like the brass-band kind.

"Ah me! The poor girl's eyes were red at dinner, and she had nothing to say to Petie, who, suffering from such treatment from a woman for the first time in his life, was so harrowed and distressed he came limping to me like a pointer with a thorn in its foot, asking to have the pain removed. Poor boy, I pretended not to know where the thorn was, and could only stroke all the paws but the wounded one, and sweetly commune with myself on what a joyous world this is, without an income! Wh-r-r-r! that's a subject Polly has trained herself not to talk on. If she does, then like the Polly in the story she is in danger of talking too qualifiedly much. Burn my letters.

"We were to go to London next day, and Quarry that evening asked Rose to become the Duchess of Quarry, to punt all her days, and write to envious American friends letters on fine linen paper emblazoned with a ducal coronet.

"No, that's not fair. He was manly about it, said he knew he stood at a disadvantage in her eyes because of the stories in the American papers about his fortune-hunting, and asked her to try and believe he would have made the proposal had she ne'er a shilling. Rose, in telling me, said she had nothing to say except that she did not love him, and she said that, nothing more; even respecting such prejudices as he might entertain about joining the rapidly growing ranks of her brothers. Rose made a point with me of her belief that Quarry was not in love with her, and for reasons it would take too long for me even to attempt to explain in this already monstrously long letter, I share her belief. I think he was fas-

A House-Party at Quarry Castle

minated, and I suppose you will ask me what's the difference? The next morning he looked to me like a man whose pride, rather than a more tender emotion, had been hurt. I suspect that his and Petie's woes were mingled in the billiard-room, whence all but they had fled to bed, and there was a considerable quantity of whiskey and water sacrificed.

"Quarry drove us in a coach to the station, five miles, and confided to me on the box that he did not feel he had been finally shut out, and if he went back to America he might make up his mind 'for a try in the finals.'

"The Baillie girl—the child is not nameless, Isobel Baillie—was not down to see us off, and Petie all the way to the station gloomily eyed the man who blew the horn, and did not look in the least as if the excellent quality of Quarry Castle whiskey was a cure for a thorn in a paw.

"I am tired of writing, Hoddy, and, if I did not have a blond head and blue eyes, I should feel at liberty to remark I am tired of life.

"Late in the season as it is, we are going to the Lakes, and a few cathedral towns, and may do a little of Scotland, which Mrs. Cavendish is interested in.

"Do dine with Peter sometimes, and have him at your house to dinner, for he and your mother were always good friends. I have not written to him about Petie being hit by the Baillie girl, so do not mention the subject to him, for he's awfully fond of the boy and it would hurt him.

"Lansing has not proposed. He seems determined to wait until Rose is out of the mood to make brothers of all her admirers.

"Sincerely yours,

"PAULINA FOSTER."

CHAPTER XXV

THE CURIOUS DAY'S WORK OF HORACE MAXWELL

HORACE MAXWELL found a wide difference in the work he was now called upon to do as trustee of the Martin Farnham estate and that which occupied him during Farnham's lifetime. Then, while he was the chief adviser of the sleepless money-miller in all the important and complicated business affairs into which the rapid growth and ramifications of Farnham's interests led, he was never executively engaged in the work involved. Nor was any other one man so engaged. Farnham's cautious, possibly suspicious, nature prompted him personally to supervise and direct all his undertakings, and his tireless energy enabled him to do this up to the day when nature carelessly cast the human machine aside—worn out from over-running at too high pressure.

Now Horace undertook to master, first the details of the works progressing under contracts with the Martin Farnham Contracting Company, and next, the interests of the many corporations in which Farnham had large holdings, and in many of which he had been a director. Horace was elected to the directory of all the companies in whose boards vacancies were made by Farnham's death. His previous duties made him so familiar with these interests he was soon recognized as a valuable adviser by his colleagues. It did not take them long to discover in him the mind that had been back of Farnham in all his dealings with them.

It was the year of greatest activity in industrial cor-

A Day's Work of Horace Maxwell

porations, commercial combinations; in the shifting from individual ownership and management of great manufacturing plants, and combining them with others; in financiering and re-financiering vast properties staggering under paralyzing loads of interest obligations, unwisely, or dishonestly imposed; of refunding high-rate to low-rate bonds; in wiping out, rebuilding, extending, readjusting to meet new conditions, agencies for creating, storing, transporting, selling, nearly every kind of product of labor; the year when capital first realized to the full the tremendous possibilities for power that lay in organization and combination.

A new order of mind was rushing to the front: suggesting first, then directing, then dominating. Men who had passed long, intense years of application in mastering every detail of railroad management, of converting cane into barrels of sugar, taking ore from the mines of Michigan and transforming it into wire or armor plate, were shoved aside, or relegated to stations of comparative unimportance even in the lines of their specialized training, by the man who could take their industries, and, by a juggle of symbols or forms of ownership, sell them to the public for their full value, or more; yet leave in the hands of their former owners, and his own, other symbols or forms that still represented the full value, or more. This man need know nothing technical of any industry. He had no need to waste years in the study of the dry science of mining, milling, metallurgy, of the mystery of the advantage of the long haul. His knowledge was how to take half a dozen properties, each worth half a million, and by a legerdmain of finance convert them into one property seeming to be worth twenty millions. Such a man was no vulgar shearer of bleating lambs; he bearded roaring lions.

I profess to know nothing of his wonderful ways

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beyond those things a looker-on, if he be interested in all phases of human phenomena, may learn. Whether the investments offered by him in dignified prospectuses, printed in the financial pages of only the dignified part of the press, with the names of highly dignified bankers attached, telling the tangled tale of bonds and stocks, common and preferred, of consols and debentures, of scrip and of committee certificates, always pay the investors, I know not. Possibly twelve manufacturers of corsets, or baked beans, or lawn chairs, or steel rails, or sugar plums, who, separately, were striving to pay interest each on half a million dollars, may pay more interest on twenty millions, combined. There are laws governing industries quite independent of the simple rules of addition, of which you and I, gentle reader, know nothing. We content ourselves with studying the advantages of buying a carpet for the parlor, which will eventually do for the sitting-room, and finally for the dining-room; the best way to carve a leg of mutton hot so that it will present a neat appearance when it comes on for the second day's dinner, cold; we pay our taxes and pew rents, take cold baths, console ourselves with philosophy while wearing out last year's clothes, instead of new ones—the children's schooling being more expensive than we expected—thank God for his infinite mercies, and possibly are happier for not knowing the difference between common and preferred stock and that, like as not, we should light our pipe with a reorganization committee certificate if we chanced to find one on the mantelpiece.

But all these things Horace Maxwell understood; and, moreover, was the best-informed man on any of the boards with which he met on the frantic, futile efforts municipalities, States, Washington itself, made to enact laws to regulate the privileges of incorporated

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wealth. The first of his fellow-directors to appreciate Maxwell's value and counsel was Mr. Herbert Garnett, the man whose name for several years had been as familiar, and nearly as revered, among the financial royalty of London, Paris, Berlin, and Brussels, as in New York. Aside from this appreciation of his worth, Mr. Garnett was interested in Horace because he had been a friend of his father, and because he, too, like Horace, began his career as a lawyer.

Horace found more difficulty in mastering the details of the work of the Contracting Company. It had fallen to his surprising lot to build a great dam, and quarry the granite to build it with; to construct a steel railroad bridge, and put it in the place of an old one without interfering with traffic at that point; to drain thousands of acres of marsh land, and make it fit for the site of great manufacturing plants; to level a small mountain of solid rock, and lay out the resulting plain into streets, avenues, parks, and villa lots; to grade miles of broken country for the line of a projected trolley road; to build piers and docks for a railway's tide-water terminal, that car and ship might be brought together in the creation of a new great port.

The plans for all these and many other undertakings, the work of the civil and mechanical engineers, were prepared in detail by men Farnham employed for the purpose. The work of construction was going on under foremen accustomed in the past to Farnham's personal superintendency, and now looking to Maxwell for such supervision. Horace jumped into the task of understanding the details of all this, but although he worked with a mind trained to intense concentration, and with dogged determination, he lacked any experience and technical knowledge in such matters; and the drudgery, added to the absorbing attention he was giving to the

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commercial interests of the estate, was robbing him of rest, recreation, even of sleep.

Although he was much more powerful in physique than Farnham had been, he was also more highly organized, nervously; and Farnham also had Maxwell's help, whereas Maxwell toiled unaided. So it was not remarkable that Horace, lying wide awake in bed late one night, found himself mentally inquiring why, if a steel girder's life depended upon precautions against oxidization, and a steam shovel could not work in solid rock, the premium on a four per cent. security, which must realize two and a half per cent. net, was not affected by the cost of compressed-air riveting hammers. He arose, took a cold bath, dressed, walked out to Central Park, enjoyed an autumn sunrise, did some hard thinking about himself, went back to his lonely breakfast, for Mrs. Maxwell and Emily did not come down until Horace had been in his office an hour, and concluded he would consult, not a doctor, but Mr. Herbert Garnett.

That seemed a reasonable thing to do while he was yet shaken by the warning of his night's experience, but it seemed a silly thing when that afternoon he sat in a board room in consultation with Mr. Garnett, Mr. Worthington, and a number of other calm, cool, collected men, who would be likely to regard him with suspicion if they guessed the condition of his mind when he went out to see the sun rise that morning. At the conclusion of the meeting, when the stenographer and clerks in attendance had been dismissed, there was an informal discussion invoked by a remark made by one director that they should determine the amounts of the company's contributions to the political organizations then engaged in conducting campaigns for the November election, in which, by a civic fiction, the electors of

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New York were supposed to determine some question concerning the government of the city.

The collectors of the two political organizations had intimated that the period of greatest campaign expense was rapidly approaching, and "your prompt remittance will be appreciated."

"Oh, well," said the great Mr. Worthington, in a tone betokening some annoyance, as if the subject was a sore one with him, "I suppose we'd best let Garnett make what terms he can, and report to us as usual."

"No, sir!" Mr. Garnett said, with much decision, though as usual he was quietly smiling, for he always saw in these associations with his fellow kings of finance something amusing. "No, sir; I'll be paymaster of this blackmail no longer."

"Blackmail!" gasped Mr. Worthington.

"Oh, bribe, forced loan, anything you like, Worthington."

"I do not like any of your terms, Garnett," Worthington replied, testily. "Our contributions are made to avert unfriendly legislation directed against the properties of which we are in part owners, and wholly custodians."

"That's a fine phrase, Worthington," remarked Garnett, "a beautiful phrase, which I shall adopt. You know, I am trying to reduce as much as possible the number of things I do in addition to those a man may, and yet have time to dine like a Christian. Arranging for these payments to avert unfriendly legislation is one of the employments I decided to drop for the benefit of my digestion."

"Who is to do it, then?" Worthington inquired, nervously. "Of course, I cannot. I never meet such people personally. Who is there?"

He looked about in a general search for one who

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might be supposed not to be embarrassed by family considerations which would interfere with "meeting these people personally." No one seemed to have an idea to advance for the noble purpose of relieving the great man's mind, until Garnett said: "Our young friend Maxwell here is the man. He has an uncommonly square, firm jaw."

Mr. Worthington was again annoyed. He classed Horace as an aristocrat, almost as deserving exemption from such democratic duties as himself. Great and rich as he was, he had schooled himself to be just in these matters; he knew that the Maxwell family, though sorrowfully poor to be sure, was an old and well-born family, and as such entitled to the privileges and exemptions of even a Worthington. Garnett, on the other hand, was an up-the-State man; an immigrant from an interior county, who had made an enormous fortune—to Worthington's annoyance—in New York City, in the past thirty years; yet a man who had no legitimate claim to the privileges of aristocracy. Worthington was not nimble-witted, nor versed in the common tricks of controversy, so all he thought of to oppose to Garnett's suggestion in protection of Maxwell was his youth.

"Youth, nonsense!" exclaimed Garnett. "He'll never celebrate another thirty-seventh birthday. At his age I was the recognized power back of one organization, the unrecognized power back of the other."

"Suppose we hear from Maxwell," said the practical man, who started the discussion.

"I will undertake the work upon conditions," Horace said. "That is, if you gentlemen will secure the agreement of all contributors in behalf of corporations to combine the various contributions intended for both organizations, and place the whole sum in my hands to do with as I find is for our common interest. It will cost

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you less, and you will secure more. For years all your energies have been devoted to combining capital for every purpose of commerce and industry, except the commerce of politics. These men who control politics deal with you singly, and guarantee to each of you just so much protection as they please. If one objects to terms, he fights the organization single-handed. He is defeated, and made to pay the cost of war. Let me take the total of your contributions and use its power combined. I believe its force will be shown quickly."

"Maxwell," exclaimed Garnett, "if you were not a corporation attorney, you'd make a masterly politician. Your suggestion is all right."

"Just in what way could you increase our protection?" asked one director.

"I'll give you an instance," Horace answered. "Any of you interested in companies doing work under municipal supervision know that after you have paid the organizations for exemption from annoyance, you are forced to make additional contribution to escape annoyances from individual officials, or their backers."

"I should say so!" exclaimed the man who had first spoken. "We've had to pay hideously for municipal legislation necessary for a little connecting line in the Bronx system. A particularly pestiferous blackmailer—beg pardon, Worthington—named Neill Mulgrave has appeared in these operations."

"That's the man I'm after," said Maxwell, grimly. "The Farnham Company undertook a big tract-grading job, payment to be made partly in land. Promises were given to Farnham when he made his last contribution to the organizations that certain streets and sewers should be extended through that land; but I've been held up by this Mulgrave on the same job. When I complained to his chief he promised to discipline Mul-

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grave; but that has not been done. We are all subject to raids by independent highwaymen after buying exemption from the bandit chiefs. Give me the whole fund to handle, and I'll stop this freebooting."

Worthington had caught at the promise of a reduced levy, so gave his weighty influence in favor of Maxwell's plan, agreeing to bring up the question to a number of heavy contributors as he met them in other boards.

CHAPTER XXVI

MR. GARNETT GIVES ADVICE AND A DINNER

AS the meeting reported in the previous chapter broke up, Garnett took Maxwell's arm, saying, "Come with me."

"I must go to my office again," Horace said.

"Not to-day," the other responded, good-naturedly.

Horace felt the opportunity he was now disinclined to make, to ask Garnett's advice, was being made for him; so he entered the waiting carriage of the older lawyer with a sense of relief.

"Your father used to feel much pride in your athletic triumphs," Garnett said, abruptly, as they rode off. "You never allowed yourself to go stale from over-training, did you?"

"No," said Horace, surprised at the subject. "Nothing worse can happen to a man entered for a contest."

"Yet you've entered a possibly more important contest now, and allowed yourself to go shockingly stale. Are you overtrained?"

Horace saw his appearance had betrayed his condition, told Garnett of his trouble in trying to direct the Farnham Company's works, in addition to watching the estate's corporate interests, and frankly asked advice.

Garnett gave it with equal frankness. He said he knew, for he had recommended many of them for their places, the foremen of the Farnham Company's operations. They were capable of acting as superintendents, and should. Maxwell must appoint them to such posi-

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tions, raise their pay, give them assistants, and not bother his head about details of the undertakings. This meant added expense, but the estate could better afford that than lose Maxwell.

He said this as if the matter were trifling, and dismissed it after remarking that he was carrying on more construction work than the Farnham Company, but would no more think of attempting to direct the details than a general commanding an army would undertake personally to perform the duties of a regimental adjutant. "Now," he added, as he set Horace down at home, "go in, rest yourself, then come to my house to dine. Give my faithful regards to your mother, and tell Miss Emily if I were not such an old coward I'd undertake to change her mind on the subject of matrimony; and, anyway, I feel grieved that I've been cut off from your dinner invitation list. I dine at seven, and we'll be alone."

Horace delivered the message verbatim. "Yes, Garnett is a coward," commented Emily, calmly. "His son and daughter have him in perfect training to make money for them and their families to spend."

"But we might have him here to dinner again," Mrs. Maxwell said. "Your father was always very fond of Mr. Garnett."

Emily played for her brother some music he liked, always a sign of amiable mood.

At seven o'clock Horace was ushered into the library of the great financier. This was the principal room in the old Gramercy Park home, having been converted, after the marriage of the widower's daughter, to its present purpose, from the double-parlor essential to middle-of-the-century New York houses. It served also the uses of an office; for of late years Garnett had given up both his law and commercial offices, working

Mr. Garnett's Advice and Dinner

here in the mornings with his secretaries and stenographers, and consulting with his chief assistants. Yet its appearances were all those of a library rather heavily furnished; each chair, desk, table, stand, and case had been especially designed, built and carved for the room.

As Maxwell was ushered in, Mr. Garnett rose from where he had been reading by a table bearing a single electric lamp contrived to look like a shaded candle, greeted his guest with a pleasant formality, which excluded the idea that they had recently met and been in business discussion, then turned a switch underneath the table, lighting a score of electric lanterns—works of art in colored glass—suspended by chains from the frames of oak panels in the ceiling. Hanging over the low bookcases were a number of paintings, prizes from American collections broken up in the last dozen years. Some of these were lighted by lanterns having clear glass sides for the purpose. On the broad tops of the bookcases were a few bronze busts of authors and early American statesmen, and at the head of the room, between the windows, a marble bust of Garnett's father, bearing impressive family resemblance to the strong-jowled, heavy-browed, fearless-eyed Americans keeping him company in bronze.

"I was compelled to have a workroom at home," Garnett said, motioning Horace to a seat in front of the log fire, "because I found I could not afford the time it takes to go to and from a downtown office. I am in here at nine in the morning, and work here until one o'clock. Besides, my clerical assistants I have behind that screen"—pointing to an antique temple door framed and set as a screen in the back of the room—"telegraph and telephone operators, who put me into direct communication with my people, from Boston to Washington, and as far west as Chicago. I see no one here but my own personal

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chief aids. The afternoons I devote, as to-day, to conferences with financial associates. My work is never finished: you have dipped enough into this shop of ours to know that cannot be. However, two or three years ago I made a bold resolve: I inquired of my conscience if, after forty years of unceasing hard labor, days and nights, I was not warranted in reducing my hours of work to the extent of giving myself my evenings? My conscience agreed—although my children did not—and now you find me a wasteful, slothful, pampered and bloated—I think the word is bloated—bondholder, who works but nine or ten hours a day, yet is capable of justifying himself to his conscience."

Mr. Garnett made this speech standing with his back to the fire, one hand toying with a watch fob, the other thrust in a pocket. He was smiling, as was his custom when he discussed his own or his associates' play in the tremendous game in which he scored successes that made his name world-famed. He was tall, spare, with a big-featured face that was pale, but did not suggest in drawing or color any lack of the iron strength he possessed. His mustache was heavy, and dark gray; his hair thin, and nearly white, making him look his sixty years.

"And for your work you get," said Maxwell, "your clothes, bed, and three meals a day, as the saying is."

"Meals, yes; but I added my dinner to my wages only recently," Garnett replied. "Your father taught me the principles of the art of dining, but only within the past few years have I allowed myself time to practise the art. I've become somewhat eccentric in it—an impressionist, you might say—and as I am not permitted to enjoy the delights even of an amateur in any other art, I pursue this with some zeal."

He looked at his watch. It was a minute to seven, and a servant entered, bringing two glasses, opal-tinted,

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irregular-shaped bubbles, which he filled from a decanter just taken from a cooler.

Horace, although his father had been a famous connoisseur, was not a judge of wines, and could tell neither the grape nor the country this soft, rich, fragrant, pale stuff he sipped came from. Its flavor and perfume recalled rare occasions at his father's table when a guest of pre-eminent distinction was entertained, and when, with ceremonies which always seemed funny to Horace, his father unlocked a certain bin in the delightfully mysterious cellar, produced one dark, chubby bottle, unmarked save by a home-made label, uncorked, decanted it, and only then gave the precious liquid into the hands of the deeply impressed butler, to be cooled to an exact degree.

The servant took the empty glasses away, and at once reappeared to announce dinner was served.

The meal proved the host to be, as he suggested, an impressionist in the art of dining. The dining-room, which was in the rear of the house on the side opposite the library, opening on to an iron, wistaria-vined balcony, was not large enough to accommodate more than a dozen diners. This surprised Horace, recalling the fame of the Garnett dinners, but he was more surprised at the appearance of the table. To him, accustomed to the heavily ceremonious setting of his mother's table, loaded with a perplexing array of seventeenth and eighteenth century silver, this did not seem prepared for dinner. In the centre of the round table a broad, shallow, glass bowl, of old wine-skin color and texture, held a profusion of orchid blooms, looking as if they had just been plucked in a tropical forest and carelessly cast into the receptacle, whose sombre shadows threw into brilliant relief their fairy colors and fragile beauty. At each diner's place were an oyster fork and two glasses, one crystal for

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water, the other a larger form of the opalescent glasses used in the library. These few objects were the only things on the table, except that the spaces on either side of the centre, between the diners, were relieved by some noble Marechal Niel and American Beauty roses, flung with their long stems and dark-green leaves across the reflecting damask.

The room was lit by concealed electric lamps whose rays, filtered through panels of orange-colored glass in the ceiling, gave the impression of cheerful morning light in an easterly breakfast-room, an impression heightened by the sunny color of the light oak in which the room was finished. The room in front of this, the only other one on that side of the house, was divided from it by portières of shimmering yellow silk. These were half drawn aside as the two men entered, and a string quartette, composed of soloists, took the movement as their music cue.

The diners were served first with raw oysters, dredged that morning from their clean beds in the bay on the ocean side of Cape Cod, near the mainland, packed in ice and seaweed, and expressed to the Garnett kitchen. The soup was as simple as *bon jour*, but it had been jelly to cut with a knife between the time it was made under the watchful care of an artist, and when it was melted for the dinner. With it was served toast.

Then came a canvas-back duck, placed before Mr. Garnett, who, with two skilful strokes of a short carver, severed its breasts without leg or wing bones, and the remainder, with serving platter and carvers, was hurried away. Not until then did any wine appear. The head butler, after anointing the two pieces of duck with lemon juice, seasoned with cayenne pepper and salt, filled the glasses with a red wine, cautiously replaced the decanter on the sideboard, and looked as if he were say-

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ing: "Now, gentlemen, if the chill is not off that wine to the tenth of a degree, and if there is a microscopical speck of sediment in either glass, I am unworthy of my credentials. This wine, gentlemen, has been chambré in this room since morning. Thus I took from it its cellar chill; not by immersing the bottle in warm water, or putting it near a fire, as barbarians do. I serve it to you from a decanter into which, with steady hands, I transferred it from its bottle as I sent the man to announce dinner. A butler who was not an artist might have served it with the bottle lying in a decanting basket, like a baby on a pillow. All wrong, all ignorant! By me an old wine is chambré in the morning; a new wine, two or three hours before dinner. I am an artist who respects his art."

Horace was again at a loss to tell exactly what the man who proved worthy of his credentials had served, whether a rare and exquisite Bordeaux, or a choice Burgundy vintage; but though he cared little for wine his palate was fine and clean, and he silently gave thanks for a treat which made him think less slightly of his father's reputation as a wine expert. With this was served the kind of bread that has kept out of the French language any word which can be translated "dyspepsia": the perfectly made *pain de famille* of the peasants of France.

Next came croquettes made of that product we have no prettier name for than "mashed potato," whipped with cream into a purée thick enough to be moulded into balls and dropped into boiling olive oil. Their crisp, delicate, light-brown crust tempted you to an interested investigation of their interiors, which had the physical qualities of a confectioner's, rather than a cook's, creation, and gave you new esteem for the humble base of their composition.

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By this time Horace began speculating curiously on the further order of the dinner. Would they go backward to fish, or forward to a saddle of mutton? Might an ice intervene, or would a change of wine bring meat belonging by ordinary rules back of the game? He smiled, he could not help it, when, the table cleared, a second duck was brought on, carved, treated, served as before, except that with this was a salad of lettuce, each leaf as crispy cold as an icicle on a frosty morning. The deserving butler was permitted to compound the dressing for this, having nothing else to do but watch the glasses and the other servants.

"I am fond of duck," remarked his host, observing Maxwell's smile.

"I have just come to that conclusion," Horace said, smiling again.

"There are only a few mouthfuls on a duck fit to eat," Garnett continued. "Have you seen those barbarous machines people use to extract the last possible drop of blood from a carcass of a duck? Curious notion. Those people would devise a way of serving egg-shells if eggs sold for fifty dollars a dozen. I wonder they've never thought of something to do with terrapin shells."

The duck and salad course was followed by a cheese, a perfect *Pont Evêque*, served with more toast, and then Mr. Garnett said to the butler, "Give my compliments to M. Chaudon, and ask him if he will serve coffee and have a glass of cognac with us."

Then to Horace he said, "M. Chaudon is my chef; he meets all my guests."

M. Chaudon appeared, not through the door from the butler's pantry, but from the front hall. He was in evening dress, wore white gloves, and carried an opera hat crushed, holding it under his arm as he made an elaborate bow to Mr. Garnett. He was a little old man, a min-

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iaturation copy of Napoleon III., but with a look of eager, intelligent interest. He gave his hat and gloves to a servant, and, being presented to Horace, took a seat at one side of the table, where were placed for him a coffee-making machine, ground coffee, and boiling water.

"Well, chef," said Mr. Garnett, as the old Frenchman prepared the coffee, "how many minutes were the ducks to-night?"

"Seventeen minutes and a quarter the first one, sixteen minutes and a half the second. M. Maxwell," he said, turning to Horace, "when I accept the commission to preside over M. Garnett's cuisine, he say some droll thing to me. He say Americans cook the canvas-back seventeen minute. The American very clever, I say. But how they know seventeen minute? Is the bird always just exactly the same size, the range always coal, charcoal, or gas, the oven just the same heat? No, I say. The artist knows by three ways: the taste, the smell, the look. Is the clock a cook, I say? You will pardon me, M. Maxwell, are you the son of M. Horace Maxwell, who was much in Paris?"

Horace so identified himself.

"Ah, he was an artist! I was chef then under Philippe of La Tour d'Argent. Your father dined there much. I make him one day a sauce from the backbone of the woodcock. 'Bravo! M. Chaudon!' he say. 'Teach me how you make him.' I teach him. Well, when he go away he present me this." The old man indicated a diamond ring he wore, and Horace acknowledged the new and flattering light thrown upon the character of his father.

M. Chaudon brewed the coffee into a liquor, black and strong, but fragrant and brilliantly clear; burned a tiny glass of brandy over four lumps of sugar, added that to his own coffee, drank it, and made his ceremonious departure.

CHAPTER XXVII

A MONEY PRINCE TELLS SOME STATE SECRETS

MR. GARNETT took Horace into the room from whence the musicians had departed on the entrance of M. Chaudon. This room, about the same size as the dining-room, was fitted up as a smoking and lounging room, without much expression of artistic feeling, yet with the luxury of ease, the comfort of most of the senses, elaborately considered in every detail. The shape and upholstering of the great chairs; the arrangement of the small tables for smokers' articles, or coffee, or wine; the simplicity of the rich finishing and decoration; and the quiet tone of the few paintings seemed all designed not to demand an effort of close observation after dinner. It was a room to woo to careless repose, and Horace, though he had drunk but half a bottle of the red wine, while his host was drinking a bottle and a half, was disposed not to resist the wooing. His host, however, was alert, more animated than Horace had ever seen him, and disposed to talk. When Horace, the first cigar burned out, rose to go, Garnett said: "No, Maxwell, I want you to remain and talk, or listen to me talk. I have intended for a long time to know you socially, for your father and I were warm friends. It is my right, almost, to call on his son to entertain a lonely old man who has no friend now. Besides, I have something, not serious, but important, to say to you about this proposed venture into the finance of politics;

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and besides, again, we have not finished dining—I told you I was an eccentric composer of dinners.”

It was so evident he was earnest in his wish, Horace readily complied.

“The dinner we had to-night I ordered for myself alone. I seldom dine alone, but when I do it is likely to be on some such fare. I am not bigoted. Sometimes, with the aid of my chef, I compose an eight-course dinner for myself. Sometimes I have a single dish. I am constant only to one rule: never to serve more than one wine at the table, though that wine may vary each night in the week. I can tell your father’s son that I keep an agent in Europe searching for choice wine. He scents the breaking up of a cellar as another might the distribution by sale of a collection of books, or pictures, or china, or armor; and he gets what he wants for me, though sometimes he must bid against agents of a Rothschild, an emperor, or a czar.

“That sounds like vulgar chatter. Well, I’ve never told it to any one else. It is my single extravagance. The world owes even me a living—I’ve done enough for it to make that claim now. I served my countrymen in Washington, not without results that have been praised; I have taught American capitalists how to invest hundreds of millions in American industries and commerce that are making the whole country wealthy and powerful, as well as further enriching those capitalists; I have unlocked timid hoardings that have developed resources in a score of States; have made our securities respected in every financial centre of Europe; changed our country’s relations with many nations from that of debtor to creditor. All this is said of me—much of it with a view to show how dangerous I am to our country—every day, by newspapers and demagogues, and it is all true.

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"So, with the wisdom of old age, I said the world at last owes me a living, and turned to see how I should take it. I cared for pictures and music once, as you do now—oh yes, I know that about you—but found I could not afford the time to pursue such tastes. Once I cared very much for the society of women, and until my daughter was married and left me here alone—my son, as you know, was already married—I did brighten my life with their society. But without a woman in my home to help me I have not the time, had I the grace or capacity, to plan and carry out such entertainments as a man in my position owes to women if he entertains them at all. While I was yet a free man—that is, a poor man—I was devoted to sports of the gun and the rod, but—let me tell you a story."

The master financier suddenly interrupted his talk, laughed a little, and resuming, said: "A few years ago one evening, when I was in the same unusual frame of mind I am to-night, my thoughts could not be coaxed or driven away from a little piece of forest, the 'wood-lot,' we called it, belonging to my father's place. It was on ground too steep to be cleared and ploughed, and sloped down to a trout stream. On the opposite side was a marshy meadow. In that wood-lot I hunted for squirrel, in the stream I fished for trout, on the meadow, beyond, I shot my first bird on the wing—a snipe it was. I remembered that when I was a young man, studying law in the office of my father, the county attorney, I made a resolve that when I was admitted to practice I'd go to New York, work like a beaver until I had a fortune to give me an income of fifty dollars a month, and then return to the old home and pass a life of gentlemanly ease.

"The wood-lot, the stream, and the marsh-land were to furnish most of the joy I pictured for that life. As I

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mused that evening, a few years ago, I tried to force myself to a reasonable, a normal view of myself, my surroundings, my circumstances, and to find a sufficient reason, if such existed, why I should not go back to the old place—not to live; I was not insane—but at least for a visit with gun and rod. My conclusion was, I was entitled to gratify a desire so strong, yet so simple and homely. So I went up the State to the old place, identified myself to the farmer in charge, for I'd put him there through an agent, and even he did not know me, and passed a week of—bliss?—no, the loneliest, saddest week of my life!

“Do you remember Eugene Field's verses, ‘Long Ago’?”

“‘And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.’”

“That might have been considered sufficient punishment for my truancy, but there was more. My son wanted to buy some land adjoining his place on Long Island to lay out a golf course and polo ground. I went into the matter a little and found the scheme amounted to money. The land, improvements, engineering, and buildings he had in mind would have cost three or four hundred thousand dollars, and I knew if I undertook the scheme I must do the same for his sister—they are jealous of their rights and privileges—so I told my boy he'd have to wait a year, as I had no investment from which I could release nearly a million without loss, at that time. Then I realized what a model of that modern product, a well-brought-up parent, I was. My son pointed out to me that while I was wasting my time about the old wood-lot the market for some of my securities had developed eccentricities which, had I re-

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mained at home and attended to business, I should probably have taken advantage of, profiting at least to the extent of his reasonable demands. How could I answer, trained as I had been? The boy had his private golf course and polo ground—so had his sister—and I found myself reduced to exactly one recreation, dissipation, relief, extravagance—my table.

“ Had I my life to live over again I would stop accumulating wealth when my investments brought fifty thousand a year. With such an income one is his own master. Neither the public nor your family can then demand those things which only the very rich may afford. Your business affairs are so modest you easily care for them while indulging reasonable recreation; you attract no attention from the press; are the object of no blackmailing organization’s demands; are at liberty to live where and how you like, for you are not of sufficient importance in the minds of your neighbors to excite interest in them as to your manner of life.

“ Your father’s affairs were in an ideal condition. He made early and good reinvestments as his father’s investments had to be renewed; and when we closed out the old leather business—I put that into the combination for him—and reinvested the proceeds, he had about fifty thousand a year from as pretty long-term securities as we could find here and in London. It was enough for him. He had no extravagant tastes; did not care for a racing stable or a steam yacht, and was not ambitious to own a string of country places from Maine to Florida. But times were changing; enormous fortunes were inherited by men and women who were not satisfied with the comparatively simple society of their ancestors, but must be conspicuously known in London and Paris, and have a circle of acquaintance in half the capitals of Europe. Cottages

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at Newport, whose maintenance in the new manner cost as much as your father's income, must be owned, with city houses, in commission all the year, occupied only three or four months. French and Italian palaces must be stripped to furnish decorations, staircases, even the finishing or furniture of a single room; women began spending fortunes on dress; each season in the year meant a change of residence, or a yacht cruise—following the summer, I've heard it called. The very pastimes of our children meant an expense for ponies, traps, boats, outfits of a score of kinds, amounting to tens of thousands; private entertainments were judged not by the quality of the guests, but by the number of thousands of dollars they cost.

"Your father began to feel the pressure of an influence impossible for him, sensitive, family-proud as he was, to withstand—the desire of women who had led in society not to be left out of society's new movement. He turned to Wall Street to—well, well, how I prose!

"I felt that very deeply. I urged him against it, but he thought he was well advised otherwise. We saved out of his fortune half what I pay my chef. Ah, I prose, I prose! But your father looked as you do now thirty years ago. What was I speaking of—the chef?"

He rang a bell. To the servant who entered he merely nodded, and in a few moments the man reappeared with a heavy, old-fashioned pewter plate, on which were chips of broiled ham. A little service was laid for each on individual tables, the financier's favorite toast was also served, and then the worthy butler appeared with champagne. Horace sipped the wine, and raised his eyes with an expression of pleased inquiry.

"I wish your father could have had a bottle of that," Mr. Garnett said. "Perhaps that wish accounts for my breaking, in your favor, a resolve not to share this wine

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with any one. My agent slipped up on this in the first instance. It was known to be the last lot of its year and brand, and was suddenly sold by its owner, a Russian my agent had no reason to suppose needed ready money. A London dealer secured it on a South African miner's general order for 'the best.' My agent went to London, convinced the dealer that his South African customer would think he was swindled if he ever tasted the wine, told the dealer where he could get some with a royal label on it, which would suit his customer better, and procured this for me. I am in some perplexity between my determination not to waste it on dulled palates, and my fear that I'll not be able to drink it all in a year and a half, when it will begin to deteriorate.

"You like it, eh? That proves physical, as well as mental, tastes may be inherited. This is the last course of the dinner."

The ham was the product of a Virginia farm belonging to Mr. Garnett, where an expert old negro was employed specially to breed and feed hogs, which another expert cured into hams and bacon for the tables of Garnett and his children. It took two years to a day—I forget the number of cords of beechnut wood—to cure a ham by the process known to the venerable ex-slave, who devoted his skill in this humble capacity for the greater excellence of the financier's table. If nature has happily qualified you for the full appreciation of a ham properly cured, you would agree with Horace that the time, labor, and beech were not ill consumed.

"I experimented some years before I finally decided what dish was best to eat with champagne," Garnett continued. "I finally divided my preference equally between this and a plate of long French bread—not the kind we had at dinner—with green olives. But, bless my soul, I've been talking to you as if you were your

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father, and cared a rap about these things. Now, I want to say something about your political undertaking."

"First let me ask you," said Horace, who was discovering that a sated appetite revives wonderfully under the treatment his was receiving—do not, I entreat you, curious reader, try the experiment with fat ham—"why should these men be paid at all? Why not resist their demands?"

"We pay this levy under no protest because we understand the condition. We would resist, if we could safely: if there was any alternative which would not subject our interests to every nature of legislation knaves and fools can devise to destroy our values. These men—I speak, of course, of both organizations, the one controlled by Drummond and that controlled by Weston—have organized their industry as skilfully as we organize a system for handling and transporting coal between mine and tide-water, to save a penny on a ton.

"We have two methods of fighting them: by a competing organization without sentiment, a purely business undertaking, or by arousing public sentiment in favor of an independent party. The first is much more expensive in time and money than to comply with the demands. Besides, we create a machine that gets away from us, and becomes another power to be bribed. Did it ever occur to you what in men and money belongs to the successful organization? In New York City alone it controls nearly fifty thousand employés; and throughout the State, and in its share of national patronage, it controls nearly as many more. That makes an army of one hundred thousand paid workers: men who hold their places only because they are trained and skilful in practical politics. What time and money would be required of us to create such a machine? As to an

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opposition, we are handicapped by the enormous labor of overcoming the inertia of public indifference."

"But the press!" exclaimed Maxwell. "The press is a powerful medium for forming public opinion."

"So I frequently see stated—in the press," answered Mr. Garnett. "I've tried that. I find the honest press so dull it gains few readers to influence, or else so sensational it fails to influence the readers it gains. The other portion of the press, that controlled either by partisan bigotry, by subsidy, or by spoils, is as influential, at least, as the dull and sensational portions, so there is a set-off. But it is an element in the game foolishly over-estimated as to importance, which all politicians, excepting the small fry, gratified to see their names in print, fully realize."

"If we supported the machines wholly, we could control them. We do not: far from it. You know, probably, only of the notorious and frequently ventilated sources of income enriching the machines. There are others I know of, for I've been on the inside where I could see them work, that would amaze the good people of the whole country, if known. Every importing merchant in the United States, outside of this city, pays heavy tribute to the organizations. How, you ask? It would tire you—unless you pay more attention to your wine—to listen to a recital of a tenth of the story. Let me indicate, merely: there is a charge levied and collected on all imports destined for inland points, by middlemen known variously as custom-house brokers, import agents, and by other names; a charge levied with all the formality and seeming authority of the government tariff, yet wholly without any such warrant. The proceeds of this levy go into the pockets of men protected by the machines and the machine bosses. Futile protests are raised at intervals against the expense caused

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by this brigandage and the fact that it drives trade to rival ports: a chatter of confused ignorance as to the cause proceeds for a time; the cause is finally ascribed to those convenient monsters, the railroads; we decide to spend a hundred millions for canals, and the brigands, safeguarded in Washington by profiting agents, laugh.

"So you are going forth to overturn the boss methods in dealing with our interests. You will find Drummond a simple-seeming man, in fact strong and crafty; Weston seems crafty, and will try to look strong, but he is comparatively weak, and his authority is more apparent than real. He has many silent partners.

"Both, perhaps, are as wicked as they are constantly painted, but I am not a judge. My own moral perceptions in this respect are not, I fear, delicate. These men are representatives of a vice—if it is a vice—with which I have been too long familiar to retain for it a keen abhorrence. In strict frankness I should tell you, in explaining my complacency concerning the matter, that Drummond once offered to make me President of the United States. Does that startle you? It was a year when he knew New York's delegates would hold the balance of power in a national convention; and he, of course, controlled those delegates. He urged me to take the nomination—so did others, as you may recall—but I refused, although I knew our party would win in the election. To Drummond I gave as an excuse my disinclination to oppose the man he would nominate, if not me. But, in truth, I would not accept the office.

"I had been in Washington under circumstances that taught me what the office of President means, so—well, I declined. I named the man who was nominated and elected, whereby all my purposes were served—and they were honest purposes. The other man took the honors, and the kicks, and now is rusticated; while I am—well,

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my boy, I am talking an unconscionable lot of stuff to you of a nature I've never talked to any other man since your father died.

"You must go? I shall have you here soon again, give you a sane dinner, and company to protect you from a garrulous old man, who, however, believes in you. Good-night."

Horace was in the hall when Mr. Garnett, following him, said: "You are after District Leader Mulgrave's scalp, I understand?"

Horace admitted a particular desire to end the days of that truculent person's political usefulness.

"He is more than truculent," Garnett said. "He is an uncommonly vicious brute. He was coming into prominence in my days of political activity, and I remember him well. If you induce Drummond to turn him down—that is their term for political beheading—you will have a nasty personal enemy, though his ability to trouble you, or any of us, politically, will be gone. He depends wholly upon his leadership for his income; for the patronage of that famous café of his will disappear the minute he loses power to command it. He is not personally popular, but keeps his district in line by the worst use of his influence. He terrorizes. I believe Drummond would welcome an excuse for getting rid of him; but, if he does so, take some precautions against Mulgrave annoying you personally. There is a chapter of criminal violence in his early history."

"Thank you," said Horace, squaring his shoulders in a way that made the older man smile. "I should not call upon his superior for assistance if it were a matter that could be settled personally. In that respect, I believe, it would do me a bit of good to encounter Mr. Mulgrave. Thank you, however, and good-night."

CHAPTER XXVIII

MISS MAXWELL CONFESSES A SENTIMENTAL IDEA

THE Maxwells, as a family, were not in a contented state, socially. They had eighteen thousand a year now, including Zoe's allowance to Emily, and no house-rent to pay, and by skilful management had contrived to keep their heads above water. "But not our bodies," Emily once declared. They had been dropped from no visiting lists on which they cared to remain, but, as the same observer remarked, "Visiting is no longer a function of society." They gave one reception and twelve dinners in a season; and the ladies' afternoons at home accumulated the cards of most people of the set in which they had once been leaders. This would have satisfied Mrs. Maxwell, who could not understand the new strange ways of society; and as for Horace, while he respectfully did his duty in all social matters requiring the services of an escort, he was too intensely absorbed in the greater game in which fate made him so conspicuous not to be secretly bored by the social demands upon his time.

But Emily fretted and smarted under the handicap their poverty imposed in the struggle she heroically maintained to live the only life that had the slightest charm for her.

"We go out to a score or two of dinners, and to a dozen receptions in the city season. Then everything stops with us, when with others they are but beginning," she complained. "City dinners and balls! They are old-fashioned, stupid relics of a past age when stages ran

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on Broadway and not a dozen families had country places. The life that has any meaning to it is lived in the country now. That we are cut off from as completely as if we never had a right in society. It is worse than wicked to be poor—it is stupid!”

“My dear Emily,” responded Horace, into whose patient ears this familiar lament was sung, “your awed tone about society would do admirably for a shopgirl’s story paper; but from you it strikes me as slightly humorous. Or were you merely satirical?”

“That’s a very pretty speech, Horace,” she said, but she was not annoyed, for she had aroused his combativeness, and for that she overlooked much. “Go on. Do you not advise me to write a novelette for *The Cook Ladies’ Courier*?”

“Really, Emily, one would suppose you did not know these people. You are talking about a set in which girls act as if they were married, and the married women as if they were not. The women in it who are well bred are usually stupid; those who have any wit are also usually vulgar. That you, who have good breeding and wit, too, should care for them, amazes me. To the few who pretend to know anything about art, or literature, or music, Bulwer’s novels are literature; Mendelssohn’s songs, music; Canova’s carvings, sculpture; and—yes, the merciless truth bears me witness—Bouguereau is an artist!”

“Bravo, Hoddy! You are talking away off the subject, but that’s not bad.”

“You are extremely agreeable, my sister,” Horace responded, with a low bow. “The best of their men are either school-boys, though they be gray-haired, playing school-boys’ games and pranks; or else are equipped merely to make faultless backgrounds in an opera-box, or on a lawn.”

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"Now, Hoddy, it is never wise to extend your reflections without regard to the condition of your liver. You have condemned out of hand the people who are our own class; the very people you would have been one of, and nothing else, but for papa's misfortune."

"Thank God, I escaped! even at the cost," exclaimed Horace. "But you mistake. I do not condemn; I only, so far as my feeble powers go, try to describe; and ask why you, a woman with brains, taught to read real books, know a painting from a Bouguereau, and—in the privacy of the family I may say it—whose thirty-eighth birthday precedes mine, should want such companions the year round? There is another society you could have, and are fitted to appreciate."

"What society, for instance?" Emily asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Well," said Horace, coloring a little, "Polly Foster has a lot of men and women around her who do things."

"I thought it would be dear Polly," commented Emily, sweetly.

"I knew you would think so, dear. But honestly, Emily, if I were master of this house, I should be mightily complimented if I could induce her set to come here; for they do not go often where they fail to find mental entertainment. They are artists, authors, composers, singers—men and women who have achieved something by their talents, and—"

"And whose airs and affectations bore me quite to extinction!" interrupted Emily. "Now, you listen to me, Horace. What you have said of the set may be all true. Indeed, I count it to you for righteousness, and forbearance, and the improvement of your liver, that you said so little; said nothing about divorces, and trading husbands, and the sale of rich girls for titles, and

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the rest of it that usually has place of honor in appreciations of our society. All that is utterly aside from the question, as it addresses itself to my worldly mind. I like people. I like the people whose ways I am familiar with, who do the things I understand, who talk about things interesting to me, because they concern people I've always known. I am conventional; I want to be with conventional people, sane people—stupid people, if you like. I was bred to the enjoyment of luxuries as a matter of course, and need them as much as you need bodily exercise—am physically distressed without them. I like fine gowns as you like fine paintings, and I admit nothing vulgar in such a taste. I want to be with people whose ways I know; do what they are doing; see what they see; gossip, if you please, with them about the failings, foibles, eccentricities of our own people. I care not one cent about, could not be aroused to the faintest interest in, the doings, sayings, gossip, scandals, successes, failures, achievements, births, marriages, divorces, deaths, or burials of your artists, writers, singers. Why are my honest preferences not to be as much respected as yours? You are amazed, you say? So am I. You refuse invitations many men would give their souls for. The Worthingtons ask you to go to Florida with them on their yacht, and you refuse as calmly as if it were a casual lunch invitation. You are good-looking—I ought not to tell you so—are supposed to be making at least fifty thousand a year, and could marry splendidly if you did not have these—these socialistic ideas."

Horace burst out laughing, and Emily, when she had recovered breath, laughed too.

"Well, Hoddy," she said, "if they are not socialistic, they are something else, dreadful. But do marry a lot of money, dear, and lift us out of this slough of

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despond. There's a dear. Now, I'll play you some—Mendelssohn."

The evening after his dinner with Mr. Garnett, and when partaking of the always ceremonious home dinner with his mother and sister—the Maxwell dinners were still models for those who adhered to the full-course dinner of an older fashion—Horace was questioned much by the ladies concerning his experience.

"One hears so much about Garnett's dinners, Horace. What was this like?" his mother asked.

"Well, mother, I feel justified in speaking of it, if you will permit me, as a duck of a dinner."

"Horace!"

So he told the amazed ladies what the great financier had served on his famous table. Mrs. Maxwell was shocked.

"Really, Horace, it was nothing less than an affront to you—to us all. I'd not invite a street-sweeper to such a meal."

"Neither would I," said Horace, laughing. "But I assure you it was a bully feed."

He sometimes lapsed into college vernacular in the license of a strictly family party.

"But it is positively immoral," exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell, in mild indignation. "I suppose one may serve seven courses of the same *plat*; there may be no law against it, but that does not make it a dinner. A meal lacking fish, a composed entrée, a roast, punch, sweet, and fruit, may satisfy hunger, but that does not justify one in calling it a dinner. A dinner—"

"A dinner is a sacred thing, of course, mamma," interrupted Emily. "But you must not be too hard on poor Garnett, when you've just received such a pretty note from him asking you to accept a couple of baskets

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of champagne he ventures to hope will please your taste, as it did Horace's."

"Did he send some of *that* champagne?" exclaimed Horace. "What can have moved his heart? Emily, have you been making eyes at him lately?"

"I haven't had a chance," responded Emily. "He never goes out, except to stag dinners, you know; and while I believe I'd be an ornament over the black coffee, on such occasions, no one seems to share my belief."

"And his cook in at black coffee!" said Mrs. Maxwell, whose indignation was still simmering.

"Call him 'chef,' and it does not sound so badly," Horace suggested. "Our cook gets but six hundred a year, while his chef gets ten thousand. The difference justifies the distinction. Besides, M. Chaudon was a friend of father's."

"A friend!" gasped Mrs. Maxwell. "Please, my son, be careful of your language."

"Let us pass from the dinner," suggested Emily, "and proceed to something worth while. What is Garnett's income, Horace? They say absurd things about it."

"Nobody knows, probably not even Garnett," her brother replied. "It is possibly larger now than Worthington's, and that means one of the largest in the world. Yet he is by no means as rich as Worthington. Garnett's investments are largely in industrials and other comparatively new enterprises that pay all sorts of dividends now, but are subject to all sorts of fluctuations. Worthington's are largely in low-interest stocks and bonds, the cream of securities, with the minimum of fluctuations and risks. By the time Garnett has his investments finally made in perfectly safe securities, and he's working to that end now, he'll have an income less than Worthington's; but I guess he and his family

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will be able still to dress respectably, keep their church pew, feel justified in retaining a hired girl, and sending the starched clothes out to be laundried. Say, four or five millions a year."

"Horace, what are you talking about—sending out clothes to be laundried?" inquired his mother, her mind still distracted by thoughts of a fishless dinner and a cook at the table.

"He is forecasting the Garnett family future," explained Emily. "I was interested, because I have some idea of marrying Mr. Garnett."

"You children talk nothing but nonsense this evening," Mrs. Maxwell commented, with the severe tone she used when her now almost middle-aged son and daughter were children in fact.

A servant brought a note to Horace, which he opened and read:

"MY DEAR MAXWELL,—I saw Worthington late this afternoon. He had canvassed our people pretty well, and says there is an agreement to let you try your plan with the contributions. If you will call on him to-morrow he will give you a list of the subscribers and the amount of contributions. Keep an eye on Mulgrave.

"Very truly yours,

"HERBERT GARNETT.

"To Horace Maxwell, Esq."

CHAPTER XXIX

PERCY TROUTT HEARS OF A PLOT

IT was in the middle of November, and the holiday rush of trade was already lengthening the hours and increasing the work of the hundreds of employés in the Grand Street stores of Brown & Anthony. Especially so with the workers in the cloak and suit department, where Carrie Foley was now well established in the place made vacant by the retirement of Rose Cavendish. Carrie lacked Rose's brilliancy, or inspiration, in the art whose connoisseurs are as exacting in Grand Street as on Fifth Avenue; still she had good taste, had been carefully trained by Mrs. Cavendish and Rose, and was a patient, tireless worker.

Carrie Foley never went out at night from her home with the Cassidys in Greenwich unless to return to the store to help with rush orders. She kept no company, made no acquaintances, though she was pretty and attractive. Many of the young men in the store tried to induce her to join some of the social clubs whose dances in hired halls were highly respectable and inexpensive, and frequently attended by ladies and gentlemen presiding over important counters in Broadway establishments. But Carrie declined these offers, as she did others to join Saturday-evening theatre-parties, composed of ladies and gentlemen occupying the higher positions in the store, who usually went to the rooms of one of the party after the theatre to discuss the drama

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over beer and steamed sausages, though there was also coffee for ladies who did not care for beer.

Percy Troutt seldom joined in these social revels, and therefore many of the ladies and gentlemen thought Percy and Carrie considered themselves superior; and this association of their names, and the fact that they frequently walked to and from the store together, led to the surmise that they entertained sentimental intentions which might lead to matrimony. Percy, when this gossip was delicately hinted to him, denied it with his old-time smile, which was now becoming more and more fixed, each month increasing the multitude of hair-line wrinkles about his eyes. But he also sighed.

No, he said, he had for Miss Foley only the regard he hoped she had for him: the friendly sympathy natural between a gentleman and lady occupying positions of high importance in the same store. As for marriage! Percy sighed again, and placed his hand over his breast-pocket, where were the clippings of all the gossip printed in New York papers about Miss Cavendish's triumphs abroad. Some of these had the importance of being cablegrams. Among them was the story of Rose's visit to Quarry Castle, and the belief of the American colony in London that the duke had captured the fair heiress's heart and the promise of her hand. No, there could be no affair of the heart between him and Miss Foley, Percy said.

So it was when, late one November afternoon, a cash girl approached Mr. Troutt as the young and handsome floor-walker was about to abandon his patrol for the day, and, standing at respectful attention until she was noticed, said, "Please, Mr. Troutt, Miss Foley wants to know and will you be so good as to step up to her department before you goes home, if you please, sir."

"Tell Miss Foley I shall be there in a few minutes,

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Maggie," Percy replied. He soon ascended by the elevator to the floor where Carrie was one of the assistant forewomen, and, like Rose, showed off garments on her own person, for in Grand Street there are no women employed as models exclusively.

There Carrie said to him: "I shall be kept half an hour or more, Mr. Troutt, but I wish you would wait for me. I have something to say to you of importance."

"Is it about Rose?" Percy asked, his hand fluttering to the press clippings.

"Not directly," she answered, "but it is about her lawyer, Mr. Maxwell."

"Ah, yes," Percy said. "I know him. I met him one night when I dined at the Waldorf with Rose and her mother."

Carrie had heard this scores of times, and it was the reason she sent for Percy. But she was a serious, good-hearted girl, so only looked pleased, and said: "Then you are just the person to carry some information to him. I will be down in half an hour."

Both were accustomed to walk home, having equally strong though different reasons for saving car-fare. When they started up the Bowery towards Eighth Street, through which they gained Greenwich Avenue, the main street of their district, Carrie said: "I have heard that that man Mulgrave is enraged against Mr. Maxwell, and swears he will do him an injury. Mr. Maxwell should know it."

"But," said Percy, surprised more at the girl's manner than her words, "what can we have to do with this? Mulgrave is a politician, and Maxwell is a lawyer, smart enough, I guess, to look out for his political interests."

"Mr. Troutt," Carrie said, and her voice and manner again surprised him, "you do not understand. You must understand, though, so you can explain to the law-

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yer. Mulgrave is to lose his place, his position, his leadership. He is to be turned down by the boss, and he blames Mr. Maxwell for it."

"How do you know?" Percy asked, only half understanding.

"My brother has heard, and—"

"Oh, Miss Foley, do you still let your brother see you?" Percy asked this in dismay, for Rose had told him to be with Carrie as much as possible, going to and from work, so her brother could not haunt her then.

"He meets me sometimes when I go home from work alone," she said.

"And you give him money?" Percy demanded, his suspicions aroused.

The woman was weeping now. "Yes," she said, "I give him all I can save, every cent, for perhaps when he has my money he does not steal. I have begged him to let me hire a room for him. I'd take care of him, if he would let me; but he comes to me only when he has no money, and—oh, God!—when he can steal none."

Percy drew the girl's hand through his arm, but he could say nothing. When she was quieter she went on, rapidly: "My brother in some way, I do not know how, blames Mr. Maxwell for being sent away from the district, and he boasted to me that Mulgrave would 'do' Mr. Maxwell."

"How 'do' him?" asked Percy, puzzled, and half alarmed by the girl's evident fright.

"Oh, you cannot know, because you've never lived among such people!" she cried. "Mulgrave is a bad and desperate man. He could hire men to beat, maim Mr. Maxwell—horribly beat, cruelly, horribly! Oh, I know! That is the way they get revenge when they cannot injure a man by politics."

"I begin to understand," Percy said. He was alarmed

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and nervous. There was a note of almost despair in his companion's voice that told him more than her words. He did not know her story. No one but Rose had known that at the store, but he knew she had lived among people ruled over despotically by an ignorant, arrogant, political leader; that her brother was in some way in that man's power, as were all criminals in his district; and he began to realize why this woman by his side felt a serious danger threaten Maxwell if he had incurred Mulgrave's enmity.

"I've heard of such things being done, and no one made to suffer for it," Percy at last said, thinking aloud, more than talking to Carrie. "The papers have stories of such things; brutal, disfiguring beatings, for which no one is made to suffer, because the villains are protected by some leader. But their victims are not high-toned swells like Maxwell."

"Because men like Mr. Maxwell seldom bother such men as Mulgrave," said Carrie, hastily. "Believe that I know what I fear, and go to Mr. Maxwell and tell him what I've told you."

"I will," said Percy, with sudden determination, and he threw out his chest, breathed fast, and scowled in an un-Percy manner at people who smiled at them for walking arm-in-arm.

I have explained there were a number of small-fry in the Troutt family when Percy first met and loved Rose, and that he confidently expected them, when old enough to swim out for themselves, to do so. This consummation Percy reckoned upon to relieve him from part, at least, of the responsibility of providing for all the household expense; in which case he hoped to be able to assure Rose of support if she would marry him. Since then two Troutts had matured, but Percy's fond hopes had not. Master Reginald Troutt, fired with an

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ambition to grow up in less crowded water, had used his first earnings to go West, and at the time when Percy walked home with Carrie on that November evening, the young man, so far from helping to pay rent and butcher's bill, was in a Western city unemployed, depending on remittances from Percy to avert the discomforts of starvation. Another, Miss Sylvia Troutt, instead of going into a Sixth Avenue store, where Percy had secured employment for her, had married a youth of her own tender age, a junior clerk in a law office by day, and an usher in a Broadway theatre by night. His combined earnings were twelve dollars a week, not a poor sum for a young couple to start life on, to be sure; but at about the time Sylvia made Percy an uncle the young husband came down with a cold on his lungs, due to the insufficient warmth of his official dress suit, worn home from the theatre under a too light overcoat. Now, threatened with consumption, and too weak to work, he was living with Sylvia and the baby at the Troutt house, at Percy's expense.

Percy never complained. When he said the neighborhood housemaid, who, for eight dollars a month, had been coming in to help Mrs. Troutt with the work, must go, because Sylvia and the baby and the sick boy-husband needed delicacies costing more than eight dollars a month, he calmed his mother's fears as to the housework ever being done at all by agreeing to do it himself.

Mother Troutt was a stout woman, addicted to the reading of romantic novels, and averse to physical exercise of any kind; conscious of social superiority naturally pertaining to the granddaughter of an English sea-captain who had owned a house, with land about it, in Greenwich Village when it was a village; into which village he was accustomed to smuggle rum and brandy when his ship lay off shore where there is now a great

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transatlantic line pier. Of late she assumed, and her neighbors admitted the justice of the assumption, an air of increased social importance owing to Percy's acquaintance and friendly, if not tender, relations with Miss Rose Cavendish. Her neighbors overlooked or forgave the fact that Mrs. Troutt once had been highly indignant that Percy should express a wish to have his mother call on Mrs. Cavendish and her daughter. Then it was evident a Greenwich villager, occupying the whole floor of a house which had once belonged to her grandfather, could not be expected, even at the urging of a love-sick son, to find out where Hickory Street was; make the long and dangerous voyage—Broadway to be crossed!—and call on a sewing woman whose daughter had no other qualifications for advancement in Brown & Anthony's except her bust and waist measurement.

Now, Mrs. Troutt revelled in Rose. It was enough that she had become rich; it came near being too much when Rose was paragraphed as a London sensation. Too much, because, with every fresh item cut from the paper, Mrs. Troutt made laborious journeys up and down so many flights of stairs, calling on interested neighbors to show the clippings and discuss the wonderful development, she well-nigh pumped all the breath out of her body. When the social columns printed the news of Rose's and Mrs. Cavendish's visit to Quarry Castle, with the names of a duchess, of a lord and lady, and a baronet and lady among the guests, Mrs. Troutt would absent-mindedly speak of Rose as "my daughter-in-law"; and several times, in a glorious confusion of hope and fantasy, spoke of her as "my daughter, the duchess."

The good lady had been deeply impressed by her eldest son's experience when he dined at the Waldorf with the

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Cavendishes. She learned of Mr. Lansing's connection with the Worthington family and sunned her fancies into tropical visions of what might happen in the way of social expansion now that Percy had met the only brother of *the* Mrs. Worthington. There were in her mind almost as great possibilities in the acquaintance Percy made on the same occasion with Horace Maxwell. This family, while it lived in the lower and old-fashioned end of the avenue, bore a name which in her youth had been one to conjure with, more potent than even Worthington; and she observed with much pride, in her diligent studies of the social column, that in the lists of "among those present" at all really grand entertainments occurred "Mr. Horace Maxwell, Mrs. and Miss Maxwell."

Imagine her joy, then, when Percy came home after his conversation with Carrie Foley and announced he was going that evening to call on Horace Maxwell! It was a personal matter, he said, not exactly social, nor yet business; but one which warranted his calling, and he wanted Algernon to help him with the dinner so that he, Percy, could get the dishes washed and put away in time to dress for the call.

Mrs. Troutt was glad she had, contrary to her custom, started the dinner. That is, she had a hot fire, and had put the potatoes on to boil.

Algernon was a youth of thirteen, still attending school, but expecting to begin his business career as a cash-boy next year. He was fond and proud of Percy, and a cheerful, helpful aider in the housekeeping.

"Now, Algy," said Percy, taking off his over and under coats, and tying on a long, blue-checked apron he made with his own hands, "what we want to do is to hustle things. Will Sylvia and Henry be at dinner?"

Henry Montgomery was the name of Sylvia's youthful husband. Algy learned that Henry would not, but

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Sylvia with the baby would, be at dinner. That made four grown-ups and one baby set of dishes to be arranged at table; and this the sons of the house did with alacrity, after spreading the cloth, which Percy handled with a professional skill Algy delighted in and strove to imitate.

Mrs. Troutt's breath was too short to allow her to do any of the active work of preparation; but she speeded things in a way that took much breath, however, reading a chapter from a highly sentimental romance, seated the while in the dining-room rocking-chair; raising or lowering her voice according to whether Percy was at long or short range, in the kitchen or in the dining-room. This range-finding was so accurate Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, in an adjoining room, were able to tell just what Percy was doing, and consequently how the dinner preparations progressed, but it frightened Baby Montgomery into purple terror.

"Now, then, Algy, jab a fork into the potatoes and see how we're coming on," Percy directed, busying himself with a composition of milk and rice for the invalid and the infant, which must be cooked in a double boiler.

"Tough!" said Algy, making a jab at a potato with an earnestness that would have answered well if he had been in a tent-pegging contest. "Tough as a baseball, Percy." This was because Mrs. Troutt put the pot on the cold lid of the stove, but was remedied by Percy, who also set some water on to boil.

"What you want in getting any meal, Algy," Percy said, in a confidential whisper, so as not to interrupt the reader's voice, "is plenty of hot water. The can of beans must go into awful hot water, or else they come out cold in the middle; the rice and milk must be put into a bigger pot of hot water, or else they burn; the dishes must have plenty of hot water for the washing, or else

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the grease sticks. Now, where are the chops and the frying-pan?"

The chops were found still wrapped up in the butcher's brown paper, and consequently flavored by it, and the frying-pan was found unwashed, Mrs. Troutt having used it in the afternoon for quickly warming some coffee left over from morning, and forgotten to wash it. "Pour a little hot water in the pan, Algy, not too much to waste it, and give her a good scrubbing while I salt the chops," Percy said.

Algy did as directed, and then resumed forking the potatoes, an operation he peculiarly enjoyed, which resulted in the potatoes appearing at the table looking as if they had been a target for a charge of bird-shot. "They're getting soft as putty," Algernon whispered, just as Percy had the chops ready to fry.

"Drain them off, then," Percy replied. "Throw some salt over them, and put 'em on the back of the stove to dry. That will give me room for the frying-pan."

In this cheerful manner the dinner was prepared. Sylvia came out in a wrapper, took a chop and some milky rice in to Henry, and reappeared with the baby just as the sizzling chops, the dry potatoes, the steaming beans appeared. Percy served the chops, Algy the potatoes, and Sylvia the beans, now and then putting a bean into the baby's mouth, and thereafter wondering what ailed the little dear's digestion, not having learned that a diet of canned beans has killed more of our soldiers in the past few years than have the less deadly bullets of our enemies not engaged in contracting with the Army Commissary Department.

Mrs. Troutt continued to read aloud as she ate, thereby making conversation—which at best protracts a dinner—impracticable, so the meal was soon over, and Percy and Algy attacked the problem of washing and wiping

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dishes. Percy washed and Algy wiped, and it would do one good to see the brisk way in which plates, knives, forks, platters, pots, and pans were disposed of, and untidiness and disorder gave place to neatness and tranquillity.

"I say, Percy," Algy remarked, running a handful of knives and forks through a towel, letting them drop on the kitchen table dry and shining, "what are you going to say when you first see Mr. Maxwell—when he lets you in the door?"

"He doesn't let me in. A hired man—a servant—does that."

"Oh!" exclaimed Algy, and added, after a pause, "Will he wear stockings like in the pictures, or buttons like messenger boys?"

"Well," Percy answered, "our livery department, which is much patronized by servants who supply their own clothes, and even by some old families who supply liveries for their servants, for we figure very close in that line, make regular evening dress mostly for servants' house wear. The breeches and stockings are worn in houses of new people, not the Maxwell kind. Now, we're through. Let's get the breakfast stuff out to save time in the morning; then you can come and see me dress. Coffee-pot and coffee; bacon, and knife to cut it; bread and toasting-iron; eggs—ah! no eggs to-morrow—and oatmeal, with double boiler to cook it in. All set. Come on."

Percy and Algernon occupied together a little hall bedroom, where Percy's two most cherished possessions, his guitar and dress suit, reposed in their cases on a shelf over the door, requiring the aid of a chair to be reached. Great economy of space was necessary in the little room, which was as snugly and compactly arranged as a junior officer's cabin on a man-of-war. A

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dress shirt and pair of patent-leather shoes were packed with the suit, and as Percy donned all these Algy's imagination became so excited by the increasing splendor of his big brother's state he began to think, perhaps, the Maxwells might adopt Percy, who would then always dress thus, never have dishes to wash, and probably have spending money to provide a younger and loving brother with quantities of games, candy, perhaps even a bicycle! Algernon had never read any fairy stories, but he lived hundreds of them.

"Now, Percy," said his mother, when he went to display to her admiring eyes the beauty of his attire before concealing it with his overcoat, "be sure to remember everything the ladies wear, and just exactly everything they say, so you can tell me."

"Yes, if I see them," her son answered, dubiously.

"See them! Why, they'll not have gone to bed yet. You'll be there by half-past eight."

CHAPTER XXX

MR. TROUTT'S CALL AND REWARD

THE Maxwells, when there was no occasion for an early dinner, such as opera or theatre, dined at eight. This hour was made necessary by Mrs. Maxwell's refusal to have tea served before Horace returned from his office, and as this seldom occurred before six o'clock, to have a seven-o'clock dinner would have resulted in making tea its first course. So the family was still at dinner when a servant brought to Horace a card, on which was written, "Mr. Percival Troutt."

"Percival Troutt," repeated Horace. "Who can Percival Troutt be that hath a written card?"

"Romantic name," commented Emily; "somehow suggests an early English romance and a market-stall."

"What is he like?" Horace inquired of the servant.

"He's dressed, sir, and has a German mustache, and—and—smiles," replied the man, who was a Swiss.

"Oh," said Horace, a light thus supplied. "He smiles. Show him into the library. See that he has a reading light and an evening paper, and say I'll see him in a few minutes." Horace was himself smiling.

"To be identified by a smile!" exclaimed Emily. "How interesting! Who is he, Horace?"

"Oh, he's a young man, by way of being something in a dry-goods store," her brother explained, not mentioning where he had met Percy, for since the newspaper reports of Rose's engagement with the Duke of Quarry

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her name was taboo with Emily. Horace had not related to Emily the information to the contrary he received from Mrs. Foster, for his sister always played music he disliked when Polly was mentioned. He excused himself from the table before coffee was served, and went to the library. Percy was looking with some wonder at the bewildering number of books stretching away in high cases into the dim farthest end of the long room, where they were lost in shadows. He did not observe Horace upon his entrance, and was rather embarrassed at hearing his name spoken, and no less so when he turned and saw Horace, for he did not remember him as so tall, nor so broad-shouldered, nor so grave and altogether statuesque.

It was a mental characteristic of Percy that he could make a perfectly plain narration of any facts he understood when he had once begun. He knew exactly what he was to say to Maxwell, but unfortunately had not determined on a form of introducing his story, so remained silent, smiling, and hopelessly casting about in his mind for a word of preface. He could think of nothing else to say than, "I am Percy Troutt."

"Oh yes," Horace replied, seeing his visitor's embarrassment, and wanting to make things easy. "I recall you distinctly. Rather than keep you waiting longer I have ordered my coffee served here. Mr. Troutt will have some coffee, Philip," he said to the man who entered with his, "and bring some brandy and cigars, too." Turning to Percy, he said: "I hear from our friends abroad occasionally. They are all well, making some provincial tours, although rather late in the season for sight-seeing."

They were seated now, and Percy was putting lumps of sugar in his coffee, feeling more at ease, though he wondered whether the cup would not crush in his hand

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when he lifted it, and thinking what fine work it must be to wash and dry such china.

"There are some parts of England," Horace continued, when he had lit a cigar, "that have a late autumn beauty Americans seldom see. When I was a youngster I did some boating on the Thames almost as late as this, when the autumn, like this one, was unusually warm. We had the river pretty much to ourselves, and it was very lovely—especially between Maidenhead and Henley."

Horace saw there was no opening in this, which he offered under the impression his visitor had something to say about their friends, so he tried again: "I recall you are employed with Brown & Anthony. That reminds me: Miss Cavendish asked me to make some inquiries occasionally about a Miss Carrie Foley, also employed there. I have done so, through my office-boy, with whose mother she lives, and hear her affairs are tranquil—at least not requiring my advice. Do you see her?"

Here was his opening, so Percy proceeded to relate with exactness all Carrie had said to him.

Horace was impatient with the subject: annoyed that two persons as unlike as Mr. Garnett and Carrie Foley should feel called upon to warn him of personal danger. Stalwart, athletic, as he was, it gave him a sense of affront that any one should suppose him incapable of looking after his personal safety. But as his visitor talked on, Horace got an idea of the panic in which Carrie must have spoken, and the sense of affront wore away as he concluded the young woman who had been so cruelly wronged by Mulgrave was probably hysterically frightened by her brother's report of the man's threat; and that both she and Percy were actuated by friendly motives in which they could realize no element of im-

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pertinence. So he changed the subject by asking Percy about his own work. He had a reason for this. Mrs. Cavendish, besides asking him to make provision for Mrs. Cassidy and the twins, spoke of Percy Troutt, and, as Horace recalled her words, seemed to wish him to be employed by the estate. Such ideas as Horace had of the duties of a floor-walker were hazy, and derived from pen-pictures meant rather to amuse than instruct. He knew nothing of the important supervision intrusted to them; the multitude of details to be perfectly mastered; least of all, how they stood as buffers between the impact of every variety of feminine temper and their employers.

Percy knew his business thoroughly, and was happy in talking about it—who does not love talk of his shop, though it relate to breaking stones or measurement of the planets? Horace was soon genuinely interested, and concluded his visitor must also be, for Percy completely lost his smile, and was frank and sincere in a way quite winning, suggesting a side to his nature usually masked by his smile.

Maxwell was much in need of a man in his office to act as buffer between him and scores of callers with material, machinery, inventions, and other things to offer to the Construction Company; to take off his hands dictation of a purely routine correspondence; transact small affairs of business which could not be left to clerks. So, while he seemed only to be indifferently listening as he lazily smoked, he was giving close study to Percy, and at last took his visitor's breath away by asking if his employers would grant him a month's leave to go into the office of the Farnham Estate, on probation. Percy stammered that he had never considered such a thing, but believed the firm thought well of him, and would give him opportunity to better himself. Horace said

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he would write Percy a letter, which he could show to his employers if he wished, and Percy thanked him in a daze of delight, said good-night, and ran all the way home through the rain to tell the wonderful news to his mother and Algy, waiting to hear an account of the call.

"Your patent-leathers are all muddy!" exclaimed Algy, as Percy burst into the dining-room.

"And, good gracious, Percy!" exclaimed Mrs. Troutt, "you never buttoned up your overcoat, and your shirt bosom is so wet it will have to go to the laundry before you can wear it again. What has happened? Did Mrs. Maxwell ask you to call?"

"Algy, get the flannel rag," exclaimed Percy, pulling off his shoes. "It's wrapped up in brown paper in the top drawer. I must rub down the shoes before they dry."

So, vigorously rubbing the shoes, Percy told his wonderful story, while Algy saw visions of a bicycle all his own, and Mrs. Troutt dreamed of dinner invitations to the Maxwells', and a fast approaching time when she would live the experiences of the most fortune-favored mothers of her romances.

In a week Percy presented himself in Maxwell's office, with a letter from his firm vouching for his integrity, intelligence, and faithfulness. They would regret losing his services in that season, but gladly put up with the inconvenience in the wish to see his prospects improve, and took advantage of the opportunity to call attention to their increased facilities for supplying house garments, livery or otherwise, for both male and female servants, in the department of their establishment of which Mrs. Maxwell had long been a highly esteemed patron, and signed themselves, etc., etc.

Percy proved a valuable time and labor saver to Maxwell. He had a desk in an office next to his chief's,

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with a stenographer and typewriter, where he soon learned to dispose of the routine correspondence, studying the office letter-book for forms of composition; received and satisfactorily attended to the affairs of many daily callers, some having legitimate business and some none, but all feeling as they departed they had been politely treated in the office of Martin Farnham, Estate of. The necessities of Sylvia, Henry, and the baby readily absorbed too much of Percy's increased salary to permit Algy's Utopian dreams to be literally fulfilled; yet that good-natured assistant housekeeper did receive a pair of roller-skates on Christmas, and, as they afforded wheel locomotion, were, Algy admitted, the next best thing to a bicycle.

CHAPTER XXXI

AVERTING UNFRIENDLY LEGISLATION

THE wayward course of my narrative has run aside from the orderly path which before now would have brought us to a relation of the incidents which, as one of its least expected results, made a private secretary of Percy Trouth. The reader has guessed that Horace Maxwell carried out his plan of becoming disburser of political contributions, and that his action in this respect embittered the doomed leader, Neill Mulgrave.

Maxwell's plan was justified by its success. If he were ambitious for reputation as an inventor of a new attachment—something in the nature of a brake—since applied to political machines with conspicuous success, he could point to the fact that his unpatented invention has been used in greater than municipal campaign, than State campaign—in fact, was made one of the features of the next succeeding national—but no! this is not a political history. There is no proper place in these pages to explain how an agent of combined capital, in a bigger sphere than Maxwell's, did some similar work in a broader field to the entire satisfaction of an eminent body of subscribers.

Horace first called upon Mr. Drummond, a man he had never seen. But I know New Yorkers, men of intelligence, too, who have never seen the Bowery, would not know how to go to Corlears Hook, have never crossed Washington Bridge, and are as unconscious of lost

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opportunities as residents of Buffalo who never saw Niagara Falls, though living all their lives nearly within sound of its roar. Horace had heard Mr. Drummond's political roar upon occasion, and it sometimes had a terrifying sound. He was amazed, therefore, to find his personal voice soft, and delivered with a lisp. Nevertheless, there was about him a suggestion of determined force with craftiness added. He was a man, however, who would depend in a close political battle upon his knowledge of certain characteristics of the whole people he expected to rule. Drummond was domineering, harsh, intolerant in his dealings only with those few who personally carried out his orders. None of these traits was displayed either in his intercourse with men not major parts of his machine, or in the larger exercise of his powers over the city. He ruled, first, because he demanded of his captains unquestioning submission to his policy; next, because he gave the people at large bread and circuses to divert their attention from that policy. He judged most people to be simples not much given to study of the academics of politics; difficult to arouse to resentment against political wrong, which, if real, they felt less than they felt the joy of being at the circus. If not simples, then they were engaged in affairs they much desired should be let alone by him, and, for immunity granted, willing to reciprocate by letting his affairs alone. Unlettered as he was, he was yet so wise in his reading of human nature that when threatened by Reform he did not promise to reform, but made Reform a jest and a by-word in the mouths of the people.

Some mischance meeting of political breezes had upon occasion created a whirlwind that battered and stranded his galley of state; but in the following calm those who triumphed in his wreck did not heed as he

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patiently made repairs, and effected a relaunching, somewhat scarred, but none the less able to battle.

Maxwell called at his office by appointment and went straight to the purpose of his visit. He told Drummond he came to arrange for the payment of the campaign contributions of a number of individuals and interests, to submit a list of the contributors, and to mention the total sum they were willing to give for the strictly legitimate expenses of the campaign. Drummond nodded his head gravely at the words "legitimate expenses," took the list, adjusted his eye-glasses, and examined it not very carefully, it seemed to Horace.

"Well, Mr. Maxwell," he said, in a soft voice, but with a note of complaint in it that appeared affected, "I shall have to make some examination before I can say whether or not these gentlemen have been as liberal as usual this year. I think, though, the total you mention is rather below what the same contributors gave last year. The campaign is very expensive. There are many men in modest circumstances on the ticket who naturally look to the organization for help in the hundreds of expenses that come up. You understand these matters: hall-rent, music, speeches, printing, clerk-hire."

He stopped, waiting for Horace to comment, but Horace remained quiet. Drummond was eying him closely when he resumed, in a significant tone: "These gentlemen, many of them, have large interests requiring more or less attention at Albany, in Washington, here, in the city government."

Again he paused for a reply, but Maxwell remained silent.

"Our campaign fund is rather low at present," Drummond resumed, "but I guess you and I can arrange this without any trouble if you'll raise the sum twenty-five per cent."

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"I am authorized, Mr. Drummond," Horace now said, quietly, "to determine this matter on my own judgment; and my determination is to withdraw the offer, and not repeat it, unless it is accepted at this interview."

This was said superbly. Maxwell's voice was as quiet, his manner as calm, as Drummond's. The latter's dark, heavy face twitched in a curious manner; it seemed to Horace he was trying to repress a grim smile. He spoke gravely enough, however, when in a few seconds his mouth had resumed its usual resemblance to an observant tiger's: "I should not like to quarrel, at our first meeting, with a gentleman I've heard spoken of as highly as you, Mr. Maxwell. Suppose I agree to your offer: you'll send the check, when?"

"When we've made a little further agreement," Maxwell replied. Then he told Drummond that a number of the contributors, the Farnham Estate among them, had cause for complaint, and he believed Mr. Drummond would remove the cause when he understood it. He explained the pernicious interference with contract works going on in the city, which were delayed by acts of officials, or failure of promised municipal legislation. This he considered a violation of an agreement implied between Mr. Drummond and the contributors; and as the interference ceased only upon further payments, it was not alone a cause of annoyance but expense, which he supposed the first contributions covered.

"If any man in the organization is responsible for such acts," Drummond said, slowly, and as he now spoke Horace for the first time discovered suggestion of the famous roar, although the speaker's voice was yet low and soft, "the organization will get rid of him."

Maxwell was fortified with abundance of proofs, which he submitted, and Drummond's face glowered as the name of Neill Mulgrave came into the subject.

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"Oh, he's been doing business on his own account again," Drummond commented, as he looked at the memorandum of proof. "Well, that settles him."

"You mean?" said Horace.

"I mean he'll be turned down," said Drummond; and his eyes opened wide for the first time during the interview.

"I am told, and believe, that your word is your bond," Maxwell said, rising. "I shall deliver you the contribution to-morrow."

"Wait a moment," said Drummond, in an entirely different manner. "You live in the Fifteenth Ward, Fifth Assembly District, Fifteenth Senatorial and Eighth Congressional District, I believe."

"Upon my word," said Horace, laughing, "I accept your description. I could not stand an examination upon the political geography of my home."

"You vote with our organization?"

"Sometimes," Horace replied.

"Your father did," Drummond said, confidently.

Horace had been receiving such unexpected information about his father, from such unexpected sources, he did not controvert this.

"I think," continued Drummond, "we could carry your district for Congress with the right candidate. Your kind of people vote mostly with the other side, but I believe you could carry enough of them to change the result. The margin is small."

"Five years from now I might not object to trying," Horace responded, good-naturedly.

"I hope before that," Drummond said, and added, with a chuckle, "It wouldn't cost you anything to run—no expenses, I mean."

When Horace departed, Drummond made a brief comment: "I wonder these people who are combining every-

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thing else never before thought of combining on me. Well, the net sum is larger than last year's, because there are no commissions to pay this year. Garnett told me I could not bluff Maxwell, and I nearly laughed when he met my bluff with one of his own. That's a strong man. Neill Mulgrave will raise hell, but he had the rope, and hung himself. He was warned, too."

Maxwell also made mental comment on the interview. "I wonder," he said to himself, "if I am a bad, wicked man, lacking fine moral sense, faithless to the sacred trust of citizenship, an accessory of public plunderers, an abettor of those fastening the chains of the boss upon an oppressed, a robbed, and suffering community?"

He was trying on himself, to see if they would fit, the phrases he read in the paper whose opposition to machine politics lacked effectiveness, according to Mr. Garnett, because caviare to the general. He did not find any of these characterizations bit into his conscience. He was neither an Oliver Cromwell nor a Don Quixote; and if the system of politics to which his acts conformed produced wrongs, real or visionary, he was too nearly a product of the same system in business to feel the wrath of the reformer or crusader rise within him, even when that system came under his immediate contemplation. He was not benumbed by knowledge of the vastness of the task political revolutionists must achieve to overthrow the reigning princes, Drummond and Weston; rather, he accepted their rule as conducive to less friction in the conduct of his own affairs than would be the rule of the people. Now he had found it a simple business matter to remove the only cause of friction he could complain of, he was less likely than ever to be roused into rebellion by the rhetorical alarums daily sounded by his favorite evening paper.

"Could I," he mused, "if the interests I am identified

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with were endangered by acts of a government really of the people, have secured a remedy through so brief and simple an interview as that I had with Drummond? I knew he could be handled by my plan. What a wise old man he is. How quickly and without waste of words he acknowledged that a condition, not a theory, confronted him! I wonder how Weston will act?"

In the latest friendly division of subject territory Drummond took the city of New York, Weston the remainder of the State, with certain extra-territorial privileges.

Maxwell found Weston an oily person, addicted to flattering phrases of vague meaning, if any. He was, as we interpret the phrase, more a man of the world than Drummond, yet held much less of the world subject to his rule.

He had, he assured Horace with a gravely interested manner, observed his professional career with deep, personal satisfaction. His success, however, was no surprise to any one who had enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace's father—he also distinctly and pleasantly remembered his grandfather—a man possessed of a graceful and charming manner, which, however, did not conceal the rarely intellectual gifts he was so abundantly supplied with.

Horace bowed.

Mr. Weston hoped Mr. Maxwell's interest in politics, shown by the occasion of his most welcome call, was a promise of larger interest leading him into the active ranks, where, either as ally or opponent, it would please Mr. Weston to welcome him.

Horace bowed.

Mr. Weston had received an intimation from his esteemed friend, Mr. Worthington, that Mr. Maxwell had kindly consented to attend to the little matter of making the campaign contributions for a number of his, Mr.

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Weston's, as well as Mr. Worthington's, associates in politics and in business. He was glad of this: a young man of Mr. Maxwell's breadth and liberality of views was unprejudiced by the foolish, ignorant outcry concerning the purpose for which such contributions were received; and also realized the necessity for making those contributions liberal—the justice, indeed, of making them liberal, in view of the jealous care the party, of which he, Mr. Weston, was a humble working member, took to guard the large interests of which he, Horace, was so distinguished a representative, against the socialistic, yes, even the anarchistic, zeal of a certain class of legislators in Albany and in Washington.

Horace bowed.

What was the amount Mr. Maxwell had suggested? In the pleasure he felt in meeting the distinguished son of an old and valued friend he had not heeded the amount Mr. Maxwell had suggested.

Horace "suggested" the amount again, whereupon Mr. Weston looked first surprised, then pained. "There must be some mistake," he said. "You and the other gentlemen whose names appear on this list realize the enormous expense the party organization must bear in carrying on a campaign; and, I can speak confidentially, in taking proper precautions to avert unfriendly legislation."

"Oh, Worthington gets that beautiful phrase from you, eh?" thought Horace, but he said nothing, which disconcerted Mr. Weston.

"The contributions are a little late this year," Weston continued, "but we have gone ahead incurring obligations of strictly legitimate character, based on the assumption that our funds from this source would be more, rather than less, this year than last. I am compelled, in the interest of the party, to suggest the sum be increased,

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say about twenty-five per cent., at which figure I shall feel justified in assuring the contributors the same diligent attention to their interests they have enjoyed from us in the past."

"The matter has been placed in my hands for final settlement," Horace said, "and so far from increasing the sum I shall withdraw its offer finally if it is unsatisfactory to you, and unless I have your continued assurance of as active opposition to unfriendly legislation in the future as in the past."

The genial mask dropped from Weston's face as he remarked, "I know it was not intended as such, but your speech might be construed as a threat by a less considerate listener."

"An ultimatum is usually susceptible of that construction," Horace said, rising and putting on his hat. "Good-day, Mr. Weston. The offer remains open to-day."

Within an hour Weston had seen Worthington and Drummond. Then he sent a note to Horace to call, and said to him that, having given the subject more consideration, and in view of the fact the plan relieved him of the time, trouble, and vexation of making individual collections, he realized the sum offered, if not liberal, was just. Maxwell expressed his satisfaction that the incident was closed amicably, and again rose to go, but was detained by Mr. Weston, who said, in a cooing manner: "The representative in Congress from your district will be unable to run again after this term, and we are looking for a strong man for the nomination. Does your taste incline that way?"

Horace had difficulty in repressing a smile as he answered, "Five years from now I might not object to trying," and then hastened his departure, for there was a streak of boyishness left in this man of many big affairs,

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and he knew that streak was going to assert itself in a laugh very soon.

Not long after Percy Troutt became a useful ornament to an office in the Farnham Estate suite he appeared before Horace, as the latter was about to go up-town to inspect the house now nearly ready for the Cavendishes. "It's Mr. Mulgrave," said Percy, visibly agitated, as he showed the card the Cassidy twin brought in.

Horace glanced at the card and said, "Detain him a minute or two, then show him in." He took off his overcoat and frock-coat, put on a light office-jacket, shoved chairs and a table from the centre of the room, and drew on a pair of loose street-gloves. As he made these unusual preparations to receive a caller, he hummed a march his boat crew sang when carrying a boat on their shoulders between the boat-house and the water, that they might keep in step and not impart a twisting motion to the fragile cedar craft. He crumpled up a scrap of paper, tossed it in air, hit it squarely with his snugly closed left hand, and remarked, "Good eye," in an approving manner.

Percy announced Mr. Mulgrave, and retired, smiling so hard the typewriter, a practical young woman, looked at him in alarm.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Maxwell," Mulgrave said, looking round the room as if he would sit down if all the chairs were not leaning against the wall.

"Good-day," Horace responded, eying his caller, his hands loosely swinging before him.

"Say," Mulgrave began, in a tone that disappointed Horace, for it was whining, not belligerent, "the chief sent for me, and says you've been making a holler about me."

"Well?"

"He says I've got to carry the district without any help from the organization."

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"Well?"

"That means if I can't I'm turned down."

"So I've understood."

"And that means my ruin. Now, I've never done you no harm, Mr. Maxwell. I had to get a little stuff from you on some of those Farnham contracts, because the boys in the board wouldn't do right unless there was something in it."

"They would, if you had told Drummond to make them do right," Horace said. "But I believe you are lying to me. I believe you faked the excuse, and black-mailed me because you knew I would pay, rather than have delays happen that would forfeit valuable contracts for whose performance I am responsible under bond. I believe you put the boys in the board up to that particular deviltry, Mr. Mulgrave."

The visitor shifted about uneasily, shot anxious, furtive glances at Horace, whom he always saw lightly, eagerly poised with his gloved hands freely swaying before him. Then he said: "I'm sorry you think I'd do a thing like that, Mr. Maxwell. If you'll go to the chief and fix this thing, I'll raise the money and return the amount I got from you. That's square, isn't it? You don't know what it means to be turned down in the organization, or you wouldn't put me in this hole. I hope you won't be as hard on me as that, sir."

Horace thought of John Cavendish, of Carrie Foley, and that probably many others, too, had been victims of this ruffian, and he answered, coldly: "However much you may be made to suffer by the process of turning down, Mulgrave, you will not suffer a hundredth part of the punishment you deserve. Good-day."

"Is that all?" asked Mulgrave, white and trembling.

"That's all."

The district leader looked about the room, again at

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Maxwell, whose body was rhythmically swaying, and in whose eyes there was an almost boyish delight and eagerness; then turned slowly, and, without speaking, left the room.

“Bah!” exclaimed Horace, when he was alone. “After all the warnings—a cur! I’d not be so disgusted if I’d not made up my mind for a fight, and wanted it with un-Christian joy.”

It was shortly after this Horace received the visit from the light-weight, Michael Cassidy, recorded in another chapter. The next day he learned the whereabouts of the *Orient*, the ship on which John Cavendish had sailed from Vladivostock, and then he cabled to Mrs. Cavendish, “John due here in from two to six weeks.”

He received prompt reply:

“Thank you for good news. We sail in two days. Mary Cavendish.”

CHAPTER XXXII

SOME EXPECTED, AND UNEXPECTED, VOYAGERS' ARRIVALS

A TALL man, muffled from chin to heels in a heavy storm-defying overcoat, with hands thrust deep in its wide side pockets, paced up and down on the open space beyond the long shed at the end of a liner pier, looking eagerly down the North River to the bay each time his sentry-go faced him south. On his opposite route he looked about with impatience when he noted that none of the pier crew was yet on hand to prepare the lines by which the expected steamer would pass its hawsers ashore.

"On a day like this every preparation to dock the ship should be made in ample time," he muttered. "There should be no delay when the ship comes this far upstream. I shall speak to the agents about this."

Then he paced south again, and stopped suddenly, for out of the multitude of craft in the lower river and upper bay he descried the big liner moving slowly up from Quarantine.

Then some men came out from the comparative shelter of the pier shed, bringing with them a line, an end of which they passed to a rowboat brought to the pier front by three men making their way through the floating ice the ebb-tide was carrying down-stream. They were exasperatingly deliberate about their work, Horace thought, and he wondered, too, that instead of talking of the approaching liner they discussed a col-

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lision between a lighter and a ferryboat that happened hours before. Horace looked into the long, bleak shed, surprised to find so few people arrived to welcome friends.

"I should think Peter Foster would be here," he said. "I telephoned him an hour ago the ship was at Quarantine."

Carriages with fur-ruffed coachmen and footmen began to clatter down the pier, and out of one, whose men wore the livery of Mrs. Foster, senior, stepped Peter, precisely dressed, wearing a flower, yet unblighted by the frost, in a buttonhole of his exactly fitting top-coat. He stepped briskly out to the end of the pier, surprised to see Horace, who said, "Hello, Foster, you are late."

"Late?" inquired Peter. He glanced down the river, made out the ship, and said, "Why, she won't be docked for an hour with this tide running."

"I've been here an hour," said Horace; "ever since I 'phoned you. There's no telling how short a time a ship will be held at Quarantine."

Peter looked astonished at this evidence of impatience in the usually calm Mr. Maxwell, but only offered him a cigar by way of comment.

The ship drew near, and was seen to be coated with ice; nearer still, and people on the pier began identifying friends at the ship's rail. The small boat pushed out from the pier-head, passed its line aboard the ship, the line was bent to a hawser, and that was slowly drawn through the icy water and made fast to the pier, and an engine on board wound it taut. Busy little tugs butted the bow of the big ship to keep it from swinging too far down-stream; and slowly she headed in to her berth.

"There she is!" exclaimed Horace, suddenly.

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"Where?" said Peter. "I can't make out a blond head at the rail. Where?"

Horace did not answer, for he had not seen a blond head either. He raised his hat, though, to a tall, black-haired woman, who smiled and waved her hand in return, shrugged her shoulders, pointed to a deck state-room, and retired.

"That was Miss Cavendish," Peter said. "I suppose her pantomime means it's too cold for her mother or Polly, and we'll find them in their cabins."

Horace was the first up the gang-plank, but at the top stopped, and let Peter pass him and lead the way, saying to himself, "What's your hurry, Mr. Lawyer?"

Polly was enveloped in Peter's arms when Horace entered the state-room. Mrs. Cavendish and Rose stepped towards him at the same time.

"My boy—John—have you heard more?" the mother said.

"Mr. Maxwell! you have been ill—are ill!" the daughter said.

"Where's Petie?" his father asked. Polly explained her son was down on some mysterious deck settling with the ship's butcher, who took care of Petie's dog on the voyage.

Polly had but a few trunks, and nothing dutiable to declare, so the Fosters, the wildly delighted dog, and the speechless maid soon rolled away in Mamma Foster's carriage.

Rose and her mother had fourteen trunks—that is, Rose had twelve, her mother two, and concerning these there was much to transact with customs officials. When Rose had been asked by inspectors who boarded the ship down the bay if she had more than one hundred dollars' worth of wearing apparel purchased abroad, she confessed to have a number of thousands of dollars'

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worth, and was told by the official she must declare them. She could only declare that she expected a gentleman to meet them on the pier who would attend to the matter, if the official would please not confiscate, or throw overboard, or burn up, or fumigate, or whatever it was the United States did to wearing apparel exceeding one hundred dollars in value, to punish citizens for buying gowns abroad. Horace had anticipated this, and was supplied with an amount of money to satisfy the pier appraiser when, after consultation with Rose, that official agreed upon the sum of her tax.

"Mrs. Foster told me they would do something dreadful because I bought things in Paris and London," Rose said to Horace, when she had seen him pay a smart sum to an official in a little glass cage on the wharf. "But I told her I knew you could arrange it without any trouble. It has not been any trouble, has it, Mr. Maxwell?"

Horace assured her there had been none, inwardly commenting that she did not associate payment of money with trouble. He realized that Rose, as well as her mother, considered payment of their money by him, and not by them, as a sort of formality in which they had no concern or interest.

As soon as the business requiring the presence of Rose was finished Horace took them to a carriage, by whose door a man in livery, with neatly folded laprobe over his arm, was in attendance, and told them they must not risk their health on the cold, draughty pier, but drive home, and he would attend to having the luggage sent up.

"Home!" said Mrs. Cavendish, flushing. "The new house?"

"Yes," said Horace. "You will find lunch ready for you."

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"I will never go into the house until you take us in," said Rose. "It is all your work, and you must be first to show it to us."

"We will wait for you," Mrs. Cavendish said, simply.

"Very well," Horace replied. He sent the maid ahead with the hand-baggage, went to the company's office, telephoned to Percy to look after the trunks, and then entered the carriage with the ladies.

When the footman arranged the laprobe the initials "M. C.," woven in a corner, caught Mrs. Cavendish's eye. She looked at it, flushed again, and glanced at Horace, inquiringly.

"Oh, this is your turnout," he said. "I hope you like it."

Mrs. Cavendish did not reply, but Rose exclaimed: "It's perfect! I did not say anything about it because, noticing 'M.' in the marking, I thought it was your family's—it is so quiet and elegant." She blushed, and added, quickly, "It is like the best we saw in Hyde Park; not the—the—new rich kind; I mean—"

"You mean, Rosie," said Mrs. Cavendish, smiling at her daughter's confusion, "that Mr. Maxwell has done everything just as you always said he would."

This speech did not relieve the situation, so Horace said: "I've had such help in arranging for you. I want to tell you a little about it. You'll find in your home a woman in charge as house-keeper. She is a Mrs. Bartlett I've known all my life. She was once my mother's maid, then her house-keeper. She married from our house a small, prosperous tradesman, but is now a widow. She has a little property, but is childless, and without relatives; so when my mother, who always retained an interest in her, knew I wanted a house-keeper for you, she sent for her, and we arranged that Mrs. Bartlett should open the house, engage servants,

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and remain for a month. Then, if you are satisfied, she can continue in the place. My mother's plan with her, always satisfactory, was to let her employ, direct, and discharge servants, holding her responsible for proper service, giving her general directions only."

Horace, with this pretence of telling what had been done, contrived to inform Mrs. Cavendish what she was to do, and many straightforward questions from Rose showed she understood the device, and was anxious her mother should benefit by Horace's information.

The house Maxwell bought was a few doors from the avenue, near the crest of Murray Hill. It was built on liberal lines before the front stones of the now disappearing reservoir were ivy-covered. Very little but the old walls had been left by the architects working under Maxwell's direction, yet the scheme of furnishing and decoration Horace adopted gave no hint that the interior was wholly new. He had made such skilful use of fine old furniture and tapestry, exercised such excellent taste in the selection of paintings and bronzes, been so sympathetically aided in his intention by artists who had done the ceilings, that the house, far from affronting by the modernity of to-morrow, gave restful impression of presenting the gradually acquired homeliness of half a century's growth.

The party was met by Mrs. Bartlett, an energetic, healthily good-natured woman, who spoke with a just perceptible German accent, and who earned a searching glance from Rose when she addressed Maxwell as "Mr. Horace." She went to their rooms with the ladies, telling "Mr. Horace" there was a fire in his room.

"Which room do you mean by Mr. Maxwell's?" Rose asked the house-keeper.

"Oh," she replied, laughing softly, "it's a room he fitted up for your brother. He made it like what he

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always wanted a room at home, and I speak of it always as his room, meaning the room he likes."

"When did he want a room like that?" Rose asked.

"Oh, since when he came home from the university. His father was to make him one, but—ah, well! 'Fräulein,' he would say, for that is what he called me, 'I'll have to be content with getting lost in the big old library.' I taught him German there," the house-keeper went on, for she liked to talk of Horace, and Rose seemed willing to listen. "When he was ten I was as much his fräulein—governess, you say—as his mother's maid, and I taught him German. Then he went to the American schools and universities, where they seem to care not much for German, and he forgot it most. When he came back he learned it again."

"Did you teach him?"

"Oh no; I was house-keeper then, and had no time. It was Miss Van Ness, who is Mrs. Foster, who taught him."

"Oh," said Rose, and turned to see if there was anything in the hand-baggage she could brighten her toilet with for lunch, to which Horace was to remain.

"May I call on you in your room?" Rose said, putting her head in at the door, and smiling as Horace started from his chair before a wood-fire.

"Mrs. Bartlett has been gossiping," he laughed, placing a chair for Rose opposite his.

"But you should have made it nicer, richer," she said, looking about the room. "It is not nearly so nice as mine."

"Richer, for your brother?" Maxwell asked.

"Oh no," Rose replied, hastily. "I mean if it was to be like one you wanted once. Is it as rich as the one you wanted?"

"See what I've done for comfort," Horace urged,

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directing Rose's attention to the few chairs, all Morris design. "And the table," he said, "is big enough for one to write on and consult a book at the same time without overturning the ink; shelves for enough books to hold what one wants to use, but not so many as to discourage one from ever reading any; a fireplace and andirons alone worth the price of admission; and an outlook on a modest patch of garden, just big enough to reflect the gloom of bad weather and make one hug himself the more for being in such a bright, warm, cosy little box as this."

"Then it is a kind of study," Rose said, glancing at the books, and the electric lamp arranged to give a reading light. "Would one be tempted to study here—study German?"

"German!" exclaimed Horace, grimacing. "That's a torturing language to study—from books. One may pick it up—enough for emergency conversations—from a friend; and the more agreeable the friend the less disagreeable the task."

"How do we find out when lunch is ready?" Rose suddenly asked. "I'm starved. We had nothing but custom-house officers for breakfast."

Mrs. Cavendish found them just then, and said lunch had been announced to her. The first meal in the new house was eaten under a constraint affecting the party consciously, though none perhaps could have accounted for it. Mrs. Cavendish was interested only in the news and surmises about John, and as Horace concealed from her the source and circumstances of the information Michael Cassidy obtained in Mulgrave's place, he was embarrassed by her eager questions. He acknowledged to himself some disappointment that neither Mrs. Cavendish nor Rose, usually prompt to appreciate his efforts in their behalf, said anything of the house, in whose

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preparation he had devoted months of close study and work. Rose spoke little on any subject. She professed to be annoyed with herself for not having made a definite engagement for Mrs. Foster to call, and said she would drive out to see her friend that afternoon and remedy her neglect.

Instead of doing so she went to "Mr. Maxwell's room," when Horace was gone, closely examined every detail of its finishing, furnishing, and decoration, and told her mother she would use it as a study—anyway, until John came home. She found there all the books Mrs. Foster advised her to read.

"I suppose Mrs. Foster also sent Mr. Maxwell the list of books I asked her to make out for me," Rose said. "She probably wrote often to Mr. Maxwell. Don't you suppose so, mamma? She must write very entertaining letters. Perhaps she writes very differently to a man like Mr. Maxwell, who knows about all the things she does, and more, I suppose, than she talks to us. Don't you suppose so, mamma?"

Mrs. Cavendish and Rose, in the first week in their new home, were more fatigued and nervously affected than they had been at any time since the migration from Hickory Street. This was caused by no condition in their new home except that its restful, orderly atmosphere gave the first complete pause they had experienced; and when that pause came, sooner or later, they were certain to feel to its full the strain they had been under. An oarsman seldom gives out during the effort and excitement of a race, but after the last stroke has been pulled how many of them, winners and losers, faint or collapse!

Mrs. Cavendish took up the direction of the household, making no pretence not to need and welcome Mrs. Bartlett's instructions. This work became a delight

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to her, and the house-keeper declared the new mistress designed to be such a housewife as she knew of many in the old country. But in this country, few she knew of. So! Ah, but none so rich were, the empress and the princess, yes indeed, in the old country, but housewives they were excellent. A pride it was to be such. So!

Rose, happy in seeing her mother happy, enjoyed the luxury of idle days, except that she read industriously the books Mrs. Foster recommended and Maxwell put on the shelves of John's room.

A week of such days restored both to calm nerves, and then they ended their seclusion only by having the Peter Fosters and Maxwell to dinner, when Mrs. Cavendish was a hostess at her own table for the first time in her life. There it was disclosed all had been that day invited to a dinner at the Worthingtons', and it was agreed Rose should go with the Fosters. So Rose wrote her acceptance and her mother's regrets, mused a little over the news that Quarry and Lansing had both arrived from London—then gave her thoughts to her dinner toilet.

It so fell out that Arthur Lansing found the highly important business he was supposed to be transacting in London with Worthington's financial agents required no more of his attention after the sudden sailing of the Cavendishes; and that the affairs, social or military, of the Duke of Quarry did not lie restrainingly on him after that same event; and the two gentlemen met on the deck of the steamer next sailing from Southampton, bound for New York. They expressed cordial delight at the unexpected pleasure of again being fellow-passengers; and Lansing assured the duke he looked forward to his New York visit with satisfaction, affording an early opportunity of repaying, in part, the obliga-

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tions he was placed under by his charming week at Quarry Castle. And didn't Quarry think the nasty December chill required something in the nature of a precautionary tonic? The duke fancied so; they were soon democratically enjoying such a tonic, splitting a bottle of soda for dilution, and became deeply engrossed in the relative advantage of various pipes and tobacco for use on shipboard.

In New York Lansing put up the duke at three clubs, and gave him a dinner in one, the magnificence of whose dining-room, if accurately described by the writer of *Eras of Luxury*, would have discredited his work and put it into library catalogues under subdivision "Historical Epochs, Imaginary." Then came an invitation to the duke to a Worthington dinner.

This was a dinner of significance to three other people we have met before: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sterne, and their daughter Florence.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ABOUT SOME WESTERN INVADERS

ZOE MAXWELL, when she became Mrs. Sterne, had no feeling whatever justifying Mrs. Maxwell's view that Zoe made a social sacrifice. Zoe held views contrary to Emily's on the subject of New York society, as she found it in the Maxwell set in the days of the family's eminence therein. Being no match for her sister in controversy, or strength of mind, or pertinacity of purpose, she refrained from advancing her views; and finding herself bored by affairs wholly gratifying to Emily, assumed the character of a sofa invalid; thus having a stock excuse when she preferred to stay at home and read a novel to going out with the family. Her spirit of rebellion never rose to the height of prompting her to declare their society meaningless—a height more commonly reached by the critical many who base their judgment on knowledge gained at second-hand, than by the less critical few with personal knowledge whereon to base judgment. She avoided controversy with Emily by admitting herself lacking in appreciation of what a Maxwell should enjoy. Through furtive glimpses, and whispered stories told by a set of younger matrons, Zoe secretly arrived at the conclusion there was a society in New York she would much like to know. Not the fast set, whose ambition was towards the very society Zoe failed to appreciate, but a newer set, largely Western in composition, distinguished by a breezy independence answering all her fancies of what

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the West must be like. It seemed to her the Maxwell society, in its attitude towards the real delights of New York, was that of a box-party seated with its back to both the stage and audience; conscious of the performance across the footlights, and of the audience in front, but seeing neither; deriving their entertainment from each other's gossip, and the belief that the audience was longing for a sight of something more than their back hair and shoulder-blades. This Western set was in the theatre to see the play, and was having a thoroughly good time of it.

It is likely Zoe would not have married Thomas Sterne if Horace's proper inquiries about the big Westerner's affairs had not disclosed a satisfactory condition; for Zoe was thirty-three, had refused enough offers of marriage to be in no danger of accepting a man out of pity—or surprise—and was even more unhappy in the Maxwell poverty than Emily—having less philosophy for consolation. Though she was from the first much interested in Sterne, yet she could have overcome that with some effort, had he been a poor man. Her married life had been unexpectedly happy, for she fell in love with Tom Sterne with un-Zoe-like enthusiasm before Master Horace Maxwell Sterne was a year old. That young gentleman was now four years old, and uncommonly proud of his two-year-old sister Emily.

"We'll brand the filly 'Emily,'" Tom Sterne said, when the question was under discussion, "if you won't stand for your own name, my dear. We'll call her Emily, and maybe she'll develop some of your sister's stylish action. There's a fine amount of style in sister Emily: high spirits, and good mental action, when it comes to an emergency, or a black-sand talk on any proposition in or out of the books."

Zoe was never quite sure whether her husband was

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speaking seriously, or otherwise, of Emily; but she accepted his views as to the brand for the filly, for it seemed the only alternative for her own name, for which she had a lively dislike.

In the five or six years of her married life Zoe, so far from remaining an invalid, had developed a robustness of health and spirits sufficient even for the lively kind of entertainments her husband liked to go to, and give. Her own unaffected delight in her new surroundings was so great, people uninformed as to her antecedents thought her a Westerner, as new to New York as was her husband.

"Why, Emily," she explained to her sister, "you have no idea what our native city is like. Do you remember how papa groaned in spirit over the Americans in London who never went out of sight of Trafalgar Square; or in Paris, who made their farthest excursions from the cafés on the Boulevard to the Place de la Concorde? Well, you are as bad as they about New York. Tom and I drive in the morning about the upper end of the island—the loveliest drive in the world! We had a steam-launch party out the other day, and where do you suppose we went? Right around the Island of Manhattan! I never knew before one could do it. One night he 'closed up,' as he called it, a Hungarian restaurant—no one but our party was admitted, that is. We dined in the cellar among wine-barrels, and had two Hungarian orchestras competing for prizes. To-night we give a beefsteak dinner in a carpenter shop, and after dinner have vaudeville people come and perform for us."

"I'd no idea New York was so like a mining-camp," murmured Emily. Zoe, taking no notice, continued:

"At our home dinners the men are worth talking to. There's not one of Tom's particular friends who has not done something big: founded a town; put water on a

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desert; invented a process to get gold and silver out of ore, worthless before; built a railroad where Eastern engineers said none could be run. Most of them have done romantic or daring deeds, too. There's some fun in talking to men like that."

"I suppose there is, dear," Emily assented, "if you happen to care about irrigating a desert, or constructing a perpendicular railroad. I confess the subjects would not over-excite me. But their women!"

"Their women are all right," declared Zoe, who was acquiring language which had long since made most of her conversation unintelligible to Mrs. Maxwell, and taxed Emily's power of understanding. "Their women are all right, all right. Why, Tom's first wife was a Denver school-teacher, who came from a very good Massachusetts family. As for that, Tom is a New Englander, and a college man, too; though it breaks his heart when he fails to make people believe he was born in the West and never went to school."

Out of consideration for her mother, Zoe did not entirely cut herself off from old New York. She returned calls in that world; accepted some invitations therefrom; and gave some dinner-parties composed largely of people entirely approved by Emily. She knew it was a golden link which held her to these connections, for there was evidence had she married a poor man the old Maxwell influence would soon have weakened to the breaking point; but being a Maxwell, and the wife of rich Thomas Sterne, preserved for her all of the old set she cared about. She received invitations to small, select affairs in houses where her mother and sister were invited only on bigger and less select occasions, and these she declined, with Sterne's emphatic approval, when the intricacies of the social points involved were explained to him.

Besides good-naturedly content to do this for her

About Some Western Invaders

mother's sake, Zoe had in mind the future of her step-daughter Florence, now a young woman of nineteen. Florence had been a difficult problem. She had been motherless since she was three years old, when she was taken to her father's old home in a New England village, where she remained until she was ten. Then her father, suddenly roused to a fear that his annual visit home would not fasten securely the affections of the child he dearly loved, took Florence out with him to Colorado, where his principal interests were, determined to keep her close by him under the care of governesses. But the plan failed sadly, although many governesses were engaged and tried before it was finally abandoned. Those who did not fall in love with him, and thus earn their release, with a year's salary and a ticket back to the East, for he was not matrimonially inclined then, fell in love with some of his friends who were. The problem was at last solved by her father's resolve to "bring Florence up" himself. For four years he carried out this resolve, although it resulted in experiences unique, probably, in the life of any heiress. Sterne visited a Denver book-shop where he selected text-books, providing, as he supposed, the information it was proper a young lady of eleven should acquire. These included a Latin grammar, a book on needle-work. *Studies in Early Italian Art*, *Practical Hints for Young House-keepers*, a French primer, and *Young Ladies' Deportment*.

Not having for fifteen years looked into any book unrelated to stock-raising, mining, or milling, the big fellow found himself a poor hand at Latin and French; was utterly confused by the hints on house-keeping, which all ran exactly contrary to everything he remembered of his mother's house-keeping; Italian art required more side-light than he was prepared to throw

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on it; the needle-work seemed designed to comfort only the most stricken inmates of an old ladies' home, and there were evidences of unintended humor in the work on deportment, making it more entertaining than instructive. But he faithfully persevered. Whether he was on a thousand-mile journey by railroad, a long stage trip, a quick dash by buckboard to some near-by ranch, and while there days on horseback, Florence was his constant companion, and text-books were brought forth from side pockets or saddle-bags as occasion offered.

Florence learned many things in these years, but few of them were treated between the covers of the books Tom always carried. When she was thirteen she could ride any horse any Arizona or New Mexico cow-boy could put a saddle on; drive four broncoes only half-restrained of liberty by a crazy harness, and dragging at a run that species of stage known in its region as a "mud-wagon"; could shoot with a pistol at ten paces the ashes from a cigar held between the smiling lips of a cow-boy; and discuss with learning the tariff on Mexican lead ore used in her father's American smelters. One time Florence and her father were visiting the home station ranch of his Arizona cattle range, where Florence was the idol of the cow-boys, a score of whom were then gathered there. Mr. Sterne, talking cattle with his foreman, was startled by unusual whoops and yells of laughter coming from a group of cow-boys before whom Florence stood, book in hand. She had formed a class in deportment, and was putting her scholars through a rehearsal for an appearance in society.

"Your names being announced," Florence said to her class, "you will approach the hostess—but first we'll have the names announced—Jack Tarney, announce the names."

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The cow-boy thus commanded yelled off the names of the assembled students, prefacing "Miss" to each.

"It is not necessary for the names to be heard in the next county," said Florence, severely. "We will resume," she added, reading from her book. "You will approach the hostess and make a courtesy as heretofore instructed. The class will courtesy."

The men, who had draped themselves in blankets for trains, made courtesies varying from somersaults to knockabout dance steps, whooping like frenzied Indians all the time.

That incident was the indirect cause of Zoe Maxwell becoming Mrs. Tom Sterne. A week later Florence's father brought her East with him, determined to find for her in his New England home companions more appropriate, if less devoted, than the cow-boys, who sorrowfully bade her good-bye, and to whom her most precious gift was the work on deportment.

But the New England winter was too severe for Florence, after the mild, dry air of the Arizona grazing region; so Sterne hurried her to Florida, where, as we have seen, he met, wooed, and won Zoe Maxwell.

The new Mrs. Sterne had tried putting Florence in a fashionable school, but the ranch-girl rebelled, telling her father they were "bunched up so, there, they were always knocking their horns, like a lot of steers in an overloaded cattle-car." So she was provided with instructors at home, and rode daily in the park, where the distracted groom Zoe insisted should accompany her, and the mounted park police, learned not to interfere with her view on the legal maximum of speed. Once, an officer calling out to her, she dashed across a park meadow, took the western wall at a leap, and disappeared towards the North River.

CHAPTER XXXIV

MR. STERNE'S AMAZING TREATMENT OF MR. WORTHINGTON

I HAVE been trying for a considerable space to explain why the Sternes were at the dinner to which the Duke of Quarry was invited. Florence was now nineteen, had appeared at one of her mother's receptions, and was therefore "out"; and her name, consequently, was added to the calling and invitation lists whereon already appeared those of her father and mother. This would have insured her an invitation to some of the larger social affairs of the Worthingtons, but not to a small dinner. These were events of not frequent occurrence in the Worthington house, and usually were the means of effecting some business design of its head.

Mr. Worthington was a rather unimportant factor in the conduct of the great and varied business grouped, in the talk of financiers, as the "Worthington interests"; but he took solemn satisfaction in controlling certain small details of management which in his opinion directed the policy of the interests. As they did not, he was allowed to have his way in them, the actual rulers of the business deciding, without his advice, every important policy, and pursuing their ways accordingly. He believed he made his serious duties less arduous, less liable to the jar of opposition, by social patronage of the young or new men coming to the front these days with such tremendous rush. During several months preceding that dinner, which seems in danger of getting

Mr. Sterne and Mr. Worthington

cold before we sit down to it, the directors of a Western road included in the Worthington interests gave serious attention to the demand of some mining and smelting men for a radical readjustment of freight rates, and the construction of a small branch road to do away with expensive teaming. As there was no competing line existing, or in sight, Worthington was indignant at the apparent intention of his associates to meet the demands. What was the advantage of the monopoly they held there, he wanted to know, if rates were to be cut to a point justified in his mind only by the evil of actual competition? He was told the combination threatened to build a short independent line. Oh, he had heard of such threats before. Money to build new roads was not so easy to get these days, he said, oracularly. Who represented these wicked mine and millmen? Thomas Sterne? Yes, he had heard of him. Indeed, was inclined to think he'd met him. Sterne married Horace Maxwell's sister; a very desirable social connection, very. Mr. Sterne should be informed that Mr. Worthington desired to see him personally.

So one day the big, bronzed Westerner was ushered into the private office of the grayish pale man whose name was a synonym of the power of incalculable wealth. Tom Sterne could not have been made nervous by the prospect of any human encounter. This was the judgment, anyway, of the captain of cavalry with whom Sterne had chased the best fighters of Geronimo's band of Apaches across the borders into Mexico; remarking that "international complications" was a big mouthful of words, but not devised to stop him from rounding up those Apaches, dead or alive, after he had chased them for six weeks. If the captain wanted to go across the line, come along. Otherwise he, Tom Sterne, and his cow-boys would do the trick. The captain went, and—

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the result has been made into a chapter of stirring history.

When he met Mr. Worthington, Sterne was smiling inwardly, for the awe in which New York held the Worthington family was a joke to Sterne, and nothing could induce him to regard it otherwise. He had lived so long where a man was valued for exactly what his brains and energy and character made him, he could not understand why a man of no eminence in that unusual combination of skill and venture which make business successes; of no talents the most obsequious could point out; with no characteristics, which, if possessed by another, would attract the attention of the most curious; with no accomplishments in any art or science; without even an eccentricity making either for good or for evil; a man in whom a dead, unrelieved level of commonplace in mind, morals, manners, tastes, alone distinguished him from his fellows; the chance inheritor of a mighty accumulation of capital—accumulated by others before him, invested by others now—why such a man should be sought, flattered, exalted as if he were an anointed one. Why should he be sought, flattered, exalted as if he, and not his millions, were great; or as if he had performed heroic deeds; or as if he had struggled for right against wrong; or as if he had made some discovery which added to the sum of human happiness, or took from the sum of human misery; or as if he had led, in so much as a skirmish, the hosts fighting for right against might; or as if he had added a chapter, a line, a word, to any volume of useful knowledge; or as if he had made one rose to bloom in a desert; or as if he had sung to a world, heart-hungry for song, of hope, or goodness, or cheer; or as if he had done, or thought, or aided, any one thing to earn for him justly the salutation of the humblest!

Mr. Sterne and Mr. Worthington

He was secretly despised, or pitied, by the men most vociferous in publicly heralding his praise; and one of these men had sneered when he told Sterne: "Worthington wants to see you to prove you are wrong, and we are wrong, in your freight-rate matter. Take a pair of dark goggles along, or you'll not be able to gaze at him."

Worthington had laboriously thought out all he desired and intended to say to Sterne, and began the interview by making flattering allusions to the Maxwell family, Mrs. Sterne particularly; adding that Horace Maxwell showed evidence of a strong, resourceful mind, certain to lead him to the front in the financial world.

"Well, I should rather say so," broke in Sterne, to Worthington's annoyance, for he had not finished saying all he had prepared under the head of "family compliments."

"I should remark!" continued Sterne. "Why, I've offered my brother-in-law Maxwell exactly five times what he's drawing down from that Farnham Estate to look after the business of our combine here. But he says he is in honor bound to stick to the estate for his five years at the salary agreed to before Farnham's death. Of course, you can't argue with a man on a point when he says it affects his honor."

"Certainly not, certainly not," exclaimed Worthington, but he never understood why Sterne did not urge Horace to desert the estate.

At last, by a slow and solemn process, which, as he afterwards confessed to Zoe, gave Sterne "the fidgets," Worthington approached the question of the threatened opposition road. "Now, my dear Mr. Sterne," he said, "it is going to take a great deal of new money to do enough on your proposed road even to put it into shape to bond. The franchise and right of way are

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valueless to any one but you people. Certainly you cannot sell bonds on such security."

"Rather not," said Sterne. "Such security is too airy, fairy Lillian to back a bond with."

"Then," said Worthington, "where does your first money come from? I am informed ten millions of new money must be put into your enterprise before you can dispose of any bonds. That's a great deal of money, Mr. Sterne. You cannot get it in New York to oppose our interests with, and London is shy of American securities now, except dividend-payers."

"I didn't come here to run a bluff on you folks, Mr. Worthington," said Sterne, producing some papers from his pocket. "We do not expect to borrow that ten millions anywhere. We stand pat, ante, and look pleasant. That's the kind of cheerful little Christians we are in this mine, mill, and smelter gang. Just look over this paper. There are twenty signatures of men pledged to put up a total of ten millions, in coin money, ninety days after I ask for it. In fact, most of the boys would be ready to ante in thirty days, for they've been sort of preparing to sit into the game if the cards were dealt; selling a little butter and eggs here, when Wall Street was hungry; a little milk and cheese there, when Boston needed a snack; and now and then some garden truck, on market day, in Chicago."

Worthington could only blink nervously and rapidly, as Sterne smilingly ran on with his parable of farm and poker. Between blinks Worthington stared at the paper Sterne gave him. The Westerner, after enjoying the great person's speechless amazement a little, continued: "You know most of these signatures, and such as are new your bank will give you a pointer on. If any of them is not good for ten times the amount set opposite, I'll eat my hat for a salad. Now, none of us is han-

Mr. Sterne and Mr. Worthington

kering—not soulfully yearning, you might say—to go into the railroad business, being kept pretty busy, thank you, from sun-up to sun-down tending to chores, and seeing that some absent-minded beggar doesn't brand more of our yearlings than is justified by faith and thrift. However, if we are forced to build, you'll bear in mind our road will cost twenty per cent. less than yours did, and we control eighty per cent. of the freight. So on that showing, and with ten millions already spent, we ought to be able to sell enough bonds to finish the job, without offering more than a chromo to induce widows and orphans to subscribe early and avoid the rush."

Worthington smiled weakly, but was lost for a reply to this mode of attack. In his mind an attribute of sanctity attached to such a sum as ten millions of dollars, and to have it treated in this flippant manner by a man who was, however, it was plain to see, in deadly earnest beneath his mask of irreverent fooling, shocked out of Worthington's recollection even his most frequently used platitudes concerning the unwisdom of investing in undertakings which must depend for success upon the evil of competition.

The combine received exactly what it asked for, and Sterne, its spokesman, received numerous telegraphic messages, chiefly of a sportive nature, expressing his Western colleagues' congratulations.

CHAPTER XXXV

EXPLAINS WHY SOME WORTHINGTON DINNER GUESTS WERE ASKED

THE most remarkable outcome of the interview, which has been only outlined here, was the manner in which it affected Mr. Worthington. That great person, instead of being offended at the most impudent man who had ever addressed him, determined to make an ally of Sterne, for whom, as a strong man of affairs, he conceived a degree and kind of respect he gave to but few.

"We must have him here to dinner, Nan," he said to his wife. "He is a man of much force, and, like most of those Westerners coming into financial prominence, is venturesome. That is a quality I do not approve, but it is right for our interests to have such men attached rather than let them become absorbed by others."

"I fancy your interests won't suffer if you do not attach him, John," responded Mrs. Worthington, with the perfect good-humor she employed towards her great husband even when she snubbed him—which was frequently. "I do not need an excuse for inviting him. I'm delighted at the suggestion. One gets so mortally ill of men who talk either nothing but finance, or nothing but golf, or nothing but polo, or nothing but scandal. He has been here only in a crush, when, of course, I could not get acquainted with him; but I remember he is a stunningly good-looking fellow. I think Zoe Maxwell had good sense. I wish you had such a man at the head of your affairs."

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"What!" exclaimed her husband, startled by such a suggestion even from his wife, who was accustomed to saying startling things. "What! put such a man in Blanding's place? Do you suppose a man like Sterne could do Blanding's work?"

"I should hope not," Mrs. Worthington declared, with an emphasis carrying no compliment to Mr. Blanding. "Really, John, everybody in the world, except you, has found out Blanding. It drives me almost insane, sometimes, to think of the family being represented to the world at large by that clown."

"Clown!"

"A smirking, grimacing, tiresome old clown," repeated Mrs. Worthington, emphatically, but smiling always.

"Well," said Mr. Worthington, who, although he held a high opinion of his wife because she was Mrs. Worthington, greatly feared her, "I inherited Blanding, you know. I had no choice in the matter."

"But you can disinherit him," his wife suggested. "Why do you not buy him the Presidency of the United States, or an ambassadorship, or a cabinet place, or senatorship, and put a man in his place—some one like Horace Maxwell, who never had his front teeth photographed for the papers?"

"Nan," Mr. Worthington said, in a tone of confidential importance, "you are getting warm, as the children say when they play that game—what is that game? I have decided to make Blanding a senator or ambassador. I should have spoken to Mr. Weston about it before now; but Weston is annoyed about a little matter—some business with him I intrusted to Horace Maxwell. That reminds me, I'd like to have the Maxwells invited to dinner."

"And that reminds me," Mrs. Worthington said,

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"I shall invite Mr. Maxwell's estate women, Mrs. Cavendish and her daughter. Mrs. Cavendish will not accept, as she is in mourning, but she likes to have the girl go out. Polly Foster explained the matter to me to-day, when I met her at old lady Foster's."

"We'll invite Cousin Elizabeth, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foster, if you agree," Mr. Worthington said.

"Certainly," responded his wife. "Cousin Elizabeth is a sort of social sponsor for the duke; and Polly and her husband must be invited, or else the old lady will say disagreeable things about you."

"She is a most inconsiderate woman," Worthington exclaimed. "She's saying things again about me. Blanding hears them, and tells me. I shall certainly speak to her about it. I am the head of her family, and it is most unwise for her to say things. They get into the papers and—and—people repeat them."

"Oh, the old lady's good enough fun," Mrs. Worthington remarked, laughing away the sins of the elder Mrs. Foster, whose views on her husband she secretly enjoyed. "Just remember how much worse things she said before you kissed and made up. Let us see how the dinner company is balanced." She checked the guests off on her fingers as she continued: "There are three Maxwells, poor, but somebodies; Peter and Mrs. Foster, ditto; the Cavendish girl, rich, but nobody; the Sternes—for his wife must take his class—rich, but nobodies; old lady Foster, poor, but—"

"That is absurd to class Cousin Elizabeth as poor. Her income now exceeds thirty-five thousand a year. I disapprove of speaking of people with less than a hundred thousand a year as poor. It gets into the papers, and people repeat it, and say things—things about anarchy," interrupted Mr. Worthington.

"Just as you like," laughed his wife, and resumed

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checking. "Old lady Foster, thirty-five thousand a year, and somebody; the duke, poor; Arthur, ditto. We need some rich somebodies: the Mallorys, of course. They have not given up hope of marrying Grace to the duke. If I help out that plan, I help Arthur with the Cavendish girl. Besides, if you do not have some like the Mallorys, the poor somebodies will object that they meet only the rich nobodies here, and the rich nobodies that we are giving them a poor-relation dinner. The Mallorys will do, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss."

"Does not Peter Foster's son go out with the family now?" inquired Mr. Worthington, following his wife's list with patient, serious attention, keeping always in mind his deep and crafty purpose of subduing and making captive to his interests the surprisingly independent Thomas Sterne, and so diplomatically concerned as to the company.

"To be sure," his wife exclaimed. "Young Peter—they call him Petie—is an awfully nice little chap. He was with his mother when I met her to-day, and promised to select some saddle ponies for me for the children."

CHAPTER XXXVI

DISCLOSES AN EXALTED RELATIONSHIP FOR ROSE

I SHOULD much like, patient reader, to announce that dinner is served, but it would be premature and impolite to do so without a word of introduction for the Mallorys. Not that you, sir, or you, madam, who are letter-perfect in the *Society Register*, edited with so much care and wisdom by the late lamented Mr. McAllister, need a word more than that they are *the* Mallorys. That is to say, the Henry Cass—originally Cassim—Mallorys; descendants in the male line of a noble—Mr. Blanding says a royal—family, of Franco-Hungarian origin, and for five generations American. For three generations they have been rich Americans, and are now challenging the financial superiority of the Worthingtons. Henry Cass, as he was generally designated, Mallory being understood, to distinguish him from his brothers and cousins—all exalted personages, but suffering somewhat by comparison with Henry Cass, because the Mallory fortune was vested largely in him, while they struggled along on comparatively meagre incomes, few of them exceeding the four hundred thousand a year which the delightful Mr. McAllister decided was the least a family could do with in New York and enjoy independence from debt, and have such comforts as self-respect demands—Henry Cass, I was about to say, married Marian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull. That Mrs. Trumbull was Kate, daughter of the Martin Farnham who, by leaving his sail-loft-made fortune to his

An Exalted Relationship for Rose

daughter Kate, cut off Rose Cavendish's grandfather with no other useful possession than a knowledge of sail-making. This secured the disinherited one a berth on a big Bath-built schooner, on which he died when our Martin Farnham and Mary, mother of Rose, were children, living in the home of a Mrs. Cassidy, in Hickory Street. Therefore, if I have studied the Farnham genealogy with understanding, Mrs. Mallory and Mrs. Cavendish were first cousins, and Grace and Rose second cousins, both great-granddaughters of the sail-maker whose daughter married the son of Trumbull, importer and wholesale dealer in chemicals and dyes, doing business on the ground floor of the Pearl Street building whose loft was occupied by Farnham, the sail-maker.

Grandfather Farnham was never mentioned by Mrs. Mallory. The Trumbulls were an excellent and well-to-do family, and had been such in New York as long as the Mallorys; so "Marian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Trumbull, granddaughter of Major Trumbull of Mexican War fame," was quite sufficient identification of the young lady Henry Cass took into the Mallory family. There was no occasion to explain the Farnham ancestry. There was enough to say about the Mallory grandfathers to satisfy all yearnings in that line; and a grandfather who left only a moderate fortune was no more likely to be talked about in homes in the neighborhood of Murray Hill than was a grandfather who had left nothing in the neighborhood of Cherry Hill. Thus it happened Mrs. Cavendish and Rose were ignorant of their relationship with Mrs. Henry Cass Mallory. So was Grace Mallory, although her mother was not.

Martin Farnham, Rose's uncle, learned of the relationship in an odd way. When he was coming to the front as an energetic and successful contractor there was a big piece of grading work he was anxious to ob-

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tain. He mentioned this fact to the young man he had just employed, Horace Maxwell, who promptly informed the surprised contractor that the owner of the land he wanted to grade—Henry Cass Mallory—married his, Farnham's, cousin. This Maxwell learned from his mother, an interested authority on all matters of such nature, who, when her son made his engagement with Martin Farnham, recalled the name as one she had heard in relation with the marriage of Henry Cass Mallory and Miss Trumbull. The little contractor, wise in matters pertaining to business, was as uninstructed as an infant in those delicately adjusted processes by which the Mallorys had set up, and in this generation were maintaining, with the aid of a prostrately admiring society, the precious privilege of class.

Farnham found opportunity to see Mallory personally when he submitted his bid, and frankly expressed hope the relationship he mentioned might stand him in good stead in the selection of a contractor. Mallory flushed, turned his back on the presumptuous fellow, and not only threw out Farnham's bid—and that cost a pang, for it was the lowest—but was thereafter inaccessible to Martin.

"One of your damned common relatives came begging to me for work to-day," was the way in which he reported the incident to Mrs. Mallory.

"My relatives are damned poor, but not damned common," the lady replied, with the high spirit for which she was justly renowned. That night, to emphasize her appreciation of her husband's remark, she flirted so in her opera-box with the man the world granted Henry Cass most reason to hate that Henry Cass made a scene in the room back of the box, which the ushers overheard, and repeated so skilfully during the *entr'actes*, nobody worth knowing in New York went to supper that night

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without having discussed the renewed gossip of the Mallorys' separation and possible divorce.

When the Duke of Quarry first went to Newport, and made acquaintance with the pastoral folk who lead simple cottage lives in that rustic hamlet by the sea, Mrs. Mallory concluded to marry her daughter Grace to his lordship, and thus establish a social connection in England, to afford a welcome relief part of the year, at least, from the acerbities of life she encountered in the constant companionship of Henry Cass. Her own temper was remarked to be at least as sweet as it was acid with most men, and with such women as were entirely good-natured and never opposed or offended her. With her husband she was inclined to let the acidity of her temper overcome its sweetness; and at times, so the gossips reported, displayed a force of character which, had her aim been better, would have resulted in the disfigurement of Mr. Mallory's features, instead of only the breakage of a Sèvres vase or a sugar-bowl.

The duke, who was not without some discernment in such matters, as well as others, saw at an early period of his Newport career that Miss Mallory's hand and heart were at the instance of his suit, and it is possible he would have thought well enough of the bargain, in spite of some droll stories concerning both Mrs. and Miss Mallory, which the elder Mrs. Foster told him with much humor, had it not chanced he was by pure accident, and much to his discomfort, an auditor to a brief, spirited interview between the mother and daughter, whereby the mother's only object in bringing about the marriage was plainly expressed. Also, she bitterly reproached her daughter for inconsiderate, if not indiscreet, behavior with a gentleman of the name of Arthur Lansing. Miss Mallory's reply was to the effect she understood her mother's reproach to be actuated by

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jealousy. What further took place in the interview the duke did not hear, for an opportunity presented itself for his escape from the embarrassing position, and he took instant advantage of it. Then he left suddenly for New York, preferring to think over the matter where he would be uninfluenced by the charms of Miss Grace. So his feelings, when he found himself on the steamer in perfectly understood rivalry with another man for the favor of Rose Cavendish, the reader may interpret according to his or her experience or intuition, remembering that the duke's rival was—Arthur Lansing.

Some one in England—I do not intimate it was Lansing—was a correspondent of Mrs. Mallory's while the Cavendishes were there, and in the course of the correspondence Mrs. Mallory was acquainted with the fact that Rose had refused the duke. It must have been her motherly purpose of seeing her only daughter well wedded that determined Mrs. Mallory to continue her interest in the duke upon his return. What else could have influenced her? Nothing, I think, although Mrs. Foster, senior, told Polly—and a few others—that Mrs. Mallory was as anxious to keep Arthur Lansing from marrying Rose as she was to keep the duke from that unheard-of foolishness. When Polly innocently inquired if Mrs. Mallory wanted Lansing to marry Grace, if she missed on the duke, Mrs. Foster answered, "Oh, dear, no!" and laughed until her pillow of white hair billowed.

In society Mrs. and Miss Mallory were like sisters. The comparison had first been adroitly suggested by Mrs. Mallory herself, but was taken up and exploited with enthusiastic diligence by all her friends, until it became tacitly understood that not to make the remark to her, or in her hearing, at least once each season, was to incur the penalty of thereafter experiencing only the acid half of her temper. They were like

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sisters in some respects: both were arrogant, jealous, and ruthless scandalizers, for which latter reason, it must be, they suffered from scandal. Did I say suffered? I should have said were the subjects of it, for they never suffered from it. Honest men and women modified in no degree their breathless eagerness to fawn upon and flatter mother and daughter, even as they whispered the scandals they believed to be true; the Reverend Dr. Whitehead accepted Mrs. Mallory's infrequent offers to give him terrapin no less obsequiously; and Mr. Blanding was so insistent in his praise of their beauty and goodness that strangers were led to believe he was the hired jester of the Mallorys, instead of the Worthingtons.

These ladies had already begun a crusade against Rose. They told stories their friends found exquisitely funny about the washer-woman's daughter, as Rose was usually described by them, going to Paris and acting like a grisette with a rowdy gang of German students, led by Polly Foster's brother. No, they did not think Polly Foster was with her in those lively times. "Polly, you know, my dear, is a sly one. She prefers quiet tête-à-têtes with quiet men—say, like Horace Maxwell; conversations about German love poems, music, and the turning of music leaves, and such pretty trifles. Oh no, my dear, do not think I mean anything wrong. They were children together before Peter Foster came on the scene. There, you must not laugh so. We're awfully fond of Polly Foster, though they say she hired out as a kind of governess to the washer-woman's daughter, teaching her not to ask gentlemen what they pay for their laundering, and things like that. Did you hear of her asking the Duke of Quarry why he didn't have his collars and cuffs polished like American gents? They say she made up like a bumboat woman at Quarry

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Castle, and rowed a boat on the lake, swearing like a fish-wife at a girl who beat her in a race. Society is so charming nowadays. Shall we meet her? By all means! One has all sorts of experiences in society now. You ask a vaudeville woman to come to your house to sing rag-time songs, and when you've paid her you introduce her to a few of your choicest friends. Certainly, my dear, we are to have the distinction of meeting the washer-woman's daughter at the Worthingtons' in a couple of weeks. The men who dine at Garnett's and meet his chef are not going to have all the fun out of the new order of society."

Arthur Lansing heard some of these stories upon his return, and in a rage went to Mrs. Mallory. His formal salutations lasted only until the servant left the room. Then he said, "See here, Marian; the nasty stories you and Grace are telling about Miss Cavendish have got to stop!"

She was chalky white, but she answered him, quietly, "Oh, it's 'Marian' and 'Grace,' but it's 'Miss Cavendish,' is it, Mr. Arthur Lansing?"

"It makes no difference what it is. I tell you you've got to stop slandering that lady."

"You tell me—and I must stop." She tried desperately to remain calm but failed, and continued in a fury: "What right have you to give me orders? How do you dare to talk to me about that slum girl? I'll say what I please. If I knew the truth I'd have something worse to say, I fancy. I'll talk of the thing any way that amuses me, Arthur Lansing; and then I'll do her only half justice. Do you threaten me? What will you do—what can you do—what dare you do—you, to me?"

Nothing. She knew it, so did he. His hands were clinched, and he was looking at her as if he'd like very

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much to strike her. She looked at his hands, and laughed at him. He looked at them, spread them, shrugged his shoulders, turned, and left the room—not going back even when he heard her say, in a very much changed voice, “Arthur!”

The guests have arrived: the rich nobodies and somebodies, the poor somebodies and nobodies, the brave men and fair women have all assembled, and a servant announces to Mrs. Worthington, “Dinner is served, madam.”

But we must discuss it in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII

PETIE FOSTER'S HORSE TRADE

A DINNER at the Worthingtons' is as certain to depress one who likes to dine, and knows how, as to exalt those who enjoy a dinner in exact accordance to the degree of envy with which the uninvited scan the list of invited. Thus, Mr. Blanding, for weeks after dining here, would begin his stories told elsewhere: "At a little dinner at the Worthingtons' the other evening, I heard a good story about," etc. In this way he created the impression he was a frequent diner there, and thus secured many other invitations elsewhere; although, in fact, Mrs. Worthington usually ignored her husband's request for an invitation to him, and he was invited but two or three times in a season. On the other hand, the elder Mrs. Foster was usually bound by a previous engagement when invited to dine at the Worthingtons', and on such occasions dined exceedingly well at home, alone; or else with her grandson Petie, whom she generally tipped at such times—always if he had a good story of a successful horse trade to tell.

"It's all the boy can do to make pocket-money," she used to say to Polly, who failed to see the ethical, or even worldly, advantage in this encouragement of Petie's mania. "When you get my money you'll find you can't allow him any more than I do your husband now; and as you Van Nesses live forever—your grandfather Van Ness must be two or three hundred years old—the boy may as well cultivate a means of

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making a living aside from his expectations. Anyway, as I stable for him the one or two horses Petie always has in the process of his trades, I'm naturally interested."

Besides the guests whose names and qualities we heard Mr. and Mrs. Worthington discuss, there were in the dinner-party Mr. Calhoun Park, and a couple of young men of fifty or so, who had been nationally famous a score of years as cotillon leaders, and whose waggish ways make them acceptable guests in homes where men and women, whose lots to the general seem blessed, have knocked in vain for admission. But these who knocked in vain could neither lead nor dance a cotillon, tell naughty stories, nor girlishly wear soubrette costumes in amateur theatricals; so let them go their ways in deserved misery and despair. There was also Mr. Morrie Morfay-Morrie, whose grandfather, Mory Murphy, made a fortune as a boss stevedore, and whose father made another by inventing a floating elevator for coaling steamers from canal-boats. Mr. Morrie Morfay-Morrie was rapidly parting with both fortunes in an endeavor to become famous as a gentleman rider. As a matter of fact, he was already famous, for he passed half his time in hospitals, having bones reset which had come unsettled through the circumstance that the horse had not yet been discovered he could ride in a polo game, across country, or over the hurdles, without being thrown.

Morrie Morfay-Morrie was already in the Worthington reception-room when Peter and Petie, with Mrs. Peter and Rose, entered. Petie, as soon as he could, went over to the intrepid rider and said, "Hello, Morrie, want to buy a jumper?"

"No," replied Morrie, "I want to sell one. Is that the new heiress with your mother? Well gaited, but a bit checked up."

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"It's Miss Cavendish," Petie replied, shortly. "What's the jumper you want to sell? The one that threw you last?"

"Yes, I'll give her away for two hundred. Want her?"

"You are coming along as a joker," replied Petie.

"You paid one fifty for that skate, at the Garden spring sale. I've got the marked catalogue. A horse goes off ten per cent. every time you ride it."

"Perhaps you think you can ride the brute," Morfay-Morrie exclaimed, losing his temper, as Petie designed he should.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Petie said. "I'll give you the price you paid for her, if you'll bet the same amount I can't beat you around your half-mile track over the hurdles, I to ride her, you to ride the pick of your stable."

"You're joking," Morfay-Morrie said, eagerly.

"Is it a go, then?" Petie asked, sturdily.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Oh, well, let's see," Morfay-Morrie said, beginning to weaken, for he knew how Petie could ride, and how acute he was in the trading line.

Petie cast about in his mind for a way to clinch his bargain, and fate threw it in his path. The Duke of Quarry, seeing Petie, with whom he was very chummy, strolled over to the young horsemen.

"Lord Holloway," said Petie, winking ever so slightly, "want to judge a horse-race?"

"Sure!" responded the duke, who was making a passionate study of American slang. "In a minute."

"All right, then," Petie said, hurriedly. "Mr. Morfay-Morrie and I—oh, have you met Lord Holloway, Mr. Morrie Morfay-Morrie? We have a half-mile over the hurdles at his place on Long Island to-morrow. Could you come down?"

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"Delighted," said the duke, bearing Petie's wink in mind.

"I should be charmed to have you," Morfay-Morrie said. He fully looked it.

Petie went to his father. "Dad," he whispered, "do you remember how Mr. Franklin kicked because his agent did not get to the sale in time to buy the jumper Morrie got?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Foster, all attention.

"What would Franklin give for her now?"

"Two hundred and fifty, easy."

"Nail him to-morrow," Petie said. "The mare is mine."

"What do you have to give, Petie? I couldn't help you with much, just now."

Petie covered his lips with his hand to conceal a grin as he whispered: "Nothing! I've only to beat Morrie a half-mile over the hurdles. I could do it on a goat. Hello! there's Florence Sterne. She knows a horse," and the future owner of the jumper hurried over to Florence, with whom he and the duke were soon talking; and, from the half-suppressed laughter with which his hearers listened to what Petie was saying, Mr. Foster concluded his son was telling them the story.

By this time many of the party had arrived, and scattered groups were discussing various interests.

"Mr. Sterne," said Mr. Park, addressing the Westerner with a manner of grave importance, "you mining people are too precipitate. You rush into the bond market with your investment millions and pay any price. That is very well for the speculators, but men like you and me—strictly investors—should seek rather to keep the price of fives and sixes at least down to a point where they will net four."

"I'll speak to my brokers about that," Mr. Sterne said.

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"I wish you would. By-the-way, Sterne, there are some affairs, not large, but rather interesting—a matter which may develop—I must have a little talk with you about."

"It's very good of you, Park, to let me in. Call at my office any time; say, to-morrow at about noon. We can talk it over at lunch."

"I shall be very busy—very busy, indeed, with affairs, but I'll try to see you about noon."

Morrie Morfay-Morrie was inviting the two boyish cotillon leaders to his place for lunch the next day: "Lord Holloway—the Duke of Quarry, you know—and a few fellows will be down. I can't promise you much of a lunch, as my place is closed; nothing more than Del will send down for the hundred and fifty I'll win from Petie Foster."

Mrs. Peter Foster was explaining to Mrs. Thomas Sterne a cure for German measles, effective with Petie in his infancy, which baby Emily Sterne threatened to be in need of, and which Zoe promised to use, despite doctors and nurses; Mr. Blanding was telling Maxwell and Peter Foster a story, over which he laughed immoderately, although his hearers seemed less affected by mirth than by *ennui*; Mr. Worthington was solemnly informing Mrs. Maxwell and Emily that the various instructors of the three Worthington children worked only half as many hours a day as his private stenographer, yet each was paid twice as much, a fact seeming equally to pain and surprise him; Rose was explaining to Mrs. Worthington and Lansing plans for an East Side shop-girls' club she purposed organizing, and to which they both promised to become subscribers, when a hush, which had signalized no other arrival, announced the Mallorys. Mr. Blanding stopped in the middle of a story and a laugh, and the waggish cotillon leaders moved abruptly

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from Morrie Morfay-Morrie and hurriedly sought places in line of the new-comers' vision. As Mrs. Worthington turned to greet the Mallorys, Rose started away with Lansing, but Mrs. Worthington put a hand on her arm and whispered, "No, Miss Cavendish, stay by my side." She had heard some of the Mallory women's stories about Rose. There may have been no intention about it, but as the Mallorys advanced they saw Rose standing by the side of the hostess as if the occasion were a formal reception, and Rose was there to receive with Mrs. Worthington.

The Mallorys, mother and daughter, had long, very long, pale faces; mouse-colored hair they combed back from high, narrow foreheads, emphasizing the length of their faces; pale-blue, prominent eyes; long, thin noses, and wide, thin-lipped mouths, commonly set in an expression of indignant surprise, popularly translated hauteur. Seeing them come in, Miss Florence Sterne whispered to the two young men with her, "There are a couple of women who remind me of a team of pied-faced broncoes I used to drive in the lead to a mud-wagon." Whereupon the duke, his mouth twitching, muttered, "I say, oh, I say," and repeated it many times; while Petie demanded to know how much less the leaders weighed than the wheelers.

The greeting over, Mrs. Worthington introduced Rose to the new guests, and there was something in her manner as she performed the ceremony that made Mrs. Mallory remark to herself: "Oh, you are going to make a fight for this girl for Lansing's sake. Well, I'll give you a fight, Nan Worthington, if that's what you're looking for." Aloud she said to Rose: "You've just returned from the other side, I hear. Of course, you found London deadly dull. It always is at this season, just as we're waking up in New York," and

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passed on without waiting for a reply. Miss Mallory bowed, and followed her dear mamma, without a word; for she had been stricken with a sudden rage of jealousy by the sight of Rose, serene and beautiful—beautiful even by the side of the woman famed as the most beautiful in New York.

Mr. Mallory was a handsome man, with a swarthy, smooth face, having more red in its dark color, however, than men commonly have since the fashion of drinking much port declined—if the port drinkers' portrait-painters were honest colorists—with black hair and brows, who could be attractively courteous when it pleased him to be so. He stopped by Mrs. Worthington's side, and chatted with her and Rose with such evident purpose to entertain that Blanding and the cotillon leaders, who had rushed to the Mallory women, were puzzled how to trim their behavior; for Mrs. Mallory began sneering at Rose for having "made up her eyes and cheeks like an actress in an adventuress part."

Noting her husband, so graciously polite to Rose one could not believe he had turned his back on her uncle for presuming to mention their kinship, Mrs. Mallory continued: "But we must not criticise the freaks we agree to meet. I suppose we accept their make-ups, when we accept invitations to meet them."

Mrs. Worthington glanced round the room and discovered all her guests present except Mrs. Foster, when that lively old lady was announced. She knew it annoyed the Mallorys to have any one arrive after them, so she took care always to do so; even instructing her coachman to jockey for a place in the line, if necessary, in order to fall in behind the Mallory carriage on such occasions. Petie described this as "Grandmamma's grand-stand play to come to the starting-line last."

"Well, Cousin Nan," the old lady exclaimed, after

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good-naturedly greeting Rose, "this big girl is going to make you look to your beauty reputation. Why in the world didn't you fall in love with my grandson, Petie, Miss Cavendish? I shipped him over to Paris for that purpose."

"But," said Rose, smiling and blushing, "he fell in love with Miss Baillie."

"So he did," exclaimed Mrs. Foster, with a gesture of despair. "Polly told me so. And the girl hasn't a shilling!" she exclaimed, turning to Mrs. Worthington. "Now, whom am I to go in to dinner with? Not one of those dancing-masters, nor with that blithering Blanding."

"Who would suit?" Mrs. Worthington asked, laughing.

"Let me see." Mrs. Foster ranged her lorgnette round the room. "Who's that new man—the big chap talking with your brother? Oh, that must be the wild man from the West Zoe Maxwell married. They say he digs gold and silver out of a mountain, somewhere, by the ton. He'll do, or Horace Maxwell. They are the best-looking men you've got."

"Then my life is saved," Mrs. Worthington said, "for you draw him. Remember his name, Cousin Elizabeth; it's Sterne. The other best-looking man goes to your daughter-in-law, Polly. You go in with young Mr. Foster," she said to Rose, who seemed to have lost interest in the subject when she heard the previous assignments.

"Well, Cousin John," Mrs. Foster said to the host, who came up just then, "how is your health? You look wretched. I believe you do not eat enough good beef. Why don't you? Can't you afford it?"

Cousin John, since their reconciliation, had adopted a lightly humorous manner with Mrs. Foster. He an-

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swered her: "Times are pretty hard, Cousin Elizabeth, and prime stall-fed beef is expensive."

"Not so expensive as a Worthington funeral," Cousin Elizabeth retorted, cheerfully, and went over to speak to Polly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE WORTHINGTON DINNER AND MUSICALE

THE Worthington dining-room, where, after too many delays, we are at last happily arrived, like everything else about the vast house, was strictly conventional. There was nothing anywhere to excite surprise, admiration or derision, or any other feeling than that it cost a fortune in every corner, and wonder that with so much expense nothing effective had been accomplished. Anything actually ugly, or inappropriate, would have been a relief. An Italian artist, imported to do the dining-room ceiling, had worked out the surprisingly original design of introducing allegorical seasons—pink and orange young women—one projected from each corner, in danger, had not their flight been arrested at a timely moment, of butting their heads over the centre of the table.

As for the dinner, the oysters came from a dealer, who purchased from a market-man, who sold for many boats coming from widely separated beds, so each plate served was a composite of good, bad, and indifferent; the soup was as pure as disinterested affection, but not so warming; the terrapin might as well have been chicken gizzards, so completely did the thick sauce wherein it was embedded conceal the fine flavor said to distinguish the flesh of the lowly but expensive chelonian; the boned squab came from a caterer's, and presented evidences of having been rewarmed several hours after the original cooking; and the same source supplied the

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ices, fruit, flowers, as well as several of the waiters; the roast and vegetables might have been satisfactory at a dollar and a half *table d'hôte*, but far from so in a well-conducted restaurant, where one, by judicious selection, makes an excellent dinner for a dollar. The wines were numerous, red and white, sweet and dry, still and sparkling, but totally lacked distinction, or special merit of any kind. Worthington never drank any of them, so his indifference accounted for, if it did not excuse, their character. As he did not smoke, either, and was made ill by being in the company of those who did, the men retired from the table with the women; and coffee was served for the men who cared for cigars in a smoking-room, done in gloomy leather and teak, situated on the floor above the reception-room, as far from Mr. Worthington's sleeping-room as could be arranged without sending the smokers into an outside building—a sort of smoke-house which Worthington seriously contemplated adding.

The dinner was hurried, and had the effect of leaving most of the diners with feelings of physical, as well as mental, chill; although the young dancing men and Blanding glowed in mind and body in a degree testifying in their cases that the sense of proper gratitude was not lacking in New York society.

The reason the waiters seemed to be in a prize competition to determine which could remove a course in the briefest time, after serving it, and thus impart an uneasy impression around the festal board that if you did not keep a firm grip on the plate before you, when speaking to a neighbor, it would vanish over your shoulder before you could turn, though one had not so much as threatened it with a fork, was that about two hundred people were coming in after dinner for music. This after-dinner entertainment was to be provided in a vast room spoken of

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by society chroniclers as the ballroom, the concert-room, the music-room, and the *grand salon*. Rushed as the dinner had been, the "music guests," as Blanding designated them, thereby nearly strangling the cotillon leaders with mirth, began to arrive before the smokers emerged from their cave; and with them came the musicians.

These were men, vocalists and instrumentalists, known as society professionals; which phrase explains they were known by society as musical stars, and by musicians as society stars. They earned by such work in four months more than better artists earned in a year; and the vogue thus achieved brought many pupils they did not know how to teach, but did know how to charge. One, a tenor of gushing temperament, was thought in a little club where he belonged to be on terms of close personal friendship with all the great families in New York. He was frequently heard at the club telephone talking in a manner approaching ecstasy with some person supposed by awed listeners to be a very famous lady; whereas it was usually some very famous lady's maid, commanding him to appear on such a night, at such a place, to sing such a song—and, if you please, madam says you are to rehearse more than the last time with the accompanist. But because these musicians did not appear professionally on any stage—for a different reason than they pretended—they entered their patrons' houses by the front instead of the side door, and mingled with the guests, thus imparting to the occasion, as was believed, an artistic atmosphere, even a spice of that delightful Bohemianism which was seasoning all grades of society.

With the arrival of these and the later guests it was apparent to several especially interested that Rose was the object of great, and usually very slightly veiled,

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curiosity. Most of the men promptly and frankly sought introduction to her; and those women who did not, as frankly scrutinized and criticised her. Polly, who observed this, sat by Rose, and by that system of wireless telegraphy brought to perfection long before the belated Signor Marconi sought to astound us with his discoveries, summoned her husband and Horace Maxwell to stand by as a supporting force. Horace had held aloof from Rose until thus summoned, because his sensitiveness made him refrain from assuming in public any appearance of friendly intimacy with her. He realized such an assumption was warranted by his relation to her, yet shrank from the possibility of its being misinterpreted. He laughed when this explanation for his attitude suggested itself to him. He was emotionally too direct, uninvolved, to have much occasion for inward searchings for motives of any kind; so, when he observed Polly's signal that she wanted a reserve force within easy call, he marched to his assigned post with another laugh at the state of mind which had kept him at a distance. "I'm getting to be all kinds of a fool," he mentally commented. "I like Mrs. Peter, so why should I not be by her side?" So he went to her—and Rose.

Many other men seemed to recall their high regard for Polly, and that philosophical, blue-eyed blonde stole opportunity to wink with some meaning, both to her husband and Horace, as if saying: "Observe, gentlemen, my popularity. Do not dare to account for it because I am the social custodian of this big, handsome, rich girl by my side. Not at all. These men are all so charmed to see me, Polly, Polly Van Ness Foster. There, do not let these men crowd around Rose too closely. Why did I command you hither? Get into formation; turn their flank. Move on them by the right and the left. Make way for the new-comers, the old and the young,

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the rich and the poor, the unmarried and those who are sorry they are not unmarried."

So Peter and Horace recalled their knowledge of football interference, edged the persistent away, with pointed questions concerning skating at Van Cortlandt Park, the odds in the winter books, the racing in San Francisco, the rumors about the work of golf handicappers, the threatened invasion of the middle-weight class by that cyclonic young boxer, Kid Cassidy, and such topics of weighty import as are bound, temporarily at least, to distract the most scheming, or the most adoring, from the side even of an exquisitely dressed woman with a bushel of black hair, big, calm gray eyes, and the prospects of a fortune, concerning which stories are going that take one's breath away.

Among those who came thus to Polly was the little tenor I have spoken of, Morgan de B. Hodgson. He had a double purpose in paying court. He was not numbered among the artists invited to Polly's little *salon*. The musicians, glad to exercise their best talents there, were either amateurs or else professionals, repaid for offering her the best they had by the pleasure she conferred upon them through her rare appreciation of their work, and the artistic stimulus her receptions provided. This little tenor was not recognized as an artist, either by those amateurs or professionals, and he longed for the recognition which an invitation from Mrs. Peter Foster would secure for him. He was also eager to meet the Miss Cavendish, about whom there was so much speculation, so little known. He was a pretty fellow, a favorite in his line in many great families; many foolish young women had doubtless said many foolish things to him; and why should not he, as well as others of his countrymen, aspire to the hand of an American heiress?

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Polly had an honest contempt for the little singer, concerning whose history some of her friends had jokingly informed her, and snubbed him in a way to make her husband and Maxwell grin, but which had no effect whatever on him. He gushed over the fame of her musical evenings; said he knew of the great barytone Riska declining an offer of a thousand dollars to sing one song at the Mallorys', because he had an opportunity to attend one of Mrs. Peter Foster's musicales. As he thus prattled on, Peter whispered to Maxwell: "Polly has a card up her sleeve for that little bore. She'll play it, if he doesn't run away soon."

But instead of running away he ran on, and Polly signalled to Quarry, who came over directly. He did not notice De B. Hodgson as he stooped to speak to Polly, but looked up to see what a servant could want with him, when he heard Hodgson, who was scarlet and trembling, say, "Your Grace!"

Quarry then looked at Hodgson, and still supposing him to be a servant, said, "Well!"

"Don't you remember me, your Grace?" quavered the little tenor.

To the countenance of "his Grace" came an expression of sudden astonishment. Then, as if solving a puzzle that had perplexed him for a moment, he said: "Are you employed here, Hodges? Have you a message for me?"

"I'm—I'm a guest—that is, I'm singing here to-night, your Grace. I thought you might be pleased to know of my success. I—"

"Hodges," interrupted the duke, frowning, but looking as if he would laugh if he did not frown, "I think you're wanted in the music-room."

"Yes, your Grace, thank you," and Morgan de B. Hodgson melted away.

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"Most extraordinary!" said the duke to Mrs. Peter and her reserves. "That man is the son of my mother's head stableman. He was a choir-boy in our church, and my mother had the choir-master give him a little extra training. The last we heard of him he was singing ballads in London music-halls. Most extraordinary! Was he annoying you, Mrs. Foster?"

"No," replied Polly, "but," she added, with much gravity, "he was anxious to be invited to my home, and I feared I had not quite understood his name—Morgan de B. Hodgson; is that it?"

Lord Holloway looked as if he were about to say something quite emphatic, but chancing to glance at the faces of the two men, his own cleared as he laughed with them. "His name is Morgan Hodges," he said, and repeated a number of times, "I say, oh, I say." He concluded by announcing his intention of writing to his mother the story of her promoted choir-boy's great success.

Mr. Blanding was telling Miss Mallory a story about something which amused him exceedingly, but which seemed to be causing her so much more annoyance than that story usually caused even his least appreciative listener, he furtively looked about to discover if there might not be some other irritant at work. He found she was sullenly observing the Duke of Quarry, now talking with Rose and seeming quite happy in his occupation.

"What a ridiculous-looking woman the new heiress is!" Blanding said, immediately he divined the cause of Miss Mallory's ill-temper.

"I think she's nothing of the sort," she replied, insolently. "It may be ridiculous for her to receive and accept an invitation to this house, but I see nothing ridiculous in her looks. She's very well made up."

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"Exactly," exclaimed Blanding. "You said it very nicely. Just what I was trying to say. It's ridiculous to see her here."

"I do not agree with you at all," Miss Mallory responded. "If people like the Worthingtons go in for entertaining their friends with freaks, why not begin with freaks who do not look ridiculous? I thought we were to have some music. Why do they not begin?" and the young woman, turning her back on Mr. Blanding, strolled towards the music-room.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THOMAS STERNE IDENTIFIES THE DUKE OF QUARRY

THOMAS STERNE had frequently regarded the Duke of Quarry with peculiar interest during dinner, and seeing him in the company of his brother-in-law Maxwell, when many of the guests had gone into the music-room, went over and said, "Excuse me for asking, but have you a relative, near enough to look like you, named George Holloway?"

"Not one," replied the duke, smiling; "but that is my name."

"The—deuce it is!" exclaimed Sterne. "Well, excuse me, but it never occurred to me that parties having handles to their names might be named like Christians also. Now, Maxwell, don't tell my wife I asked this next question or she'll dress me down good for my Western impudence. Does your mother happen to be named Caroline? No offence, sir. I've good reasons."

"Certainly no offence. That is my mother's name," Quarry responded, puzzled and amused by the tall Westerner's questions.

"I would have bet a thousand steers on it," exclaimed Sterne, "in spite of your being a duke chap."

As he said this he held his right arm high above his head, waving it with a slow and not ungraceful motion. It had been his signal for his daughter when, riding on the range, they were far separated. Florence saw

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it, and with a very brief excuse to the group of young men about her, hurried to her father's side.

"Florence," he exclaimed, delightedly, "the duke is Blashford Nottingham's nephew!"

"Blash Nottingham!" exclaimed Florence. "Why, of course," she added, slowly, giving a searching glance at the now thoroughly astounded Englishman. "He's the 'George' of the picture and the other's his mother. But, great Scott! we never knew you were dukes and duchesses, and things like that. Say, Blash Nottingham could ride!"

Lest my readers become as puzzled by this conversation as was the duke, I hasten to relate, briefly, explanations Mr. Sterne and Florence and the duke proceeded to make in detail, and at such length the party was still talking when the other guests were listening to Mr. Hodges in the music-room.

Blashford Nottingham was the brother of Caroline, Duchess of Quarry; and consequently uncle of Lord George Holloway, Duke of Quarry. He came to America and went West, not as a remittance man, but with some capital. His first investment was in the mine discovered by Tom Sterne. The two became fast friends, and partners in many enterprises. Nottingham had died since Sterne took up his residence in New York, and it was his fortune, inherited by his sister Caroline, which so far removed the duchess from vicissitudes popularly supposed to check the worldly careers of dowagers.

"He was a bit of a Radical," Quarry said. This may have explained that his references to people at home, although frequently dwelling upon sister Caroline and her fine boy George, never disclosed their titles. The London agents who had attended to the affairs of his will for the duchess, had, according to his instruc-

Sterne Identifies the Duke of Quarry

tions, made Sterne their American representative. "And your mother owns a half-interest in a ranch I am going to see—thank God!—next month," exclaimed Sterne. "Better come along with me. I'm going to take my wife and Florence."

"I will," replied the duke, promptly.

Uncle Blashford, it seems, among many personal effects he gave in his will to Sterne, including a wonderful number of guns and saddles and rare Indian curios, and other collections of his life on the Western plains and mountains, included photographs of a painting of sister Caroline and nephew George. Hence this discovery at the Worthingtons', while Mr. Hodges sang to the delight of those hearers who confused the music of the composer with the music of the interpretation—to the agony of all others.

Rose went into the music-room with the Fosters, and there was introduced to a number of women. Some of these, especially those classified as belonging to the Worthington set, asked if she had a day, and expressed impatience to call upon her and Mrs. Cavendish. "We want to know you," said one of the set, individually strong enough to give a cue that would be taken by others; "but you must not hate me for saying there is another reason for wanting to call—the few who have been lucky enough to see your house with Mr. Maxwell while you were away say it is a dream; all the ceilings by American artists—the sweetest designs, they say!—and finished and furnished smarter than any of the other new places. Every one says Maxwell has divine taste, and made his work on your home a labor of love."

Women of the Mallory set were more inclined to hold aloof, though some of them rebelled at acceptance of Mrs. Mallory's judgment. "If the girl has the inside track for the ducal stakes," said one of the rebels to an-

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other, "I do not see why we are expected to deny her good looks. I suppose Polly Foster will coach her in a lot of splendid entertainments. Should we lose the fun of helping them spend their money, just because Grace Mallory wants a duke, and isn't sure she'll get one?"

"I notice Mr. Mallory isn't shy of the beauty," a second rebel commented. "There he is with her again! If he wants to take up the Cavendishes, Mrs. Mallory can't help herself."

"Unless she aims better and with a heavier piece of china next time, and goes into mourning," suggested the first rebel.

The musical programme was but half through when Mrs. Foster rose between two numbers, and beckoned to Polly. "My dear," she said, "I'm starved to death, frozen solid, and dying of thirst. Get your men out, and the Cavendish girl, and come home with me to supper. Oh, there's little Park; ask him, too. I may have the gout, and I'll probably go that way soon, but I'd rather die of eating and drinking too much than live a thousand years without a drop of blood in my veins, like John Worthington. He, with his called-in waiters, his bake-shop game, his slops for wine! If ever I dine in this poor-house again, may I forget to say my prayers."

The old lady was in a passion. Polly hastened to signal her party. Peter and Petie responded quickly to the hint of supper, and Rose, too, was glad to go, for the scrutiny she had been subjected to racked her nerves, although she kept a calm front.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed old lady Foster, surveying her company when they met at the head of the stairway coming from their dressing-rooms. "Thank Heaven, I have a son and grandson who can eat and drink enough to keep men alive! How many are we?"

Sterne Identifies the Duke of Quarry

Three women and only two men—Park, you don't count, for you've an appetite no bigger than a girl's. Polly, get another man; some one who does not know what part of his body his liver is in. Lansing would do—though he's a wicked brute—but he couldn't leave without Quarry, because Nan gave the affair to Quarry for Lansing. I wish we could get that big Westerner, without his wife."

"How would Maxwell do?" suggested Peter.

"Oh, Emmy Maxwell will say I'm a wicked old woman if I drag him off."

"She will not," Polly said. "She likes him to go."

"Well, rescue him, then," Mrs. Foster commanded.

So Horace was communicated with, one of the dancing men with whom Emily enjoyed gossiping expressed himself as delighted to take Horace's place in the Maxwell carriage when his mother and sister wished to go home, and the supper party left, under the excuse that Mamma Foster was indisposed, "which is the truest lie ever told," the old lady commented.

She ordered Peter to drive to his club, get some live lobsters, and bring them to her house, where Polly said she would give them a gas-broiler treatment, and also do something in a chafing-dish line.

"I do not think my cupboard is bare," Mrs. Foster said, "and I know I've some wine fit for a Christian to drink. With the lobster, oyster omelette, a Welsh rare-bit, and some cold ham—I think there is a cold partridge to go with it—we can at least satisfy hunger and thirst."

CHAPTER XL

THE UNPROFITABLE CRUISE OF TWO PIRATES

THERE were two police officers and a number of coachmen standing under the awning leading from the door of the Worthington mansion to the street curb, and about the awning a shivering crowd of the homeless or over-curious who wait about the house until the last guest departs. Petie, when the supper party described in the last chapter left the house, went in the carriage with the ladies, Horace and Park driving off with Peter on his foraging expedition for food. As he waited for the ladies' carriage to make way for theirs, Horace saw two gaunt-faced men stealthily sneaking close to Rose, and stepped forward to intercept them, but an officer gave them a vigorous prod with the end of his night-stick, muttering a command to "Clear out of here, you!"

Horace had seen the men somewhere, but it was minutes before he recalled they were Foley and Cairnes. He had heard they had been permitted to return to Mulgrave's district, and wondered why they should be so far from there. It would have surprised him, as he lounged with Peter and Park in the luxurious assembly-room of the club, waiting for a servant to procure the lobsters from the chef and carry them to the carriage, had he known he was responsible for the appearance of the thieves where he had just seen them in voluntary exile—as he once was for their involuntary exile.

The paths of Foley and Cairnes had led over rough

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and insecure ground since the exciting news spread through the district that Mulgrave was to be turned down. The leader tried to maintain a bold and confident front; reminded his few faithful friends of the successful fight made against the organization the previous year by a leader Drummond tried to turn down, and pretended to feel sure he could make as successful a struggle, and by displaying his independent personal strength become greater than before in the organization. But even his most faithful follower, Dan Corcoran, knew his principal was doomed.

Mulgrave had ruled only through the strength of the organization, but had been too rough in that rule. Even Corcoran, an advocate of rough methods himself, admitted that. He had used his czar-like authority not to strengthen himself politically with the people of his district, but to punish insubordinates cruelly, and unduly reward the worst element. His levy on vice and crime had been higher—in proportion to the capacity of the victims to pay—than in any other district. From the keeper of the lowest resort to the backer of the most profitable swindling game, all had been made to give of their loot a larger percentage to Mulgrave than was exacted of their fellows in adjoining districts. Carrie Foley's story, and others like it, were known to the decent poor people; so all, evil and good alike, rejoiced when news came that Mulgrave would have to carry the next primaries against an opposition backed by the organization, or else lose his leadership—be turned down. They knew he could not do it, and began to defy him. Even his criminal victims, those who paid him tax for police protection in pursuing unlawful callings, dared deny him tribute, yet were unmolested by the police. His known followers found immunity from police interference—the protection only different

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in kind which in another stratum of society has been called freedom from unfriendly legislation—no longer a shield behind which they could safely prey on society.

Thus it came about that when Horace Maxwell insisted upon Drummond's turning down Mulgrave, he incidentally destroyed the value of the letters of marque held by Foley and Cairnes. They were known to be small but useful tools of Mulgrave, and as such found that, instead of being ignored by the police when engaged in such trifling operations as emptying the pockets of drunken sailors, stealing from the tills of small shops, or holding up a chance roysterer so unwise as to display a watch or pocket-book, they were now closely watched. This was more unfortunate for them than for more expert operators. They lacked skill to work unobserved; lacked address to operate in richer fields, where such wolves would be detected by the least knowing shepherd; and lacked courage when recklessness would have been a substitute for skill. In hunger, cold, and despair, they appealed to Mulgrave for aid, but that once not illiberal patron was in no mood to give.

He had been speculating on the fall in price of certain street-railway shares he believed would be affected by unfriendly municipal legislation, but Drummond directed friendly legislation, and Mulgrave was hopelessly involved in debt just when the sources of his income were to fail.

Foley and Cairnes hinted that if they told the story of John Cavendish's letter to his mother, which Mulgrave had stolen, it would not help the leader in his present situation; and for this threat they were brutally beaten by Corcoran. Their only other source of income, Carrie Foley, had been drained until even their threats to drive her out of her honest employment by telling her story to her fellow-workwomen failed to

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procure them more money. Carrie had given her brother all her earnings, all she could obtain from the pawnshops.

So it came about on the night Cousin John Worthington's dinner left Mrs. Foster with a hunger she determined to satisfy with lobsters, oyster omelette, Welsh rarebit, cold ham, partridge, and wine fit for a Christian, that these two Christians had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, not even terrapin in a too-thick sauce, boned squab rewarmed from a caterer's, not even a crust a self-respecting dog would pass by, and therefore were in a condition of mind and body suggesting radical measures.

"The game is up here," said Foley; "we'll go up-town for chance."

"And get pinched, for sure," commented Cairnes.

"Well, we won't be the first crooks, up against it, to do a job just to get pinched. Grub is plenty on the Island, and the cells warmer than empty rooms in Double Alley," Foley replied.

It was already dark on the evening of the Worthington dinner when Foley and Cairnes left the cold, windowless room where they slept, in the old, recently condemned tenement in Double Alley, off Cherry Street, near where the Hill rounds up to Franklin Square and appears to halt in vague search for the square, now cut into irregular shapes by Brooklyn-Bridge masonry, elevated-road posts, and station stairs. They slunk up Frankfort Street into brilliantly lighted Newspaper Row, where they saw no chance for work; for the night was cold, all but a few belated Brooklynites had hurried home, there was no crowd on the Row or about the Bridge entrance offering opportunities for work, and the occasional newsboy, seeing the thieves, clutched his pennies tightly in his pocket; up Park Row to Chatham Square, meeting few ex-

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cept their own kind, or professional beggars hurrying to warm bar-rooms to spend the proceeds of their day's leisure; and so on across Chatham Square into the Bowery.

Police posts are short on the Bowery, and on every corner they encountered overcoated officers who ordered them, by a toss of the head or jerk of the thumb, to move on. There they saw prosperous members of their craft, unmolested, in company with Jacks ashore; easy prey, but not for Foley and Cairnes, who, if they lingered but a moment, received more than a nod to remind them their days of immunity were over—Neill Mulgrave was to be turned down. They kept on up Third Avenue until they reached Fourteenth Street, where theatre-goers were thronging the sidewalks in numbers to suggest opportunity for work.

At the corner of Irving Place the crowd was densest. A popular play was on at the Academy of Music, and two streams of patrons met there, one from Third Avenue, one from Broadway and Fourth Avenue. Ticket speculators were hawking: "Choice seats for the performance. Nothing left in the box-office. Buy here. Only a few left." The thieves, not so well known to the police there, stood at the curb, hungrily watching the crowd for a possible victim. Two women, unattended, respectably dressed, and probably belonging to the upper working class, came from Fourth Avenue, hurrying with the excitement of anticipation, and smiling happily as they chatted about the play. One held a purse in her hand, and at the corner opened it, and was searching for something it contained. Foley and Cairnes exchanged a glance of agreement, and fell in behind the women, against whom they were soon closely pressed by the crowd. Just as they began to mount the few steps to the street entrance both women were shoved, and one stum-

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bled. At the same instant Cairnes snatched her purse, turned, and glided quickly and silently in the direction of Fifteenth Street. The woman picked herself up, laughing good-naturedly at the mishap, but in another instant uttered a cry of dismay. "My purse—oh, the tickets!" she cried. "I dropped it, or some one snatched it!"

The crowd separated to make an open space to look for the purse where the woman stumbled, and some one on the outside exclaimed, "A fellow just now crowded out this way!"

"Where?" many asked.

Then it was Foley's time to act. "There! there!" he yelled; "there he goes, up Fourteenth Street!"

He made a dash in the opposite direction from that Cairnes took. Some followed for a little space, but there was no one in sight who appeared to be running away, the curtain would be up soon, so all turned back towards the theatre, except a few idlers and an officer on the corner, who ran on, while Foley gradually let others pass him, fell back, and quietly crossed the street. The women, aided by a few sympathizers, searched the steps, but they were soon deserted, and, turning sorrowfully away, walked home, crying.

Cairnes, while waiting for Foley to join him in Union Square, examined the purse. It felt well filled, and he was eager to extract and conceal most of the bills he hoped it contained before Foley came, so that he need not divide equally with his confederate. He found in it a number of newspaper clippings, fashion articles, samples of ribbon, and two reserved-seat tickets for the theatre.

"That's all there was, so help me!" he declared in disgust when Foley naturally accused him of "holding out" the money booty.

"Search me, then," said the indignant Cairnes, and

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Foley proceeded to do so thoroughly. They threw the purse among the litter and boxed-up water-plants in the dry fountain of Union Square, and Foley took the tickets, hoping to realize from them the price of a meal. He approached a speculator on the corner where they first stood and asked him how much he'd give for the tickets. "A dollar," said the man, promptly. But when Foley handed the tickets to him he laughed, winked at some of his fellow-speculators, and turned his back on the thief.

"Where's my dollar?" Foley demanded, in as threatening a voice as he could assume.

"Young fellow," said the speculator, in a patronizing voice, "move on, or I'll put the cop onto you for snatching the purse the lady just lost."

There was nothing in the situation offering excuse for argument, so Foley rejoined his companion, so hopelessly sick of himself and the world he had no spirit to curse back when Cairnes cursed him for being no better than a come-on and a farmer. The honest speculator sold the seats for double their box-office price, and added the bills thus acquired to many others, neatly folded lengthwise, between the fingers of his left hand, in the manner of one not ashamed of feeling a proper pride in a good deed well done.

CHAPTER XLI

AN ADVENTURE AND NEWS OF JOHN CAVENDISH

FOLEY and Cairnes loafed up Broadway, but by the time they reached its theatre district, audiences were well in, except for occasional late arrivals of the delayed or leisurely. They encountered only those whose business or callings—such business and such callings!—required them to be seen as much as possible there, or to be there and seen as little as possible, and those whose honest affairs supply an air of life to Broadway, even in that intermediate hour. Here their poor, insufficient clothing, their gaunt, hungry, wolfish faces, made Foley and Cairnes conspicuous—as much so as would have been in Hickory Street that smart electric brougham and the man in evening dress, young, strong, joyous, and the woman whose rich cloak, in superabundant folds, gave such trouble at the brougham door that she laughingly called on her escort to extricate her and her confusion of fan, lorgnette, and roses. They had overstayed at dinner, content to miss an act of play-life while lingering over cigarettes and brandy, where the music was excitingly sweet, the company such as themselves, and all the world seemed only youth and color and warmth and music.

“Did you see the diamonds on the rag when the carriage door pulled back her cloak?” whispered Cairnes.

“Yes, but you haven’t the nerve to tackle a job like that?” Foley muttered, with shivering lips.

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"I've got the nerve, if you have, and if we see a chance to-night, I'll show you."

"If I could stop the knocking of my teeth with a few drinks, I'd look for such a graft," Foley snarled.

But neither chance nor skill gave them food or drink. When it came near the hour for the theatres to fill the street again with their thousands, the police became more watchful, and, with many more of their kind, Foley and Cairnes were ordered to "Get off this post now. Come; hurry on, you!"

It was in obeying such orders they came upon the little gathering of idle and curious standing about the entrance to the Worthington house. There the same fellow-craftsman who once introduced them to the hospitality of the Black and Tan saw and took pity on their state, and, guiding them some blocks to the west, bought them drinks. Thus excited and emboldened, they returned to the Worthington entrance, and saw Mrs. Foster's supper party depart.

The sight of Rose and Maxwell, whom both recognized, had a strange effect upon the thieves. Their always dull, unimaginative, and now muddled minds could not bridge the social chasm on one side of which they stood—and where, it seemed to them, Rose Cavendish stood but yesterday—on the other side of which they now saw her warmly, richly robed, gallantly attended, enveloped by a very physical breath of luxury which had stirred their cold rags as she passed them. And the man who coolly dared to jostle aside even a policeman to protect her skirts from their contaminating contact was Maxwell, the man for whom they had once been exiled, who now was directing the machinery—to them having the awfulness of fate—which was to crush Mulgrave, their only protector.

"Johnnie Cavendish's sister!" Foley hoarsely whis-

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pered, as they sullenly moved out of reach of the officer's hurting night-stick.

"Cop the lawyer," said Cairnes, excitedly, and they followed the carriage Horace entered, darting swiftly along where the electric lights threw black shadows, slouching with constrained appearance of unconcern when the chase forced them in a path of light.

The club was but a block or two away, and Mrs. Foster's a little beyond the club, so the thieves had no trouble in keeping the carriage in sight until its occupants left it at Mrs. Foster's house, near the corner of Madison Avenue. There they saw the men on the boxes of both carriages gossip for a few minutes until one drove off to a stable in a near-by street. The other drove slowly back and forth the length of the block, occasionally stopping, when the coachman and footman would chat for a minute to a passing officer.

Hidden in the shadowed basement entrance of a darkened house opposite, the thieves spoke to each other in whispers, with long intervals between questions and answers.

"Got your knife?" Foley asked, just above the sound of his breath.

"Yes," Cairnes replied, "but I'll not use it except—"

After a long silence, waiting to hear what Cairnes's exception might be, Foley said: "Except he's getting the best of us. He's a husky brute."

"Then, if we get him down, kick his face," Cairnes suggested.

"Never mind his face," whispered Foley. "Let Mulgrave do that for him. If we get his watch and roll, that is all we want."

"You're a coward, you thief!" was Cairnes's comment, but Foley only said: "You go behind. He's too tall to give him the mug; pin his arms, trip him if

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you can ; I'll work for the stuff, but if he slips an arm, give him the knife."

At the end of an hour the Peter Fosters, with Rose and Park, entered the waiting carriage. " I'll go to the club and get a coupé," Horace said, as he bade his companions good-night.

When the carriage turned up the avenue there was no other, nor any person, in sight. Foley glided along the sidewalk opposite Horace and crossed some distance ahead of him. Cairnes crossed behind and stealthily overtook him. Horace saw Foley's manoeuvre, and was warned by it, so clumsily had it been performed. But with his attention fixed on the man before him, he did not heed the one behind, and within a few paces of Foley two arms were slipped within Horace's elbows and he received a violent kick in the hollow of one knee. At the same instant Foley sprang at him, clutching his throat with his left hand, and ran his right up under Horace's overcoat in a hurried search for watch or money.

The assaults were made simultaneously, and for an instant even the stalwart athlete was hampered and distressed, but then the quick, accurately controlled muscles sprang to answer his demand. He gripped his pinioned elbows against his waist, and using his hips as a fulcrum, his upper body as a lever, he suddenly swung the fastened Cairnes around and in front of him like a whip-lash, knocking Foley down with the swinging body as he did so. At the same instant Horace shook himself free from both men, and, as they sprawled on the sidewalk, stepped back a pace, to be prepared for the next move. When they jumped to their feet Cairnes pulled his knife and rushed at Horace savagely enough, but blindly, whereas Horace met them coolly and adroitly. Foley he sent down with a left-hand blow,

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and he reached Cairnes, but not fairly, with his right fist, for as he started the blow he saw the gleam of the knife, and, changing his aim, received a glancing cut in his arm that would have otherwise reached his body.

He recognized the men, saw the look of their hunger-pinched faces, knew how powerless they were in his strength, and perhaps some compassionate thought of Carrie Foley had influenced him, for until he felt the sting of the knife there was no anger in his mind, but rather pity, for the poor wretches. Now he sprang at them, with brute instinct aroused. He caught, gripped, and twisted Cairnes's right arm until the thief dropped the knife with howls of pain. Then Horace's hand darted up to Cairnes's throat, took with indifference the blows rained upon him by Foley until he also clutched him with his left hand, and then grimly knocked the heads of the two thieves together until their struggles weakened and ceased, and finally flung them into the gutter.

As he did so, an officer, attracted by the cries, came hurriedly round the corner of the avenue. Horace debated only a second whether or not he should hold his assailants, decided not to, and they, bruised, battered, and bleeding as they were, ran east.

"What's this?" demanded the officer, after the manner of his kind.

"Only some drunken loafers," Horace replied.

"But you're cut; why didn't you hold 'em?"

Scant of breath, the officer looked with dismay at the fleeing figures turning into Madison Avenue.

"Never mind them," Horace said. "Put your stick through the knot of this handkerchief. That's right. Now twist it until I say stop."

They made a tourniquet of the policeman's night-stick and a white silk handkerchief Horace had worn

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around his throat; then Horace asked the officer to go with him to the entrance of the club on the corner. "There, I'll send you out your night-stick—and a drink. The night is cold."

"Thank you," said the officer. "And your card, too, if you please. I'll have to report this. You are a cool one, sir."

When Horace reached home, his arm bandaged and put in a sling by a doctor, he found in his room a message left by Percy Troutt. It enclosed a notice from the Ship News Agency, informing him that the sailing-ship *Orient*, short of provisions and somewhat out of her course, had spoken a German steamer bound for Rio Janeiro, whence came this news. The *Orient* had been reprovisioned, and, though partially dismasted, said she would continue to New York without putting in anywhere. In view of her condition, she expected to reach port in about six weeks. She reported some sickness, due to lack of vegetables, but, with the new supply, expected to reach New York with all hands well.

Foley and Cairnes made slow way of it back to their room in Double Alley. The energy the drinks gave to them, and which fear of the police briefly renewed, ebbed and departed abruptly when they felt safe from pursuit. Then they could little more than drag themselves along the far eastern avenues they took for greater safety. They did not even waste much breath in reviling each other for the failure of their bold enterprise. They were too sore and beaten even to engage in wordy quarrel.

When they stumbled into the same room they had quitted early in the evening, some uneasy sleeper, disturbed by their entrance, inquired, in no friendly tone: "Is that Foley and Cairnes? Well, you're wanted by Dan Corcoran. You are to find him at Mulgrave's place whatever time you come in."

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Little as they felt like showing themselves in Mulgrave's, or any lighted place, in their plight, they made their way to the saloon with all the haste they could, not daring to ignore the command. It was long after the legal closing hour, but the place was filled with side-door customers, a rougher and lower order of men than Maxwell saw on his visit there six months before. Foley and Cairnes were greeted with derisive shouts of laughter and demands for an explanation of their battered appearance. Corcoran, after staring at the men, invited them to the room where the sailor with John's letter had been entertained.

"I want you to be where I can get you when I need you," he said, roughly, all the time examining their bruises with an inquiring and critical eye. "Mulgrave has word that Johnnie Cavendish's ship is reported, and you are to make a lay-out for getting hold of him before the ship docks. I don't want to have to waste two or three hours hunting you up again, you understand. Now, what kind of a game have you been up against to get such a pounding as this?"

He gave them drinks and food, and they told their story. Corcoran was much interested when he heard it was Horace Maxwell who had handled the men so roughly.

"He had on kid-gloves," Corcoran said, examining Foley's face, which he bathed with some preparation.

"Can't you do something for my wrist, Dan?" Cairnes asked, showing his right wrist, swollen and circled with blue marks.

"Has a cop had the nippers on you?" Corcoran asked, looking at the wrist with surprise.

"No; that's where Maxwell gripped me and made me drop the knife. It feels like all the bones was broke," Cairnes replied.

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"Do you mean to tell me a man with kid-gloves on did this?" demanded Corcoran, holding the wrist up for closer inspection, while Cairnes winced with pain.

"Nothing else did it," the thief answered.

Dan Corcoran did not make further question or comment; but he was soberly reflective over the discovery of Horace Maxwell's strength—as if it were a matter that might concern him, as it had Cairnes.

CHAPTER XLII

ROSE'S AFFAIRS BECOME INVOLVED

IT was not the people who now began meeting Rose Cavendish "everywhere," as they exclusively deemed the places where any one who was anybody was seen, who were surprised at the fact. They knew something true, and believed a great deal not true, of the circumstances of her social promotion. That not true was equally serviceable with the truth in explaining the situation. I mean it was believed by most people that the Worthingtons extended their potent and early aid to Rose through the influence of Cousin Elizabeth Foster. This was an easy and natural deduction, given the known facts of Polly's interest in Rose, Mrs. Foster's admiration for her daughter-in-law Polly, and Mr. Worthington's anxiety to propitiate Mrs. Foster.

The state of affairs which had in fact induced Mrs. Worthington to help Rose by one easy step over social barriers many tried a lifetime in vain to cross, was not generally known, for Lansing had been circumspect in his campaign, and to most observers it was not known that he was enough interested in the new heiress to induce him to call his sister to his aid.

Then, too, Mrs. Foster was a factor in social life of independent strength, as was shown by her social prosperity even during the years when her most cherished amusement was to make Cousin John Worthington appear ridiculous. Her poverty made her selfish, as she freely admitted; but as that selfishness found gratifica-

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tion in giving, both at Newport and New York, little dinners and receptions of peculiar charm—not the least of which was that you were distinguished as somebody either by birth or brains if invited—her patronage alone of Rose, aiding Polly's brilliant management, left no reason in the minds of informed persons to wonder at seeing Rose everywhere.

But there were many people in New York as amazed as they were indignant when they heard of Rose's brilliant social début. They were as rich as Mrs. Cavendish, were they not? Had their women not appeared at the opera, the Horse Show, the big public dining-rooms with more diamonds than even the Worthington or Mallory women wore? Had not their men bought whole racing-stables, where that little block-head Petie Foster was haggling and scheming and trading to keep one or two saddle-horses ahead of his game? Had they not built homes on the avenue, whose bulbous fronts and gleaming interiors made the done-over house of the Cavendishes look poor and simple, in spite of all the artists' twaddle about the feeling, atmosphere, repose, harmony, which that stuck-up lawyer Maxwell was said to have achieved in the Cavendish home?

And those who thus complained of invidious fate were good people, too, filled, doubtless, with all the social graces designed to ornament a Mallory reception; warranted not to criticise a Worthington dinner; and had made their money as honestly as it is possible for man to make ten or twenty millions in five or six years. They wanted the best society in New York—and expected to get it as they got the best pictures at the auction sales, the best lots on the avenue, the smartest coaches, the biggest diamonds, the most and showiest gowns—by money.

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They were good people, as I have said. To be sure there was a story that Mrs. Southerly of that set, who was old enough to be Mr. Southerly's mother, would have been his step-mother had not the late Southerly, senior, preceded his wife to a world untroubled by bonds and stocks. Then the present Mrs. Southerly promptly married the present Mr. Southerly. It was said, too, doubtless with no more basis of truth, that Senator Mat Cowper, who lived in New York but represented a far Western State, forestalled charges of bribery and corruption in relation to his manner of procuring senatorial honors only by the mean trick of fortifying himself at great expense with clear and direct evidence that a certain Eastern colleague, who at first virtuously insisted upon the charges against Cowper, had himself procured his seat by similar, though less spectacular, means.

Not that were all the things gossiped about the Cowpers and the Southerlys true—and I doubt them all—they would have constituted reasonable ground for exclusion from any set in New York society. Indeed, such were not the reasons. It was simply that the New Yorkers whose society they most longed for did not know them, and there chanced to be no one to promote them. So they raged without logic against the success of the Cavendishes, and multiplied and elaborated the stories concerning Rose, which began to be invented by people of more imagination, though less venom, than the distinguished Mrs. Mallory and her beautiful daughter.

Fortunately for Rose, the pretty tales told about her by the Mallorys made no impression upon those whose opinions could affect her career. Many of the women she met at the Worthingtons' called, and thus a circle of acquaintance was started which grew rapidly.

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Nearly every day now she went to some new house, either to return a call—and then usually with Polly—or to some of the smaller day affairs; a lunch, to hear some aspiring musician whose patroness thus introduced him; or teas where men came late and made desperately brief calls. What she enjoyed most in these first simple, but to her wonderful, excursions into society-land was the acquaintance of young women of her own age. Especially was she fascinated by those described by Polly as athletic girls—golf and tennis players, swimmers, riders, drivers in summer; skaters, dancers, walkers in winter. Her admiration for these was so simply honest that she could not help, with her sweet nature, but earn admiration in return. She delighted herself and her mother by entertaining these girls at lunches, the disturbing element man rigorously excluded. With one she learned to ride, as well as the art can be acquired on a tan-bark oval; another found her always ready for a five-mile walk on the avenue at a swinging gait. With others she learned to skate, and as none of them ever detected any treacherous design in her to try the effect of her beauty on the men of their set, even that beauty counted in her favor. So she, who had been a workwoman at fourteen, at twenty, for the first time in her life, owned the luxury of girl friends. These became useful allies of Rose in a way she knew nothing of, but which an incident proved to those who still shot from the ranks of the opposing camp. At a lunch where Rose, with the frank delight of a six-year-old child giving her first party, was entertaining a dozen of her new girl friends, the question of a distinguishing costume for skating was engrossing all thought and conversation.

"I've designed a costume I'll show you after lunch," Rose said, eagerly. "We never had such costumes

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to design at Brown & Anthony's, but I often wondered when I was there that shops doing such work did not turn out more distinctive designs. Skating is so unlike any other sport or exercise, it suggests distinction in the way of a costume."

This speech was followed by a silence which threatened to become painful; but one young woman, who more nearly than the others understood Rose's character, had the genius to say: "Were you the designer there, Miss Cavendish?"

"Oh, we were not grand enough to have a designer who did nothing else. I designed, showed off garments on myself, and assisted the forewoman in managing the department," Rose replied, and her manner relieved the situation of any embarrassment.

"I did not know how much of a genius I was as a designer," Rose continued, smiling, for she saw the interest her listeners felt in this, the first any of them had heard her say of her old life, "until I went to Paris. Mrs. Worthington gave me letters to dressmakers there, and when I ordered some gowns I made so many suggestions one of the greatest modistes said in French to Mrs. Foster, who told me, that if I were not able to buy those gowns she would offer me an engagement as a designer. Wasn't that a compliment?"

"Well, you're the best-dressed woman in New York, and if you design your own gowns I want to see that skating costume," one declared.

"Oh, I'll do more than show you," Rose responded. "I mean to suggest the color, and some little point of individual effect for each of you. That's to pay you for encouraging me to become an athletic girl."

Perhaps if the women had been older; perhaps if they had not been of temperaments making them out-of-door enthusiasts; perhaps if Rose's manner had lacked in

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perfect candor; perhaps, indeed, had she not been an heiress, this incident would not have made them such partisans as they became from that moment. One of them that evening was addressed by one of the boyish cotillon leaders, who said, with a winning smile: "I hear you were at a bud lunch at Miss Cavendish's to-day. It must be such fun! Does she show off her accomplishments at the wash-tub, or—I forget her former specialty—was it dancing to street-organs?"

"If you've forgotten," the young woman replied, with such distinctness as to attract the attention of a considerable number, "I am very glad to remind you. Miss Cavendish was an expert designer of costumes. Possibly she designed the costume in which you appeared as a ballet-girl last year. I recall how lady-like you looked. She has promised to teach some of us to design our gowns, and when we are clever enough we are going to assist her to instruct a class in a club she is forming, to help shop-girls advance in their work."

This speech was pretty thoroughly repeated that night, and before a week it was well known in the camp of the enemy, inducing many to abandon the use of ammunition furnished by the Mallorys.

This, however, could not have accounted for the noticeable change in the Mallory women's attitude towards Rose. Their comments on that unsuspecting young woman suddenly ceased, or so changed in tone that the cotillon leaders and Mr. Blanding were heard rejoicing that it was a relief, really now, to find Miss Cavendish and her mother people of such excellent, if humble, origin. There was an interesting story that the late Mr. Cavendish was the son of a younger son of a great British house; and that some recent deaths in India had caused such very particular inquiries concerning the family that young John Cavendish, who had been trav-

Rose's Affairs Become Involved

elling abroad, had been sent for in haste; and that a reception the Cavendishes promised would be in the nature of an introduction to New York society of the young gentleman, son of the house, who had prospects—only a life or two intervening—of a British title and large possessions.

Just where this pleasing story originated was never clearly determined; but no one traced it back farther than Mr. Blanding, and he was first heard telling it soon after an interview regarding the Cavendishes he had with Mrs. Worthington. It was known that Mrs. Worthington had intimated pointedly, but with good-nature, her intention to defeat Mr. Blanding's ambition for an ambassadorship, or a senatorship, or whatever he expected Mr. Worthington to buy for him, if he persisted in repeating the contemptible stories about Rose Cavendish. Mrs. Worthington reminded Blanding that she greatly admired Rose, had entertained her, and would welcome her as a sister-in-law. Blanding endeavored to receive this intimation with as much appearance of good-nature as that with which it was given; but Mrs. Worthington pressed her point until it caused all his large upper front teeth to be curtained by a large seriously drawn upper lip—a rare phenomenon, proving the Blanding hide, though unusually tough, to be not wholly impenetrable.

Mrs. Cavendish and Rose had announced an afternoon at home each week during December and January; and Polly managed so that things should not be commonplace, when she saw these afternoons would be the means of establishing Rose firmly in the place the Worthington dinner gave her a chance to make, and would also provide the only society Mrs. Cavendish would consent to see. The latter enjoyed these afternoons for what they meant for Rose, and appeared at them with every

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seeming of a calm and contented matron, who easily performed the few conventional duties of hostess which the aid of Rose, the controlling but invisible hand of Polly, and the experienced prevision of Mrs. Bartlett left for her.

But under this surface calm Mrs. Cavendish concealed a tumult of anxious hopes, doubts, and fears for her son. The news sent from Rio Janeiro, which Horace Maxwell and Neill Mulgrave received on the night of Foley and Cairnes's uptown incursion, Mrs. Cavendish read in the next day's papers. John was nearing home, but on a ship in distress, on which there was sickness! This filled the mother's heart with many alarms, while all the time she made hundreds of plans for his home-coming. He should go abroad with them under a tutor she had asked Maxwell to engage; should be taught all the things gentlemen should know; should be refined, polished, made stalwart and healthy, and then return to his own country for her to love and admire, while her money and his beauty and brains and wit made him famous. So the mother dreamed in the afternoons when people came to admire her house, to admire Rose, and even to say pleasant things to her. As she watched them she mused whether she wanted him to marry this young woman or that, be like this young man or that.

CHAPTER XLIII

MRS. MALLORY'S CONDITIONAL SURRENDER

AT one of the Cavendishes' afternoons at home, when there was some music provided by friends of Polly's, the latter was startled out of her notable self-possession by seeing Mrs. Mallory and her daughter Grace enter. With a manner Polly mentally applauded, for she admired good, strong acting off the stage, where you may see much of it—if you chance to know the prompter—the new-comers appeared entirely oblivious of the sensation they created. Mrs. Mallory was the best, because the most experienced, player. Her manner in greeting Rose, in meeting Mrs. Cavendish, was marred neither by suggestion of effusiveness nor restraint. She caught sight of a famous 'cellist who was to play, congratulated Mrs. Cavendish on capturing such a prize, then asked if her hostess would not show her something more of the house, "for we hear it makes our old-fashioned places look positively stuffy."

The charming Miss Grace did her best, but inexperience counted against her, and she mimed but poorly compared to her mother. Yet she was effective when, after greeting her hostess, she faced the guests and stared about with no evidence of feeling that the company, to a man and woman, was speculating on the motive of the Mallory surrender.

Arthur Lansing arrived soon after them, and went at once to Mrs. Mallory from the hostess, greeting her with a mixture of homage and esteem which to Polly

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seemed so plainly consequent to something interesting she began a search for its antecedent. Lansing, to her mind, did not offer a whole explanation, and as she wondered what was lacking Mr. Mallory arrived. He looked about the room with an inquiry rather eager for one so Oriental in type, saw his wife and daughter, smiled a little, then saw the man talking with his wife was Lansing, and the smile shifted to a slight frown. Mallory chatted for a minute with Mrs. Cavendish, then turned to Rose, with whom his manner was gravely deferential or courteously glowing; and both suited his Orientalism better than such expressions would most men. On the rare occasions when it suited him to do so, Mallory could be very entertaining. He had travelled much—and so does every one now-a-days—but he had observed morals and manners of many peoples with an understanding we find reflected, commonly, in Eastern philosophers' notes of travel, and look for in vain in all others. He was a student of music and art, and talked on these subjects with a nice avoidance of seeming to know anything about them, which is so grateful when really we are being informed.

Polly, moving about the rooms with no apparent purpose, answering many inquiries about Mamma Foster's health, which was exceedingly bad, soon realized that Mallory's marked attention to Rose was subject of comment. So she rustled over to him and said: "Herr Brandl is here with his 'cello. What shall I ask him to play?" Mallory did not accept the interruption ungraciously. He divined Polly's purpose, and, of course, had no intention of monopolizing Rose after even so alert a referee as Polly had called time. He walked over to where his wife was standing, who, seeing him approach, left Lansing and met him. "You miserable brute," she muttered, without moving her

Mrs. Mallory's Conditional Surrender

thin lips, "you select very unmannerly ways of trying to humiliate me."

He laughed as if she had made some pleasant speech to him, then said in as low a tone as she used: "You ought not to be in such a nasty temper. Did I not keep Lansing from talking to the beauty?" In an ordinary tone, meant to be overheard, he added: "I think we should see the dining-room. They say it is very well done."

A very young woman of the Mallory set, overhearing this, and noting Mr. Mallory's attentive manner towards his wife, remarked to another: "How silly for people to say he forced her to call! Why, they are like bride and groom together!"

When the Mallorys departed, the attentive head of the family assisted his wife and daughter into their carriage, and bowed so ceremoniously as the footman slammed the door that the footman, when he had climbed to the box and smoothly tucked a lap-robe about him so that his legs resembled a neatly rolled bolt of cloth, remarked to the coachman out of the right-hand corner of his mouth: "The governor won't be home to dinner to-night. He always stops away when he's been so astonishing polite to the missus."

"He do," assented the coachman, out of the left-hand corner of his mouth.

Possibly Mr. Lansing may have observed something in Mallory's manner which suggested to him, too, that the governor would not dine at home that evening; and being a man of good heart, though brusque of manner, he dined at the Mallorys', that the table might not be wholly ungraced by masculine company. Not only Mr. Mallory but Miss Mallory also was absent from the family dinner-table. The rage of Miss Grace at having been commanded to call on the Cavendishes

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left her in the clutchings of a nervous headache, so she accepted her mother's advice not to leave her room for dinner, "as it always makes your headaches worse to dine alone with me, dear."

From which remark it is to be inferred that Lansing's appearance at dinner was unexpected, one of those little informal surprises which sometimes mitigate the usually rigorous convention governing the lives of the very great, under which they are informed two weeks in advance where and with whom they are to dine. They must at times become weary of the absence of surprises, of such chance meetings as Lansing's unexpected appearance afforded Mrs. Mallory.

"I've a good joke on myself to tell you, Arthur," said that lady, who was in an unusually amiable mood when she met her unexpected guest before dinner. "After I promised you to call on those sewing women, Mallory also asked me to call. He expected a row, of course, and was prepared for it, so he nearly fainted when I sweetly informed him that his wishes were my commands. He could not account for my astonishing good-nature; but I believe he connected you with it in some way when he saw us together there. I suppose that is why he was so nasty, and talked so sweetly to that absurd girl. He's a dear thing, Mallory is. But you kept your word, and did not talk to her—so I told Grace she need not come down to dinner. I treat you better than you deserve."

Lansing assured his charming hostess he really was a more deserving person than she gave him credit for; and must have convinced her such was the case, as before he left her she promised to send invitations to the Cavendishes for an approaching annual ball, which the Mallorys for years had succeeded in making the chief social event of each winter.

CHAPTER XLIV

POLLY'S INCOMPLETE HINT TO ROSE

IF Mrs. Mallory, in the course of the dinner interview just recorded in part, received the impression that Lansing had ceased entertaining any serious intentions towards Miss Cavendish, she had an impression not shared by some others. At this time Lansing was seen pretty regularly wherever Miss Cavendish went. In many little ways, of whose meaning Rose, in her inexperience, easily remained unconscious, he assumed the relation towards her of an accepted lover. He was never obtrusive, but always watchful and prompt in the small services by which are established rights to bestow those trifles of personal attention for which women depend upon men.

Mallory had fewer opportunities to see Rose than had Lansing. The bachelor could, without exciting comment, so order his days as to meet Rose frequently; but Mallory could only exercise diligent care to be where Rose was when doing so should not seem the result of intention. Yet, following this circumspect rule, he managed to see her often enough to promote his acquaintance from the plane of formality to a basis of informal friendliness. He was enough Lansing's senior to belong to a different school socially. It was since his youth that young men began the assumption of intolerance towards the politer social forms and occasions. Men of Lansing's age neglected women while women remained in distinctly feminine surroundings; had agreed that boys

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and old men might find entertainment in women's society, in such surroundings; but as for these exponents of a new society, if woman wanted their companionship, she must seek it where these revolutionists were to be found: on horseback, on golf-course, in the tennis-court, on a yacht's deck. But Mallory, founded in social conventions in pre-revolutionary days, did not grant it proof of juvenility or senility to seek the society of women where women were in an atmosphere of their own creation, not in one their brothers created for them. It was not embarrassing for Mallory to find himself at afternoon entertainments where the eternal feminine ruled, nor was it an awkward struggle to make himself agreeable on such occasions, although for Lansing it was.

The latter was an advanced exponent of the theory that women usually are stupid creatures, incapable of original thought which can possibly interest a robust man; and that it is unbecoming such a man to concern his mind about anything that could interest a woman. If I add that he is an enviably popular man with many women, it is with no desire to point out the perversity of the sex, but merely to prove that his course, if not justified, at least had not until now earned him any punishment. Now he found that Rose, while accepting all of the small attentions he paid her, with a manner possibly a little too matter-of-course to be entirely flattering, accepted the efforts of Mallory to entertain her with frank satisfaction.

"Mr. Mallory," Rose once said, when Polly adroitly made the subject introduce itself, "is indifferent to being nice or entertaining with women, you say. He does not seem so to me. He talks about music and pictures nearly as interestingly as—why, as you do or Mr. Maxwell. He has odd things to say about people; not gossip, you know, but things which make you see how un-

Polly's Incomplete Hint to Rose

like they are, and how it is worth while to study people yourself to find out why they do one thing rather than another. Mr. Maxwell can do that, too; but he lets a person see him only often enough to remember what he looks like. I think he is honester than Mr. Mallory, don't you?"

"Just how?" Polly asked, trying her best to understand what Rose was not saying.

"Well," Rose replied, frowning a little in her determination to explain something she had thought about much but never before tried to put into words, "Mr. Mallory talks the way he does as if he had made up his mind to catch and hold your interest for some purpose; Mr. Maxwell always seems trying not to interest you—or, anyway, not to let you think he is. And you get to think he could say things more interesting if one were worth the trouble. I suppose when he talks to clever women like you he says the best he can, because you would understand—but I would not."

Polly bit her lips, in a noble effort to destroy a smile, before she said: "I'll tell you a secret: That manner you remarked in Mr. Maxwell is not reserved for you exclusively. If it were a pretty manner, I should not say so; but as it is not, I may tell you it is as much to be observed in his attitude towards me as towards you. When I was a little girl, with two bright golden braids a-hanging down my back, like the girl from Hackensack, I was disposed to quarrel with Master Maxwell for that manner. I told him, with a certainty of expression one abandons to one's loss with old age, that he thought he was smart, was putting on airs, was stuck up, and refused to play with him, until I repented and called him back when the manners of other little boys bored me."

Rose laughed and blushed as she said: "Well, I wish

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I could call him back when the manners of other little boys bore me."

"Have you sent him away?" Polly asked.

"Why, no."

"Then how can you call him back? I always sent him away first. Of course, when we get to be big children we do not send men away in the style I've confessed, but, as my Petie would say, 'there are others.'"

"What others?" Rose asked, suddenly aroused.

Polly had brought the conversation to this point with the fixed purpose of giving Rose a hint that Mallory's attentions had the effect of sending Maxwell away, and possibly of suggesting to her also the impropriety of Rose's acceptance of such attentions. Mrs. Peter Foster had some peculiarities of speech and manner which were called eccentric by even her admirers; but she was, in spite of them, a Tory in her adherence to social conventions in all their broader obligations. It was this in her character that had prompted her to make an opportunity to speak to Rose about Mallory. But now the occasion was ready for the word, her heart failed. Rose was so evidently unaware of any impropriety, even of any unusualness in the situation, that Polly's Toryism failed her when she realized the cruelty involved in the task of teaching Rose wisdom.

So Polly changed the subject, soothing her conscience with the reflection that she had not shirked the duty, only postponed it; a course of reasoning not strictly feminine, and responsible for even greater mischances than that which befell Rose as the result of its adoption by Polly.

CHAPTER XLV

LADY BAILLIE ENTERS INTO CORRESPONDENCE

FOR readers who question Mrs. Peter Foster's unselfishness in favoring Maxwell in Rose's esteem, when we have had that same lady's word she wished her own son, Master Petie, to enter the running for the heart and hand of the handsome heiress, it may be interesting to learn something of a correspondence carried on between Mrs. Peter Foster and Lady Baillie. There had been forwarded to Polly from London a letter addressed to her there on the day following her sudden departure for New York. This letter was from Lady Baillie, in which she said that as Mrs. Foster had shown so much interest in her experiences in the little home on the East Coast, she hoped Mrs. Foster's engagements would permit her to visit Lady Baillie for a few days before her return to America. She lived in such a droll little stone cottage she was compelled to forego the pleasure of extending her invitation to Mrs. Cavendish and her daughter, but hoped Mrs. Foster's son could come, and signed herself, affectionately, Blanche Baillie. Polly hastened to the postscript. It explained that Sir Francis would not be of the party, having been called to some property he owned in Ireland, where men had found green stone which could be quarried in great quantities and used for street-paving purposes, and the discoverers wanted to pay Sir Francis sums in the matter, called royalties.

Polly replied to this polite invitation, explaining its

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receipt only after her arrival in America. She added a postscript congratulating Lady Baillie on Sir Francis's good fortune, and added a word about Petie—who sent his regards—whose only interest in life since his return had been horses.

Then came a second letter from Lady Baillie. In this she wrote that, owing to Isobel's unsatisfactory health, Sir Francis suggested a foreign trip, possibly to America, which all greatly desired to visit. A postscript added that Sir Francis was quite as much in need of a restful voyage as was Isobel. He had worked very hard on the green paving-stone matter—having been excellently advised by the Duchess of Quarry—and formed a company in which he retained a controlling interest, yet for the minority interest had received a sum which put their affairs in excellent shape, and restored her, Lady Baillie's, mind to a state where she contemplated a reasonable expenditure for gowns without a shudder. She mentioned the affair of the green stone company only because it was another proof of the wonderful business capacity of their mutual friend, the duchess. Isobel sent her love, and was already better in contemplation of the voyage.

Thereupon Polly replied: She was delighted at the prospect of seeing her dear friend, Lady Baillie, in America. She was so pleased, too, to be able to entertain her without revealing the mysteries of a Harlem apartment-house. Her dear mother-in-law, Mrs. Foster, was in poor health, and had insisted upon having her son and his family live with her in her town-house. They should also open her Newport place for her a little later, and hoped to have the pleasure of entertaining the Baillies in both places. In a postscript she expressed her joy at hearing that Isobel was in better health, renewed her congratulations upon Sir Francis's

Lady Baillie Enters into Correspondence

brilliant prospects in the green stone line, and concluded by mentioning the fact that her son, who sent his affectionate remembrances, looked forward to the promised visit with keen pleasure.

Mr. Peter Foster followed this correspondence with lively interest. "I swear, Polly," he said, "if the Ballie girl has enough for them to live on, I favor letting Petie marry at once, not wait for what we can do for him. Fact is, Petie is awfully hard hit. Shows it. Why, except that deal with Morrie Morfay-Morrie, winning the jumper he sold to Franklin for two-fifty, he has given up even horse-trading. Doesn't take interest in rational things. Wonder what stake Sir Francis landed on green stone."

"Wait a steamer or two and I'll know. I've written to the duchess to find out."

"No, now, have you, really?"

"Certainly I have. Lady Baillie asked me, not in so many words, but in so many other words, to do so."

"Jove, Polly!" cried her delighted husband. "You can read more things out of a postscript."

"Nearly as many as I can put in," Polly mused.

It came to pass, as Polly wrote, that the Peter Fosters gave up their little apartment, and went to reside with Mrs. Foster; or, more accurately, took up their residence in Mrs. Foster's house and that lady lived with them. Old Mrs. Foster had not been well enough to go out since the Worthington dinner, and she charged her annoying attack of gout to that repast.

"The Lord knows," she declared, "the dinner must have been bad enough to kill a less tough old woman than I, when one could not counteract its awful effects with a decent supper of lobster, oyster omelette, cold ham and partridge, with good champagne. And Polly Foster cooked the lobster and omelette, herself;

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and she's the best cook in New York, though her father is a wicked old man with no respect for any one but the devil."

The old lady turned much towards Polly these days. They had always been good friends, and Mrs. Foster, besides liking her, enjoyed Polly's reputation for cleverness as a housekeeper, able to live on next to nothing a year, and her popularity in spite of her poverty. But she was not now satisfied with Polly's occasional visits. Her house needed more management, she said, than an old woman suffering from a Worthington dinner could give it: so Polly must come and take charge. There was another reason: she liked Polly's society, and was devoted to young people, plenty of whom would come to her house, she knew, when Polly and her son were there.

"Polly knows every one in New York that's worth knowing, as of course you know, Nan," she said to Mrs. Worthington, when that lady made a sympathy call on the invalid, "but she also knows a lot of people worth knowing whom nobody else knows. I mean writers, and musicians, and artists, and people like that. She inherited them from her wicked old father. I wish he would call on me, for he has delightful stories, he must hear from his friend the devil, about good men. It will be an awful expense to have them here, but as long as I am sick I can't be extravagant myself, so I suppose we'll get along somehow. If your husband, Nan, was not a stricken miser, he'd give my grandson ten thousand a year, so he could join some club. Petie is John's own first cousin's grandson, and it's a shame for him to be running about New York without a penny in his pocket, except when he steals a horse from some silly and sells it. It's a pretty pass when a gentleman must turn horse-thief in order to keep shoes on his feet, or give a dinner to a college chum."

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Mrs. Worthington laughed at this speech, as she did at all of Cousin Elizabeth's, and promised, when the January 1st dividends were all paid, and her husband might be expected to have less fear than usual of the wolf at his door, to speak to him about Petie's penniless condition. Perhaps, she said, Petie might be given a place in some office.

The old lady flared at this. What time has a gentleman left these days, she wanted to know, to devote to an office? Wasn't Petie busy from morning to night, as it was? He knew more people in New York than any other young man; never neglected a social duty or slighted a call; kept up his riding and golf, and would shine in polo if he could afford a few ponies. He never shirked going to the opera with his mother, nor considered any other such duty unmanly, as did so many men these days. Was he to sit at a desk all day and add up John Worthington's rents and interests and dividends? No, she'd rather sell her town-house and live at Newport all the year round; and thus save enough to allow Petie a few thousands herself!

It was just after this move of the Peter Fosters that invitations were issued to the Mallory crush, and cards were received by Mrs. Cavendish and Rose. "You'll go, Rosie dear," Mrs. Cavendish said.

"I do not know, mamma."

"Why, dearie, you have reception gowns you never wore yet! Why not go?"

The fact was that, on the recent occasion when Polly changed the subject at a critical point, Rose divined something, though far from all, of her friend's unuttered views. Rose was determined, therefore, to advise with Polly, and discover if there was any reason of which she was ignorant why she should not accept the Mallory invitation. Rose did not explain this to her mother.

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She knew her to be half ill from the torturing delay in hearing news of John's ship, and resolved to avoid giving her any further cause for uneasiness. She had the desire, peculiar, it is said, to young American women, to shield her mother from any of her own heart's unrests. She would speak to Mrs. Foster, she said, before deciding. It was better to advise with her on all such matters, for this season at least.

Polly supposed she would be asked by Rose for advice, and determined to ask some first herself. She considered sending for Maxwell, and would have done so if she thought of him still as bearing no other relation to the Cavendishes than trustee of the Martin Farnham Estate. But lately she had come to think Horace had developed an interest in Rose rather different from any he need have as her mother's business agent. She might be wrong in supposing Horace had noticed and been offended by Mallory's attentions; and if so, she did not want needlessly to hurt him by discussing the matter with him. But she believed she was not wrong. She knew Maxwell's emotional nature better than did even his mother or sister, and she shrank from wounding him. So, whether or not he had observed as much as she, she concluded to seek advice elsewhere. She thought of Lansing, and concluded he would be the best adviser, and felt no disinclination from discussing the matter with him. He had not been her childhood's sweetheart—but perhaps that did not make the difference.

So Lansing received an invitation to breakfast with Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Peter Foster; accepted, went, and had to tell the old lady every bit of club gossip he knew before his curiosity as to why he was there was satisfied.

"Do you think Miss Cavendish should go to the Mallorys'?" Polly asked, at last. She had rehearsed many

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paraphrases of this, but, considering the man she addressed, decided on this form.

"That's a good deal of a question to ask me," he responded; "but since you put it so frankly, I'll tell you as frankly I asked for the invitation for her."

"Of course you did," Polly said; "but, in view of happenings since you asked for the invitation, what do you think?"

"What happenings?" Lansing asked, flushing slowly.

"I do not mean the pretty remarks the Mallory women have made about the Cavendishes. If it was that, I would advise her to go, so that people could see she had not heard of the remarks. That would close the incident, as they say in Washington, when we do not go to war."

"What else?" asked Lansing.

"Mallory," Polly responded.

"Mallory be"——

"Certainly," interrupted Polly; "but what do you think?"

"Has Mallory been trying to flirt with the girl?" Old lady Foster asked this. She was eating a ragout of venison, black with pickled walnuts, and drinking sauterne and seltzer out of a goblet—a spoonful of seltzer to the goblet by way of concessions to her doctor's orders. She had reversed the proportions by mistake.

As neither of the others replied at once, the old lady added: "If he has, he is a hideous negro. My daughter-in-law has been a sponsor for Miss Cavendish, and Pauline Van Ness's forefathers were prosperous landowners and judges and gentlemen when the Mallorys were rat-catching immigrants. I tell you I'll not——"

"Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Polly, in alarm, for Mrs. Foster seemed in imminent danger of complicating her gout with apoplexy.

"It has been nothing to attract attention," Lansing

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hastened to say, reassuringly. "I suppose not more than three or four of us have noticed it. My idea is that a young woman in Miss Cavendish's position, new to society, who has accepted many other invitations, would set a lot of fool-gossips at work if she declined an invitation to the Mallorys'."

"You Lansings have always had good common-sense," the elder Mrs. Foster said. "There is not another woman in New York besides Nan who would have had the sense to manage Cousin John the way she has, and what you say, Lansing, proves you have a share of sense, too. Let the girl go to the reception. Polly can give her a hint."

"I will," Polly said, feeling a bit guilty.

"Very well, then. No harm can come of it, and she'll be in a better position to be defended, if anything is ever said, than if she should stay away. I have had such a turn I must have a little brandy with the cheese and coffee, Polly. The doctors don't know everything. Mallory! I wish I was well enough to go. I've got a few things I'd enjoy saying to him."

Polly was not much surprised when Rose agreed readily to accept the Mallory invitation. "Why should I not?" she said. "Mrs. Mallory and her daughter have called, and were very friendly. If you advise me to go, there can be no reason why I should not."

On the night of the ball Petie called for Rose, and took her first to his grandmother Foster's, for the old lady wanted to see the young one in her ball-dress. Rose was a vision to cheer any woman old enough not to be envious of another's charms.

"My dear," the invalid exclaimed, "at your age Nan Lansing could not compare with you, and she's been the handsomest woman in New York ever since then. You are more mature than Nan was at twenty-

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five. Dear, dear, I wish I could see you when you are old enough not to blush your head off just because a gouty old woman tells you you are pretty. Lord! I wish you'd marry Petie. Say you will, and I'll give you my diamonds to wear to-night. But buds don't wear diamonds. And he fell in love with the Baillie girl! The boy's an idiot. Do you dance, child?"

"Yes," Rose answered, laughing at the old lady's enthusiasm and despair. "It's the only thing I can do, besides sew. When I was a little girl I danced on the sidewalk whenever a piano-organ played within hearing. We could all dance in Hickory Street."

"Hickory Street!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, half rising on her couch. "Hickory Street! Where's Hickory Street? Why, you'll be the rage of New York in an hour from now—and you remember Hickory Street! The Mallorys' ballroom has a fine, big sweep of floor, and if they keep the mob out and give dancers a chance, don't waste any time on poor dancers, or those hyena cotillon-dancing-masters. Dance with men who have wrists like iron and know what time is. Petie's one, and Maxwell's another, and they say that Red Indian Zoe Maxwell married is a good dancer—most Westerners are. In my day all men could dance. Now most of them can't—or are not men. Your corsets are not tight. They don't need to be. How do you get such a distinguished effect with so simple a gown? Promise to stop with Peter and Polly on your way home. You'll be starved, and I can't sleep, so we'll have a little supper. I suppose that Baillie girl has a waist like a Japanese wrestler. There'll be some marrow on toast, some truffled chicken sandwiches—bring Maxwell with you. Must you take her, Polly? Kiss me, my dear. John Worthington's dinners are a cross meant for a wicked woman than I."

CHAPTER XLVI

THE MALLORY BALL EPISODE

THE Mallory annual ball has been described so many times by adroiter and more knowing—if not inspired—pens, I feel I am depriving no reader who is a faithful follower of the society columns—and which of us is not?—of any information which would be news by giving only such details of the notable event as concern persons with whom this relation has already made us acquainted. I could not, if I would, supply such wealth and variety of information as other pens have set forth concerning every detail calculated to arouse a penny's worth of interest in the affair. In various accounts of this identical ball it was stated, for instance, that Mrs. Thomas Sterne wore the well-known Maxwell rubies; wore only diamonds—a magnificent necklace and tiara, a recent gift of her husband—wore pearls whose selection had taken years of an expert's time. Miss Cavendish's simple gown was described with even more scope, variety, and technique. To one critical observer its effect suggested moonlight reflected from the dancing drops of a garden fountain. Another found it to be pale wistaria purple of a cobwebby texture, cut rather more décolleté than New York society is accustomed to in the gowns of débutantes, while a third discovered it to be shell-pink in color, heavy lustreless satin in material, and cut high with a close collar knotted with silk tulle—evidently a daring attempt to create a new fashion in reception gowns.

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To vie successfully with such able historians is the task of a syndicate of writers—not an individual meagrely restricted to one view-point of one object at one time.

Before the arrival of the Peter Foster party something of a sensation was created in the assemblage by the appearance of Mr. Herbert Garnett. It was the first time in years he had gone to any social affair except those restricted to men; and the reason for this first exception to what had come to be considered a rule caused a buzz of speculation. All who greeted Mr. Garnett told him how glad they were to see him: not only the mothers of marriageable daughters, but the mothers of daughters already married, and the mothers of daughters who would not be of marriageable age for many years. That is, every one except his own daughter and son, who showed signs of resentment, at times panic, after they discovered him there; and seemed acutely affected by these emotions when they saw him paying attention, with a somewhat old-fashioned grace, to Miss Emily Maxwell.

It was strange, too, his children should feel any but profound filial satisfaction in noting their father's choice of company; for Miss Maxwell was uncommonly amiable, light-hearted—everything, indeed, suggesting agreeable companionship for a hard-working man, presumably in need of just such mental distraction as the sprightly Miss Emily afforded.

Although it is a fashion to speak of the Mallory receptions as crushes, the great rooms of the vast house were never crowded, nor so filled but that guests could circulate from room to room and floor to floor with comparative ease. That there were means of rapid transit was proved by the ease with which nearly every one in the house found opportunity, without evidence of any eagerness suggesting so common an impulse as curi-

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osity, to reach and pass through the room where Mr. Garnett was talking with Mrs. and Miss Maxwell. But, try as they would, there was suspicion of eagerness among the guests when the report spread that the much-talked-of new heiress, candidate for the reputation of the handsomest woman in New York, object of a duke's devoted passion, distinguished by Mr. Mallory's marked attention, protégé almost of Mrs. Worthington, sister of a celebrated Siberian traveller, who, they say, my dear, is to be a lord or an earl or something when somebody dies—if somebody else does not have a son pretty soon—had arrived, and was talking in the friendliest way with—whom?—Herbert Garnett, of all men! And she is said to have been a dancer in a Bowery theatre less than a year ago!

The Peter Fosters with Rose chanced soon after their arrival into one of the smaller rooms on the main floor, which, in a less pretentious dwelling, would have gone by the homely name of sitting-room, where the Maxwells, the Sternes, and Mr. Garnett were. Emily asked Horace to bring the new-comers over to them, saying she wanted Mr. Garnett to meet the new beauty before the dancing men monopolized her. Horace obeyed, and the two parties combined in one group, soon the most observed of any in all that brave and distinguished and happy company. Rose was not inclined for a renewal of her acquaintance with Emily. In all her new experience she remembered Miss Maxwell as the least agreeable person she had met. So her astonishment was too great to be wholly concealed upon now finding that same lady the most agreeable she ever met. I think I have said that Emily could be agreeable—even to her own brother. Upon Rose she now exercised every trick and device—if such terms are not too harsh—her wit and experience made her mistress of to produce a favor-

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able impression. She did not compliment Rose aloud upon her appearance, but by a look and a whispered word; by an exercise of tact she seldom employed for others' benefit, she turned Garnett's talk from herself to Rose. She made opportunities for Horace to say things to Rose, of a kind women most like to hear said to them when others also hear. Rose was contrite and self-condemning for having so meanly misjudged this charming woman.

"You must ask your mother to let me call," Garnett said to her. "I was an intimate friend of her brother, Mr. Farnham."

"Mamma will be very glad to see you," Rose said. "She likes to meet people who knew him well."

"I'll try to induce Miss Maxwell to take me with her some day. I fear I'd not know how to make an afternoon call now," Garnett added.

Petie, anxious to dance with Rose, now struck in to get her out of the conversation, that he might claim her.

"That Mauser colt of yours ought not to be started in any of the spring stakes, Mr. Garnett," he said, with deep conviction.

"The Mauser colt?" inquired Garnett, looking at Petie in surprise, for he did not recognize him.

Emily saw at once. "Mr. Foster is a famous horseman," she said.

"Oh, ah, yes," said Mr. Garnett, and he suddenly smiled broadly. "I've heard some stories about him that make me believe he knows a horse." Then he added, seriously: "I'm not much of a horseman, and I've lost my stable manager recently, so I'd like some expert advice. If you will make up a party to go down to the farm, Mr. Foster—"

"How much of a party?" Petie interrupted, eagerly.

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"Oh, as many as I can carry comfortably in my car: a dozen, say. Shall I hear from you?"

"Next week," Petie replied, promptly. "Miss Cavendish," he said, "they are playing the waltz—you promised."

As Rose went away with him, he whispered to her: "I'll be the manager of Garnett's stable as sure as I ever look over his runners with him. I know the pedigree, points, and engagement of every animal he owns."

"Then you'll marry Isobel Baillie," Rose said, enthusiastically.

"Won't I, though!" exclaimed Petie.

Rose could dance; she had been justified in telling Mrs. Foster that, although she did not know even the fashionable names of the different dances. The music was her inspiration and her guide, and sturdy little Petie, with his rider's strong wrists and a natural musician's fine muscular sympathy with the rhythm of time, was a partner who revealed to her the full pleasure the young and strong may find in that concerted, swaying song of motion—the waltz.

Even if joy and excitement of the dance and music had not flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes, making Rose, as she was then, gloriously beautiful, her exquisite figure and superb grace would have attracted unusual notice. All these things, combined with the curiosity guests felt to see how she would appear at such a time, prompted other dancers to stop, until gradually Rose and Petie were almost the only couple dancing. Mallory was among those who watched, and his dark flushed face made no concealment of his feelings. They were too strong for him to act them down, as his wife realized—its little color wholly forsaking her face. Polly Foster saw, too, and flushed until her cheeks burned.

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"They're all stopping," Rose said.

"They are easily tired," Petie replied, giving Rose his arm. He circled the room with his eyes, caught sight of his mother, and led Rose towards her.

"I suppose she learned to walk that way showing off dresses in the sweat-shop where she worked," Miss Mallory observed to Mr. Blanding, who laughed uproariously. The young lady did not heed this delicate tribute to her wit, for she saw the Duke of Quarry and Arthur Lansing go to Rose, by Polly's side, and her aristocratic features assumed a not pretty expression, for they wore the look of one inclined to murder.

Mallory tried several times to manœuvre Rose away from Polly, and his failures improved neither his temper nor his capacity to conceal his feelings. Rose danced often, generally with partners Petie or Lansing presented, and between the dances she and her court made a group about the chaperone. The figure dances Rose knew nothing of, but watched them with keen interest, until Maxwell took Polly away for one, when Rose went to another part of the room to better observe her two friends.

"I suppose," she mused, as she watched Maxwell, big and strong, taking Polly, small and dainty, through the demure paces of the lancers—"I suppose they have been dancing together ever since she taught him German. I don't see much in that kind of a dance, after all. They seem to be talking and laughing together mostly."

Blanding came to her, and with unctuous gallantry expressed profound delight to have at last found her not dancing. "But we youngsters even," he said, "must rest sometimes. Let me tell you a secret, Miss Cavendish: It tires you as much to watch dancing as to dance. Let us go where it is quieter—see something

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of the house. Have you not seen the gallery? Oh, that is wicked."

Rose said she would wait for Mrs. Foster to see the gallery, but if Mr. Blanding could take her where she could have a glass of water she would be thankful. Certainly he would. He led her out of the ballroom, across the great hall, through the sitting-room she had been in before, and then into the library—a not very large room, yet where the three or four couples who had already sought it had no difficulty in carrying on their various conversations without disturbing each other. Probably a desire not to do so accounted for the rather confidential tones in which they spoke.

Blanding took Rose to a seat as far as possible from the others, and pretended to look about for an electric bell.

"It will be no use," he said. "The house-servants are upset on these occasions, and the caterer's men do not answer the bell. Excuse me a moment, and I'll bring you a glass of water."

He left Rose, who had danced enough to enjoy the quiet of the less brightly lighted room, and she did not remark upon the length of Blanding's absence for some minutes; then, looking about for him, she started when she saw Mallory standing at her side.

"I did not know you were here," she said.

"I did not dare to disturb you," he answered, and his low tone made her start again. He put his hand lightly on her shoulder, and she half rose. "Don't go yet," he said. "The lancers is not half over, and your chaperone is dancing with Mr. Maxwell. Can you not let me have a few minutes of your time—alone?"

Rose was not frightened. She was wofully nervous, though—not for anything she feared, but about her own best course. She was possessed by a haunting dread

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of doing something, through her ignorance of the ways of her new world, that would put her in the light of assuming a situation which did not exist. Her ignorance left her in no doubt, however, that Mallory sought—if he had not contrived—this tête-à-tête. Her woman's intuition told her that. But was that an offence in this world serious enough to justify the rage that made her throat swell stifflingly? Would she subject herself to ridicule if she rose, walked away, went to Polly, and demanded to be taken home? There were other couples in the room; possibly with no more or less conventional warrant for being there than had she. There was even a grimly whimsical aspect in some of the thoughts that flashed through her brain. If she attempted to rise again, and he touched her bare shoulder with his hot hand, should she strike him? She felt she could. Should she say, "A contemptible person brought me here, I now believe, at your suggestion"?

"Even a host has some rights," Mallory was saying. "If he is expected to neglect all others to greet each guest in turn, may he not at least once neglect all others for his own pleasure—to steal a few minutes' companionship he most prizes?"

The words were silly enough: a smooth-faced boy had said more to Rose a half hour ago, and she laughingly repeated his words to Polly, asking what she should do to punish the youth. Polly had sentenced him to lose his promised dance with Rose if he were not "good." He had pleaded lack of age and excess of heart in extenuation, and was so boyishly pretty in his frank infatuation, Rose was inclined to pinch his cheek as she laughed at him. Now she steadied her nerves and voice for some seconds before she said, "As the man who brought me here seems to have forgotten me, I ask you to take me to Mrs. Foster."

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"You pretend to ignore what I say—what I mean," he said, speaking rapidly and with less control over his voice than he had displayed at first. "There is something more I must say to you, but if you fear we may be overheard, there are other places—other rooms—"

Rose, her cheeks white, now started to rise, but sank back with a sudden look of such relief Mallory instinctively glanced behind him to discover its cause, and saw Maxwell approaching a few steps off.

"Your library is so famed for its beauty, Mr. Mallory, you should give us enough light to inspect it fairly," Horace said, putting his hand on the back of Rose's chair. Mallory, after a few seconds' silence, replied in a voice nearly as calm as Horace's, "That is quickly remedied, Mr. Maxwell." He stepped to a side wall and turned a switch that flooded the room with electric light. As he did so, Horace sank into the chair Mallory vacated, and leaning far forward was reassured to see Rose smile in response to his searching look, for he thought she had fainted. Mallory returned and, seeing Horace in the chair, knotted his brows and nodded slightly as if to inform Horace that he understood the meaning of the act. Horace returned the look with one of such insolence Rose thought the men would fight.

"I think you will find the light very well arranged to show what few good things the library has," Mallory said, and Horace replied, "Thank you for taking the trouble."

Rose wondered if she could be dreaming, for this to her was unreal language to pass between men she saw meet each other's eyes with such looks. She had no desire to go, or, rather, felt she could not rise just yet, and was glad to see Polly and her husband approaching. Quarry came with them, and he begged Rose to give him one more chance to learn the American waltz. He

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was certain, he declared, he could improve enough in the American style to cruise fairly clear of feet and trains, with one more lesson. Lansing and Miss Mallory joined the group as the duke was speaking, and Miss Mallory, in a high-pitched voice, remarked: "Oh, Miss Cavendish, all the dancing men are looking for you. They had no idea you were all this long while in here, where it has been dark, alone—with papa."

Lansing dropped the girl's hand from his arm and fairly turned his back upon her. The duke reddened, then impulsively stepped to Rose's side and bent over her, urging his claim for a dance. Peter Foster stared at Grace Mallory as if he could not believe his ears, and Polly seemed stunned, for she—even more than the men—had caught the full intent of Miss Mallory's tone, that had, more than her words, ugly though they were, carried the insult her uncontrollable hatred and jealousy prompted.

Rose sprang to her feet, furiously aroused now, and would have spoken, but Horace checked her with a glance, as he said, "Miss Cavendish, as you are obliged to go at once, why do you not urge Lord Holloway to dance with your cousin, Miss Mallory?"

"Cousin!" cried Miss Mallory, who turned a look of angry inquiry to her father. He replied, sneering at her in his rage, "You brought this upon yourself, my sweet-tempered child."

He looked at Horace in a way to cause the latter to step aside from the group, where Mallory, in passing him, whispered, "Please pass through my room on your way out."

Peter Foster insisted on going with Horace, when they secured their hats and coats, to Mallory's room. Their host was seated and smoking when they entered, and he did not rise, as he said, slowly: "I regret, Mr.

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Maxwell, that my feelings about your action to-night are so strong I cannot refrain even while you are under my roof from expressing them. I think you were ungentlemanly."

Horace continued drawing on his gloves with considerable composure, as he replied: "I fail to see any fault in my action in mentioning the relationship between Miss Cavendish and Miss Mallory. Miss Cavendish, however, may be offended at the disclosure, and if she is, I shall apologize to her."

The coolly added insult threw Mallory into uncontrollable rage, and he snarled, "I am not talking about your remark, but about your actions before that."

"As to that," Horace said, moving towards the door, "I hasten to give you opportunity to comment elsewhere than under your own roof. I shall be at the University Club to-night until any hour you suggest. If you do not come there, you may address any communication you have for me—"

"To me," Peter Foster interrupted, quietly.

Maxwell was under a tremendous pull and felt his slowly roused temper running away with him. He walked to the door, put his hand on its knob and gripped it a moment before he added, "You must apologize, Mr. Mallory, for the words you used in characterizing my behavior, or—"

He glanced at Foster, who, stiff and serious, took up Horace's remarks, "Or give me the name of a gentleman I can call on in arranging the alternative."

"Mr. Blanding will—" began Mallory, but Peter interrupted, saying: "Mr. Blanding will not do. I shall pull his nose the next time I meet him in any club or street of New York. I shall pull his nose because it is the only satisfaction a gentleman can get from Mr. Blanding."

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Mallory flushed at this speech; his callers stood at the half-open door waiting for him to name some one else. He lashed his mind in vain for a name, and saw Foster smile at his dilemma. At last he said, surlily, "Mr. Foster will be informed as to who will act for me," and the two men left him.

The great Henry Cass Mallory, famed and envied for the grandeur of his worldly state, could conjure to his mind the name of no honest man he could depend upon—in an affair of honor!

CHAPTER XLVII

WHEN JOHN CAVENDISH'S SHIP CAME IN

THOSE sometime unfortunate young men, Foley and Cairnes, had fallen on happy days. Both were employed in Mulgrave's saloon, where the class of customers was so much changed for the worse it was an advantage, rather than otherwise, to have a couple of professional thieves in service about the place. To keep them from indulging in pastime exercise of their craft and losing them, for he would be no longer certain of "fixing" their cases were they arrested, Mulgrave gave them meals and a sleeping-room on the premises; and living lives of such unaccustomed luxury and ease they grew strong, and bold, and ambitious for any daring service their patron had to offer.

The naphtha-launch used as a tender for Mulgrave's yacht was put in commission, taken from the basin where the yacht was laid up, and sent to cruise in the waters about Quarantine station. As it grew near the time for the *Orient* to arrive with John Cavendish on board, Foley and Cairnes began visiting incoming ships under the pretence of being runners for a ship provisioner. So they and the launch became familiar objects to the Quarantine officers, with whom they came in frequent contact, and ceased to excite comment or special notice.

The day the *Orient* was towed up the Bay with patched sails, jury-rigged topmast, and makeshift standing rigging, an unusual number of small craft put out from

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Quarantine and the near-by news station to meet her as she dropped anchor in the stream. A news story was to be had of her skipper, and besides the officials there were a score of reporters there, to secure her story of mishap and sickness. So Foley was scarcely noticed when he went aboard, leaving Cairnes in the launch close under the ship's bow. Foley separated from the other visitors and went forward. Every face he saw among the sailors told of the suffering they had endured, for though the report to the health officer was "All well aboard," not one but showed the effect of the sickness that had left the ship with but a weak and short-handed crew during the storm that so nearly ended her voyage in mid-ocean.

Foley for some time was unable to find the person he sought; but at last recognized the shrunken figure of John Cavendish, crouched over the forward rail. He was weak and listless in all save eager eyes turned towards the towering peaks of buildings that have, to homesick returning Manhattaners, the dear charm mountaineers find in their no rugged spires when they return to them from the unanswering plains. Foley approached the youth softly and touched his shoulder. John turned, looked for a moment with tired eyes, which suddenly flashed with joy.

"Oh, Davy," he cried, forgetting their quarrels, contempt, everything except that here was a friendly familiar face, one who came from near his home, who had perhaps lately seen his people. "My mother!" he said, putting both hands on Foley's shoulder, "and Rose! How are they?"

Foley, the outcast, the thief, the hireling who gladly accepted the task to trick and stab this boy's heart, and through his, his mother's—Foley wondered at himself until he blinked, and blinked again in his wondering,

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for there was something in his throat that made it hard for him, for the first time in his life, to tell a miserable lie.

"Why, Johnnie," he said, turning his eyes away from those that searched his so anxiously, "your mother and sister is first rate."

"Thank God," John replied, and patted Foley's shoulders affectionately.

Foley moved back a step before he continued: "Your mother and sister has moved, Johnnie, up to the West Side. They've got some money from your uncle, too. They're all right. Everything is all right with *them*, but—" he shifted about, uneasily.

"But what?" asked John. "There's nothing can be wrong if all's well with them."

"Why, you see, Johnnie," continued Foley, "Neill Mulgrave is terrible sore on your folks because Rose gave him the throw-down. He's got a warrant out on that old indictment, and is waiting for you. Oh, Johnnie, don't take it that way! We can make it all right. Listen! Your mother got the letter you sent by the sailor, and she's hired a launch to take you off the ship before you dock. It's all right, Johnnie. Brace up, boy!"

"But I can't leave ship," John whispered. "We've not passed Quarantine yet, and may be held."

"Are you strong enough to slide down a line?" Foley asked.

"I'm pretty weak," John replied, "and have not been standing my watch for several days, but I'll try."

"All right, then," whispered Foley. "The crew will be called aft for the Quarantine inspection in a few minutes. When they've started we'll drop this line over, and let ourselves down to the launch."

"I'll go below first to get some trinkets I brought for mother and Rose."

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Just as John came up from the forecastle, with a little bundle hidden in his jacket, the crew was ordered aft. In the hurry and movement following the order Foley's plan was carried out. He went over the side first, and had to take part of John's weight on his shoulders the latter half of the descent, for the boy's strength was giving out. The line was thrown back on deck, and the little launch darted away from the off-shore side of the ship unnoticed.

As she did so a tug came along the shore side, and Horace Maxwell, springing up the boarding-ladder, jumped on deck, and approaching the captain, said, "You have a sailor on board named John Cavendish?"

"We have, sir," the captain replied. "He'll be in line with the crew for inspection in a few minutes. When that's over, I'll call him up, sir."

"Thank you, sir," said Horace, with a profound sigh of relief.

The smart little launch made quick time across the bay, heading for the North River; and John soon made out familiar granite heights on the lower end of the island, and asked questions about new steel cobwebs human spiders were spinning higher than any buildings he was familiar with. "Where will we land?" he asked, as they left the Battery on their right.

"Along about Fortieth Street," Cairnes replied. "You see, Mulgrave, when he finds you fooled him, will have your mother's house watched. So we fixed it to take you to another place first, where your mother and sister will call for you, and take you away somewheres in the country till your uncle gets that indictment dismissed."

"I knew Uncle Martin would make up with my folks some time," said John, smiling happily. "I'm glad to hear you boys are living straight again. Your sister must be glad, Davy. Will you see Carrie to-day?"

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"Yes," Foley answered, but with so little spirit Cairnes looked at him suspiciously.

John took from under his jacket a bundle wrapped up in a silk handkerchief. He searched among its contents and took out a little cedar box containing a pretty bronze scarf-pin.

"We went to Kobe from Vladivostock," he said, "for a cargo of tea, rice, and matting. I got these trinkets there. They are not much, for I had only a little advance pay. I bought this for Carrie. Will you give it to her, Davy, for me?"

"Yes," said Foley, taking the box and shoving it into his pocket.

John began to cough painfully. Darkness was beginning to bring out the river lights. The gray outlines of the giant office-buildings merged in the colorless dusk, and were lost, except for countless lines of window lights wavering faintly through the cold gray mists with which a January thaw was blanketing the city.

"I believe I'll stretch out on this seat," John gasped, weakly, after the spasm of coughing. "I want to be strong when mother comes to see me, so she won't be worried."

"Take a swallow of this, Johnnie; it'll warm you," Cairnes said, passing him a flask.

John took the flask, but Foley suddenly snatched it from his feeble hands and flung it in the river. "No, by God!" he said, glaring at Cairnes, "not that stuff."

"You're getting too good," snarled Cairnes.

"Too good to dope a boy who's too weak already," Foley muttered.

Picking their way cautiously through the criss-crossing fleet of ferry-boats, whose lights made but dull points of color on the gray water, the launch proceeded to a freight pier near one of the upper ferry-slips.

When John Cavendish's Ship Came In

"I'll take you to the place," Cairnes said, as they helped John up the rough ladder of boards nailed across two piles. "Foley will go and tell your folks. Can you walk? It's only a few blocks."

"I guess so," John replied. "Well, good-bye, Foley. You boys have been very kind to me, and I'll do the best I can for you when I get strong. Give Carrie my regards, Davy, and tell her I'm coming to see her when I'm better."

A man lounging behind some freight-boxes was signalled by Cairnes, dropped into the launch, and silently disappeared with it into the river darkness. At the street end of the pier Foley started to leave them, but as John stopped to rest, Cairnes stepped after his comrade and said: "Look here, Foley, are you going to squeal? You look like it. I ain't too much stuck on the job, and if you're going to put the cops on, I want to get away from the joint before they come. What do you say? Can't you talk?"

"I'll not put the cops on," Foley said, and hurried away.

"This is Hell's Kitchen neighborhood," John said, noting the numbers of the avenue and street, as he walked slowly, leaning heavily on Cairnes.

At the Black and Tan, Cairnes led John up the stone steps and into the front hall. "We'll rest here awhile, Johnnie," he said, as he helped him up-stairs.

"It doesn't look very pretty, but I'll not quarrel with any place to rest," the boy replied.

CHAPTER XLVIII

CARRIE FOLEY LAYS A COUNTER-PLOT

FOLEY hurried over to the Ninth Avenue elevated road, and went by it to the Christopher Street station. From there he ran into the street where his sister lived, and met her just at her door.

"Carrie!" he whispered.

She turned, and when she saw his face in the gas-light was startled by its look.

"Oh, Davy!" she exclaimed. "What is it? Money? I have some for you. You've not been to me in weeks, and I've saved every cent."

"It isn't money, Carrie," he replied.

"Is it trouble again, Davy?"

"No, Carrie, not my trouble. It's—it's Johnnie Cavendish."

"Oh, I knew it! I knew it!" she cried. She took his hand and led him into the hall. "Davy," she said, and she put her arms around his neck and kissed him, "Davy brother, as you hope for God's forgiveness, tell me. Tell me all, Davy brother."

And he did. "He sent you this," he added, handing Carrie the little box.

She stood trembling and silent for some time before she spoke. "We must go to the lawyer first. Come with me."

"But that's their game, Carrie! That's what Mulgrave wants, to get Lawyer Maxwell there!" Davy exclaimed.

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"To get him there alone, yes. But he'll not go alone. Come!"

He walked with her to the Maxwell home, and stood on the sidewalk while she rang the door-bell.

"Mr. Maxwell is not at home," the servant said. "He'll be home in an hour to dress to go out to dinner."

Carrie told the man she had a message she would like to leave with Mr. Maxwell's sister, and she was admitted to the hall, where in a few minutes Emily joined her.

"Your brother—" she began, when Emily, after a sharp glance at Carrie, pale and trembling, said, quietly, "Come in here and sit down."

She led her into the library, made her sit in a chair before the fire, took a seat near her, and added, in a reassuring tone: "The servant said you were a Miss Foley. If you are Carrie Foley, I have heard my brother speak of you. You are cold, tired, and distressed. Warm and compose yourself while I order you some tea."

If Tom Sterne had been there to observe Emily's manner as she brought Carrie tea, served her, and talked with her quietly until she saw her visitor was much calmed, he would have felt justified in his dictum that "Sister Emily has high spirits and good mental action when it comes to an emergency, or a black sand talk on any proposition, in or out of books."

"Now," said Emily, "now, tell me."

Carrie rapidly explained the situation as she realized it.

"Then the thing for us to do is to telephone to police headquarters for men to go with you," Emily said.

"No, no!" Carrie exclaimed. "You do not understand; you cannot. There is an indictment against John, and Mulgrave has arranged to have a warrant for his arrest put into the hands of an officer friendly to himself. If the police go there, Mulgrave will simply

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tell them to take John. That will bring all the disgrace on Mrs. Cavendish and on Rose. I can only guess Mulgrave's purpose. It may be to obtain money. Anyway, to threaten him with the police will play his game—and that will kill John's mother. What it would mean to Rose you can tell better than I. I ask you to keep your brother here, when he comes, until a Mr. Cassidy calls for him. Make him wait; he must not go alone. Mr. Cassidy knows these awful men. He can tell your brother what to do."

"I will do as you say," Emily replied, understanding only the other woman's great earnestness, and believing in her.

Carrie joined her brother on the sidewalk. "Davy," she said, "you know where Michael Cassidy is to be to-night."

"Of course," Foley said, looking at his sister in surprise. "At the Broadway Athletic Club."

"He has been training out of town," she continued, hurriedly. "But he came in this afternoon and is at the club now, resting. I just walked there with him. Go there, and tell him what you've told me. Tell him also to go to Mr. Maxwell's house and wait for him."

"But they'll not let me in the club to see him."

"Get word to him you've a message from me—he'll see you." She flushed faintly as she said this.

"Carrie," her brother said, "if I do this the gang will kill me. I was only to tell you where Johnnie was, because they supposed you'd tell Rose and Maxwell, and that's what they want."

"Davy, you must do this. Mr. Maxwell will protect you. Go!"

They had reached Broadway now, coming into it nearly opposite the club-house where crowds were already struggling to gain admission to see the first

Carrie Foley Lays a Counter-plot

fight of Kid Cassidy in the middle-weight class. The names of the fighters and their pictures were posted glaringly on the old stone front of the building. Carrie turned her eyes away from these, placing a hand on her brother's shoulder. "Do as I say, Davy, and it will make you friends who will help you be straight."

He put her on an up-town car, whose passengers were eagerly watching the crowds in front of the club-house and talking of the fight.

Foley was laughed at by the first attendant he asked to let him see Cassidy, but he begged so earnestly to have word carried that he had a message from Miss Foley the man finally agreed to see if the Kid was awake, and, if he was, to deliver him the word. The man returned in a short time and conducted Foley to a dressing-room, where Micky, surrounded by trainers and seconds, was sitting on the edge of a cot. He stepped into the hall and listened in silence to Foley's whispered explanation. Then without a word returned to his dressing-room, slipped on a long overcoat, and said to an attendant: "Tell the manager to delay the preliminary bouts a little. I'm going away, but will be back some time to-night, and will go in the ring." In a storm of indignant protests he hurried out with Foley, left him at the door, and ran lightly the few blocks to the Maxwell home.

Horace returned a minute or two after Carrie departed, and was impatiently waiting for Micky, whom an astonished servant, recognizing the fighter—his picture had been the chief illustration of the daily papers for weeks—admitted at once to the library. Horace explained that John had been missed from the ship when the crew came together at Quarantine. Some sailors saw him talking with a man they supposed to be a boarding-house runner, within half an hour. That

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was all he learned, except that a launch was missing which no one had seen leave. Horace returned to the city and reported these facts to the police.

"There is just one thing we've got to do," declared Micky. "That is, to hustle ourselves. We must get there before the women."

"The women!" exclaimed Horace, hurrying out with the fighter, drawing on his overcoat as he went.

"Certainly," Micky said. "The game was put up to get you and Miss Cavendish there, and so far the plan is as good as if Foley had not squealed. Carrie Foley will tell Miss Cavendish, and, if I know John's sister, nothing will stop her going, on the run at that. It was a plant. See? But they didn't lay no trap to get me there, so the game may be turned into a surprise-party, after all."

At the Brevoort House corner they found a carriage, and Horace commanded the driver to rush his horse to the address they gave. The driver knew Maxwell as a neighborhood resident, and recognized Cassidy. Having those two for fellow-fares amazed him as much as the address they gave.

"I suppose you know we are in for a scrap, Mr. Maxwell, and as that is in my line of business, and I know the parties we are likely to be up against, you won't mind if I make a layout of the game for us?"

"Certainly not," replied Horace, grimly, "just so you lay it out to let me have the first chance at Mulgrave."

CHAPTER XLIX

THE FIGHT IN THE BLACK AND TAN

CARRIE soon arrived at the Cavendishes', sent her name to Rose, was promptly taken to her room, and found her just completing her toilet for dinner. The maid being dismissed, Rose, at first appalled, then with growing calmness, listened to Carrie's story. When she concluded by explaining the plan which was sure to send Mr. Maxwell and Michael Cassidy to John's rescue, Carrie was startled to hear Rose declare she would go, too, and at once. Carrie, frightened at having the plot to induce Rose to go succeed in spite of her counter-plot, urged her against it.

"I'll go!" declared Rose, firmly. "Michael may not find Mr. Maxwell for hours. Mr. Maxwell may be searching all night. If John is not here soon, it will kill my mother. I'll go. They want money, of course. I can give them that as well as Mr. Maxwell. No, I am not afraid. They will not dare to harm me."

"I'll go, too," Carrie said, knowing how useless it was to try to change the determination she saw in Rose.

"We must hurry!" Rose exclaimed. Snatching up an all-enveloping outer wrap, she said: "Quick, Carrie, help me fasten this all the way up and down so mamma will not see how I am dressed." She was in complete control of herself when she went to her mother, who, beaming with such happiness as she had not felt since the day John sailed, asked, eagerly, "Any news, dearie?"

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"Yes," replied Rose, "there is delay about Quarantine. It will be so late, you see, some one must be at the right pier, or John will not be here in time for the music even. If Mr. Maxwell is at one pier, and I'm at the other—"

"Alone, dear?" interrupted Mrs. Cavendish, not noticing Rose's halting explanation.

"No, Carrie Foley brought me word—Percy might have told her—and she will go with me."

"But you'll try to be back by dinner. It's an hour yet. Oh, think of John! Sunburned and handsome he'll be. What will the boy think of it, Rosie? I'll thank God when I see him."

"Mamma," Rose said, kissing her mother, "we do not know what pier the ship will go to. Do not be worried if we are not back for dinner. There will be the music after. You won't worry, will you, dear?"

"Worry, Rosie. Why, all my worries are over. 'All well on board'; that's what Mr. Maxwell telegraphed us was the report."

"The Thirty-fourth Street cross-town cars will take us there the quickest," Carrie said, as she left the house with Rose, who turned towards a carriage stand, and by that route they went to Tenth Avenue, from which a short walk took them to the Black and Tan. Cairnes was lounging in front of the steps leading to the upper entrance, and, seeing the women, slouched across their path. "Do you want to see Johnnie?" he asked, addressing Rose.

"Yes," she replied. "You want money, I suppose. How much?"

"You'll have to see some one else," he answered. "Come with me."

Rose was so fiercely intent upon the one object of her mission, to get her brother into her mother's arms quickly, safely, she did not notice the mean squalor

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of the place as, with Carrie clutching her arm, she followed Cairnes up one flight of stairs and into a room across from the landing.

In the room, whose door Cairnes locked on the inside when the women entered, Mulgrave and Corcoran were seated at a table on which were playing-cards, a bottle and glasses. The table and a few plain wooden chairs were the only furniture. The room was dimly lighted by one jet of gas. A window in the wall opposite the door opened against a blank wall, a few feet away; and a second door, which was open, led to an unlighted room, with a window opening to a court in the rear.

Rose felt her heart beating with such choking insistence as she noted these things, and the men grinning at her, she did not trust herself to speak.

"Well, Cairnes," Mulgrave said, turning to that person, "you see, Foley did not squeal after all. That's a good boy, Foley is; hasn't his sister's bad habit of talking more than is good for him. I'm glad his sister is here, though. No harm in keeping her in sight till we finish this business."

"Your business is to get money, I suppose?" Rose now said. "How much do you want?"

"I want all you've got, and all you're going to have, along with you, Miss Cavendish," Mulgrave answered, his manner changing suddenly as he turned towards her. "Don't you know what you're here for? Don't you know me? Don't you know that that damned pretty lawyer who is after you and your money is trying to ruin me?"

The man had been drinking, and as he spoke his voice grew angry and threatening. "You're here to marry me," he continued, rising to his feet and pounding the table. "You'll be my wife, or as good, before you leave here, or before your brother leaves. Scream if you

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want to," he laughed, as Rose moaned. "See what kind of people your cries will bring. Some of them might take a fancy for the ring you wear, or even the pretty rags you've got on."

"Mr. Mulgrave," Rose said, and he started at the calmness of her voice, "for what you have already done you will be awfully punished, unless you take my promise to pay you any sum you want. I believe you are insane; but you cannot be so mad as to try and keep me here a minute longer. Tell me what you want, give me my brother, and let me go."

"Let you go to the man who has had me turned down—killed my business—ruined me? Oh, I am not going to hurt you," he said, for Rose shrank as he took a step towards her. "Your brother is in the other room, asleep. You and your friend go in there. Then ask her if I'll do what I say I will. If you are ready to marry me when you've talked about this for an hour, or I may give you two, say so. If not, call in the neighbors. They are black and white thieves. Miss Foley's brother knows them. Ask her."

Carrie had covered her face with her hands and seemed to be moaning, but as she rested her head on Rose's shoulder, Rose caught the words: "Don't anger him more. Do as he says, to gain time."

"I will go in there," Rose said, and she and Carrie went through the open door, heard it closed and locked behind them, and found themselves in what seemed at first total darkness. There was enough light, however, stealing vaguely through the window from several other lighted windows opening on the court, to show them at last a cot in the corner of the room. Rose bent over a silent figure lying on the cot, examined its face with a long, frightened gaze, and sank on her knees, sobbing: "John! John! It's Rose."

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He opened his eyes heavily, recognized his sister, kissed her, but then closed his eyes and seemed to sleep again.

"Rose, come here," murmured Carrie, who was standing by the window she had opened. "Davy is there in the court. Listen!"

"Can you lower me anything to climb up by?" Foley whispered.

Rose tore off her wrap, the two women quickly ripped it into strips, knotted it, lowered one end to Foley, and held the other while he cautiously climbed into the room. He told Carrie in a whisper he had succeeded in giving her message to Cassidy, and saw him start for Maxwell's. Foley had gained access to the court from the street beyond, and was prepared to guide the women and John away, if they could climb down the way he came up.

"John first," whispered Rose.

Foley went to the cot and saw at a glance the drugged drink he saved John taking in the launch had since been given to him. He roused him, and soon assured the women that a few minutes in the open air would take away most of the effects of the drug, which must have been given to him as soon as he reached the Black and Tan.

It was agreed Foley should return to the court and receive John, as Rose and Carrie lowered him. The women were to note the door by which he left the court, leading to a passageway to a street beyond, and follow. Rose made Foley promise to hurry home with John without taking the chance of being discovered while waiting for their escape. They would be delayed in making their own descent by providing means of fastening the rope.

John was rapidly regaining consciousness, but it

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was difficult to make him understand why he must speak in a whisper, and why he was to escape by the window. Rose, in an agony of fear, held his head to her face as she whispered: "John, for mamma's sake, do as we want you to. You are going to mother, John. There is trouble here—no, no, you cannot fight. You will be with mamma soon. Everything will be well."

He was too weak and dazed by the drug to descend unaided, but, with the silk rope looped under his arms, the two women safely lowered him into Foley's hands. They watched them leave the court by a door on the opposite side, then they quietly lifted the cot over to the window, and Carrie started to pull the rope up, when, with a cry of dismay, she felt it jerked out of her hands by some one below.

"Hello!" cried a voice, "what's doing here?"

They heard a noisy scurrying inside the house and up the stairs, a knock on the door of the room inside, an excited word or two, and the door to their room opened. With Mulgrave, Corcoran, and Cairnes, who entered, came the negro Curley, flourishing the remnants of Rose's silk wrap.

Mulgrave looked at the empty cot, the opened window, the rope the grinning negro had fantastically twisted about his neck and shoulders, and seemed stupefied. "It's only the boy that's gone," he gasped at last. "We've got the girls—both of 'em—all right."

"Yes, but, you fool!" cried Corcoran, angrily, "how long can we keep them here with the boy hollerin' his story at home?"

Mulgrave turned on Rose fiercely. "You've got a mighty short time to make up your mind now, or we'll get quarters for you not even so pretty as this. Nail up that window," he said to the negro, "and keep some one on the lookout in the court. Come on," he said

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to his other companions; "we'll leave these smart young ladies to think how much good they've done themselves."

"They done enough good to get the boy out, and send the cops down on me," growled Curley, angrily. "I want you to get through your business here in a hurry. I ain't lookin' for a long term up the river, just to please your love affairs."

Mulgrave started to reply roughly, when Corcoran stopped him, and they whispered together a moment. Then Mulgrave turned to Rose and said: "I can't take no promise from you to pay. The lawyer's got the money. Send for him, and we'll fix this thing up. Give Cairnes a message that will bring Maxwell here, alone—I thought he'd follow you here before this—and we'll arrange about the money. Mind you, he's to come alone, or you'll suffer for it."

During this speech Carrie stood with her back to Mulgrave, facing Rose. She held her finger to her lips, and her eyes, with piteous urgency, begged Rose to remain silent.

"I'll give you half an hour to make up your mind. If you don't send the message, we'll change our quarters."

Corcoran and Cairnes plainly shared the negro's apprehension, but Mulgrave, when the men returned to the inner room, sneeringly asked if they thought his influence with the police was all gone. He told them to drink their nerves steady and trust him. Rose would soon send for Maxwell; they'd get their money first, and then—the lawyer wouldn't be so pretty after they'd finished with him.

Curley had just placed his hand on the hall-door knob when the door was suddenly swung against him with such violence it tumbled him over and shoved him along on the floor behind it as Maxwell and Cassidy rushed in.

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For the space of a second every person in the room was silent and motionless, the new-comers evidently waiting a movement to develop their plan. The others were dazed with surprise, for, while their whole plan depended upon Maxwell's following Rose, they did not count on his appearance with such an ally as Cassidy. Mulgrave saw at a glance there was to be no negotiation for money, nor was anything to be done except fight. He was the first to move, picking up the bottle from the table and hurling it at Maxwell. Horace dodged, and the heavy end of the bottle struck the negro, just struggling to his feet, fairly between the eyes, and he sank to the floor with a groan.

At the instant Mulgrave's hand reached for the bottle, Cassidy, who dropped his overcoat from his shoulders, as had Horace when he stepped into the room, sprang at Corcoran. The ex-professional instinctively threw himself into boxing pose, as Cassidy hoped he would, for he wanted to rough it, and was willing to take a blow or two for the chance of a rough hold. He was trained to the minute—muscles, nerves, eyes, steady and alert—and he broke through Corcoran's defence at the cost of a few glancing blows, and in a second threw his opponent heavily on the floor, where he knew he would remain quietly for a few seconds at least. Then he darted across the room, because Maxwell, with murder in his eyes, had Mulgrave's throat gripped in his powerful hands, rapidly choking his life away, unconscious of the blows he was receiving from Cairnes. Cassidy, with one blow, sent Cairnes permanently out of the struggle. He then locked his hands in Maxwell's, breaking his grip only after a terrific effort, crying to him not to kill the man. Horace for the moment was insane, for he had heard Rose calling him, and, had it not been for Cassidy's cooler head, the grip on Mulgrave's throat would not

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have relaxed while the man lived. When he did let go, Mulgrave fell unconscious to the floor.

As Cassidy turned from his mission of mercy, the negro and Corcoran were both on their feet, and, although seeing two of their companions down and apparently lifeless, the spirit of battle was still strong in them. Cassidy darted between Curley and a chair the negro was reaching for, swung the chair over his head, and cried, "Do you want it?"

"I've got enough, boss," the negro said.

"Get over there, then," Cassidy ordered, pointing to where the two fallen men lay. "All right, Carrie!" he shouted.

The negro obeyed, and Cassidy stood over him with the chair raised to strike. Maxwell had been cut in the forehead by a glass Corcoran threw at him before the two closed in a final struggle. Cassidy's experienced eye assured him that Maxwell had recovered his coolness, and was overpowering his antagonist; so, like a wise general, he held the enemy's reserve in check instead of going to Maxwell's aid. Maxwell had either locked or disabled one of Corcoran's arms, and was slowly gaining a position where he would have what wrestlers call the "strangle-hold" on his opponent. Seeing this, Cassidy called out, "Give up, Dan; he'll break your neck in a minute!"

"I quit!" Corcoran gasped, just as Maxwell's right arm wound round his neck.

"Come and join my bunch," Cassidy ordered, and Corcoran obeyed, as Horace sprang to the door, unlocked it, and released the prisoners.

"Now you two get into that room," Cassidy commanded, brandishing the chair threateningly. Corcoran and the negro obeyed without protest, and as the key turned on them Michael ran over to Carrie, who, now

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that all danger was over, looked imminently near a faint, and administered a preventive by lifting her in his arms and giving her an honest, hearty kiss. "It was a kind of rough-house fight, little woman," he said, smiling broadly, "but I had to fight that way. You see, I couldn't risk breaking my bare knuckles on their hard heads, for I must use my hands to-night in my last fight—win or lose—as I promised you." Then he kissed her again.

Horace, all of whose artificiality, imposed by heredity and a life's schooling, had left him in a flash when his hands gripped Mulgrave's throat, was again a result of generations of restraint. His passions a moment ago came near to making him take life. Now he was again the cool product of centuries of controlled passions. Rose, standing by his side, pressed her handkerchief to the cut on his forehead. As the cobwebby fabric became saturated with blood, she steadied herself by putting one hand on his shoulder. "Are you much hurt?" she asked.

The danger of once giving way to crude impulse is that it is a habit easily acquired, yet Maxwell, even as he put his arm around Rose to support her, achieved a splendid commonplace for reply. "Not at all, that I know of," he said. He snatched up his overcoat, covered her with it, and added, "Come, we must leave here."

Mulgrave and Cairnes had regained consciousness in the less than a minute that had passed since their companions were made prisoners, but they showed no signs of renewing hostilities when they saw the others hurriedly leave the room. Perhaps it was because they noticed Cassidy carried a chair in his hand and kept a sharp watch on them until he reached the head of the stairs.

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The four entered the waiting carriage, which speeded from the neighborhood and was out of sight before the negro, released from imprisonment, stumped down-stairs to see what became of the party. "I thought I was to help break the head of one lawyer, not two prize-fighters," he remarked.

"Let us out at Sixth Avenue," Cassidy said to Maxwell. "I can take Carrie home by the elevated, and get to the club in time for an hour's rest before my fight. I hope the referee won't have to call me down for roughing in the ring. It was a lovely scrap," he added, as he and Carrie left the carriage.

Maxwell and Rose continued on their way, and at her home he helped her from the carriage as if they were returning from a dinner or the opera, and they had not spoken a word to each other.

CHAPTER L

THE HOME-COMING OF JOHN CAVENDISH

LATE on the night of the Mallory ball Polly and her husband held a council of war. She did not repeat to him, nor to any one, the story Rose told of her experience with Mallory, for she knew if she did the advice she determined to give her husband would be thrown away.

"Now, Peter Foster, Esquire," she said to him that night, as Peter with cigar and Polly with cigarette sat together in his dressing-room—a luxury their move to Mrs. Foster's afforded him—"if any other woman than Rose were concerned, I should be delighted at the prospect of your pulling Blanding's nose, and demand that you do it where I could be a witness. But think what would be the result: there would be no earthly way to prevent the story growing into a scandal, with Rose's name involved. Mallory's would be the other name, for there's going to be a divorce scandal in that family soon, as sure as my name was ever Polly Van Ness. If Rose's name is mentioned, it will result in the kind of papers whose breath of life is to print such nasty lies connecting her name with the cause of divorce. The poor child has suffered enough. When Petie and I took her home to-night I went to her room. Honestly, Peter, I was seriously alarmed about her. She did not cry, but sat staring at me with big, frightened eyes, asking why Mallory schemed to meet her in the library, and what Grace meant by that speech of hers. Now,

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if you go and make a town story by pulling Blanding's nose, Rose's life will be wrecked. Don't do it. The first time you meet Blanding alone, proceed with great care to tell him what he is. I excuse you in advance from repeating to me accurately all the language you use. Get him in a corner, and force him to listen until you've said everything you want to say, if it takes an hour."

"Well, Polly," Peter responded, with a sigh of regret, "you are right. You always are. The trouble is, I won't remember all the things I want to say to Blanding. I'll go out in the stables in the morning and practice, and do my best. But how about Hod Maxwell? He'll call Mallory out unless he gets an apology."

"He'll get the apology," Polly replied. "Of course we have heard of duels, fought by men we know, all nicely arranged to be kept rather quiet; and, if Mallory would fight, Hoddy could get his satisfaction that way without any trouble. But Mallory won't fight."

"How do you know?" asked Peter.

"Well, a man of his age who will act in his own home just as he did to-night, considering Rose's circumstances and her blood-relationship to Mrs. Mallory, will not fight. I couldn't explain it any better if I talked all night. You'll see I am right."

She was. Peter, the next day, took a letter from Maxwell to Mallory, and, in view of Polly's judgment, was not surprised to be received with great civility. Mallory did not say he would refer the letter to a friend, but talked about the unfortunate results sometimes following the use of an ill-chosen word. Peter, never much of a talker, and now having nothing to say, rose, and started to go, as Mallory still talked.

"My explanation, then, will be sufficient?" Mallory said.

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"What explanation?" Peter asked.

"That I just made to you," Mallory replied.

"Oh, I've nothing to do with that," Peter said. "Your explanation must be addressed to Maxwell, be in writing, and be an apology." Peter departed with a stiff little bow.

The apology came. Mallory was relieved to find that no man apparently had heard from Rose anything concerning his conduct; for he realized that that, if known, would provoke a quarrel with Maxwell no apology could settle. So he felt he was adjusting the affair with small sacrifice of his self-esteem by writing an apology which, he also knew, no one but Maxwell and Foster would ever see.

Rose said nothing to her mother of the Mallory affair. It was within a week of the time they looked for John's arrival, and Mrs. Cavendish had abandoned even a pretence of thinking of any other thing. She bought clothes for her boy with the first prodigality she had displayed. With Mrs. Bartlett she consulted about every dish John liked; Percy Troutt was called in to consult in the matter of everything John could, or might, possibly wear, and was commissioned to buy every nature of sporting outfit John would require if he devoted a long life exclusively to their use.

Rose and her mother decided to give a dinner and musicale as their first formal social venture, and its date was fixed for a week after John's probable return. Cards were out, when one of the liners making winter trips to the Mediterranean reported the *Orient* where, at her rate of sailing, she would not be in port until a week later than first expected. "He may come on the very night," Mrs. Cavendish concluded, joyfully. The dinner-party was to be small; only the people Mrs. Cavendish was most interested in through Rose's stories of

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them: Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, the Peter Fosters—the elder Mrs. Foster was now confined to her bed—Mr. and Mrs. Sterne and Florence, the Duke of Quarry—the latter went nowhere now except where he would meet the Sternes—Mrs. and Miss Maxwell, and Horace and Mr. Garnett. The latter called, according to his promise, with Miss Maxwell, and justified, in the opinion of Mrs. Cavendish, Rose's enthusiasm about him.

Only a few days before the Cavendish dinner Mr. Garnett astonished New York—that is, the one-tenthousandth part of New York's four millions we mean when we speak in that way—by breaking another rule. He gave a dinner party to which ladies were invited. Emily having told him of Grace Mallory's speech to Rose in the library, Garnett added the names of Mrs. and Miss Cavendish to his dinner invitation list, and cut the names of the Mallorys. Rose induced her mother to go, whereat Emily rejoiced; for she saw Horace's rapidly developing interest in Rose, so determined to do what she could to aid in thoroughly establishing the Cavendishes in society as individuals, not merely as the heiresses of the Farnham Estate millions.

At the dinner, which was as daintily and fancifully varied as another Garnett dinner already described was solidly samely, Garnett asked Horace if the Farnham will had not been well drawn.

"The probating judge approved it from the bench," Horace replied.

Garnett laughed. "That was a wise judge. I drew the will. It is the only piece of professional service I ever rendered that I have not collected a fee for. Mrs. Cavendish, if Maxwell sends in my voucher some day for a tidy fee, do not be surprised."

"Oh, I'll never see it," Mrs. Cavendish exclaimed. "I tried for one month to understand the papers he sent

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to me, and it made my head ache. Now I put them away in a box without looking at them."

"What an ideal estate to administer!" Garnett commented.

Polly undertook the programme for the Cavendish after-dinner music; and, as it was too good to be wasted, only such of Rose's acquaintances as were known to be more appreciative of a musicale's music than its guests were invited—less than fifty, including the dinner guests. To the latter, as they arrived, Mrs. Cavendish explained Rose's absence: her son was in the harbor, but not yet landed, and Rose was to meet him. When she noticed Maxwell's absence, it pleased her to think he, too, was on the lookout for her son. She spoke to Emily of this, but Emily made no sign to her of what she knew. She did tell Polly, who instructed Mrs. Bartlett to bring to her, not to Mrs. Cavendish, any message concerning John.

Something of the hostess's expectant happiness was imparted to her guests. It was too great and vital not to have its effect, and when big Tom Sterne, who was boyishly bubbling with sympathetic joy, lifted a wine-glass, and said, in as near to an aside as his bellows of lungs permitted, "Here's to the returned youngster, Mrs. Cavendish," Garnett, overhearing—as all did—exclaimed, "Not you two only—everybody!"

All pretended not to see the tears in the mother's eyes as they drank the Westerner's toast.

The few people outside the house, the superintendent of carriages, a policeman or two, and half a dozen coachmen, had just heard the first musical number when a coupé drove up. Foley jumped out, and helped John to the sidewalk. With a sharp glance at Foley, an officer stepped to him quickly and said, "What's this?"

"It's Johnnie Cavendish," Foley replied; "he's sick."

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Mrs. Bartlett had taken the precaution to tell the carriage starter that Mrs. Cavendish's son was expected, and would probably arrive in sailor's clothes, so that official whispered a word to the officer, and the two helped John to the areaway house-door. Mrs. Bartlett was a woman of prompt action. With the aid of a man-servant she took John to his room, put him in bed, bathed his hands and face, and removed every appearance of disorder from the room before she quietly called Polly.

"Are you very ill?" Polly asked, bending over the boy.

"Oh no," John replied, opening his eyes and smiling faintly. "This bed is better than the other. I could not fight. Rose said so. I'll be strong soon."

Polly, with a sinking heart, made her way quietly to Mrs. Cavendish, and asked her to come with her. In the hall, without waiting for Polly to speak, Mrs. Cavendish exclaimed, "John is up-stairs!"

"Yes," answered Polly. "He seems much exhausted, but—"

The mother did not wait to hear more, and in a few seconds was leaning over the boy with her arms around his neck. He opened his eyes, smiled, and drew her face down to his and petted it. Her tears fell on him for a moment before she spoke. Then she said, softly, "You are only tired, Johnnie; you are not ill."

"No, mamma, I'm better than ever. Rosie will be here soon. She was at the window when I escaped. Some men—Foley told me—are going to save her. She made me come home to you."

"Dear God! Dear God! give me strength," the mother cried, falling on her knees by the bed and drawing the boy's thin body close to her breast.

The doctor came, and Rose and Maxwell soon after.

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When the medical man heard Horace's story of the sickness on the *Orient*, he said his first judgment was confirmed, that the patient was suffering immediately from a relapse from fever, which had greatly reduced his vitality. The relapse might be caused from over-exertion, exposure, strong excitement—any one of many causes. Horace spoke of the drugged drink. The doctor said that might have aided the chief cause, but its effects were only noticeable now in John's mental condition.

Mrs. Cavendish did not rise from where she knelt by John's bed when Rose went to her side and kissed her; nor did Rose explain, when her mother said: "John is very tired, but he will be strong soon. I wanted our guests to see him. I had his pretty clothes ready for him to wear. But he won't be able to dress before they leave. They all drank his health at dinner, while you were at the pier, Rosie. Why did you send him home alone? Oh, I know, dearie; you had to wait, and wanted me to have him soon. He is so weak, his mind wandered, and he talked of escapes. It was the ship's wreck, I suppose, was in his mind. Don't cry so, Rosie. John will be strong soon."

John was sleeping naturally now, the doctor discovered; and when he told Mrs. Cavendish this, she whispered to Rose: "Can't you go down to the people, dear? John will need no one with him but me, and unless you go and tell them he is here, but is too weak to be down-stairs to-night, they may think something has happened to him, or that he is very ill."

Rose only shook her head.

"I'd like them to know my boy is returned safe, and that I am with him, Rosie," the mother whispered again.

Even in the shock of the discovery her heart had made, but which she tried to shut from her mind—the

The Home-coming of John Cavendish

discovery that kept her arms gently clasped about the poor body even as it slept—an uneasy thought came to her that the guests, who would soon surely notice the absence of both their hostesses, would in some way make that absence a reflection on her boy. This, and the exaltation of selfish love that made her long to be alone with John, prompted her to urge Rose to go.

The doctor, understanding much of this, motioned Rose aside. "I think, Miss Cavendish," he said, "we'd better do everything your mother asks, if we can. She is intensely—that is, we must consider her emotions carefully just now. Mr. Maxwell and I and the house-keeper will be in the next room, where your mother can call us, and if you can go to your guests a little while, it will be better for her."

"I will go, mamma," Rose said, returning to her mother.

"Rosie," her mother whispered, "will you ask the musicians to play that tune again when the people are all gone—'The Palms,' it is called."

Rose's intense pallor was the only evidence of the struggle she endured as she received the people's congratulation upon the excellence of the music, and their polite regrets that her brother was indisposed.

Herr Brandl, at Polly's request, remained, and, with an artist's intuition, understood more than she told of the reasons he was asked to play again; for never before did his 'cello pour forth with such richness and depth of feeling its passionate tones.

"What is that, mamma?" John asked, very softly, but calmly, as the swelling strains came to him.

"'The Palms,' dear."

"What room is this?"

"Your room, in our house."

"Then you do not work—nor Rosie?"

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"No, dear."

"What is that 'Palms,' Rosie?" he asked, for she was again by the bedside. "It sounds like a hymn."

"It is," Rose answered. "The entrance into Jerusalem."

"Are there words to it?"

Rose gently spoke the words, where the clear voice of the 'cello directed her:

"Jesus appears our tears to wipe away,
Our hearts to shield from care and sadness."

"You must not be sad, mamma," John said, softly.

"No, dear."

"For," he murmured, sinking back on his mother's arms, "you do not have to work any more, nor Rose, nor I!"

CHAPTER LI

A MODEST INCOME IS BEQUEATHED

MRS. FOSTER, senior, gradually amended her opinion that doctors did not know everything to the conviction they did not know anything. Especially was she strong in this belief in relation to dietary.

"I do not get a bit better," she declared to Polly, who urged more dutiful regard to medical advice; "I do not improve a bit if I eat only toast and milk a whole day! I'll eat and drink what pleases me, and die with the satisfaction of having had my own way and a decent meal when I was hungry. Anyway, life is not worth living on a John Worthington diet. Why, the man eats apples—cold, uncooked apples!—and nothing else, for lunch. He needn't tell me it's for the sake of his stomach. It is for the sake of economy; and he'll die of heart-failure one of these days, making out a check for Nan's household expenses. I'm mighty glad," continued the old lady, sipping a glass of Burgundy she substituted for the doctor's prescribed milk and lime-water, "that Petie has been engaged as manager of Herbert Garnett's racing-stable. Garnett does a lot for young men. He'll marry Emmy Maxwell, live a thousand years, and make Petie rich."

"It's a very important position for so young a man," Polly said. "I hope Petie will succeed."

"Of course he'll succeed," declared Mrs. Foster. "If he'd ever learned anything else, he would not have had time to learn as much as he has about horses. As it is,

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he knows all about them, and he'll win a bushel of money with Garnett's racers. Polly," she resumed, after a pause, "you and Peter should allow Petie at least five thousand a year when I'm gone. I've often thought of allowing you five thousand, but you are such a clever manager you have not needed it. From what the Duchess of Quarry writes, Sir Francis ought to give Isobel five thousand a year, and they will manage on ten, with what Garnett gives Petie."

"But, mamma," Polly laughed, "Petie has not even asked Isobel yet; not even seen her again."

"Nonsense!" declared Mrs. Foster. "Lady Baillie is going to bring her over to marry Petie. It's a fool love-match, but Lord! if people are bound to be poor, they may as well marry for love. If either Petie or Isobel had enough money to think in reason of marrying money, it would be different."

It was only a few weeks after this that Mr. and Mrs. Peter came to consider what they should allow Petie; for Polly was now known, at last, as Mrs. (not as Mrs. Peter) Foster. The old lady gave up this life with no regret—rather with thankfulness.

"I'm ready to go," she said. "When a body has to choose between living on milk and lime-water and cold, raw apples, and not living at all, it's a fool who will not escape the apples by such an easy way."

She told her son and grandson not to mourn for her, gave them her blessing, and added: "Do not think hardly of me if you discover I've concealed from you that my income has grown to something over thirty-five thousand. Petie, you are not mentioned in my will, but your father and mother will do better by you than I've done by them, because they get ten thousand more than they expected."

Under the will, which Maxwell drew for Mrs. Foster,

A Modest Income is Bequeathed

the estate was separated into two equal parts, one of which went to Peter, one to Polly.

"She can spend her own money her own way, for gowns or pensioning fiddlers, or anything else, without having to ask any one for authority?" the old lady asked, and Maxwell assured her there were no hinderances to Polly's wise or unwise use of one-half the income.

"Even if they quarrel and separate, she'll still have her half?"

"It will be hers as absolutely as it is yours now," Horace assured her, and the will was signed.

To Polly she said, only a day or two before she quietly resigned her interest in all incomes: "You've waited a long time, my dear, without complaint, but you'll see I have appreciated you. You'll have an income of your own; not large, even for a woman, these days, but enough to save you from any worry or want. The principal is not tied up; you can throw it away in extravagance, gamble it, burn it up, if you please. It's yours. But let a worldly old woman give you some advice: cling to the principal as if it were your life, no matter what happens. If Peter beggars himself, or your father or mother, help none of them except with your income. Without an income as assured as anything effected by human device can be, tranquillity, repose, are impossible—self-respect, almost. In our society it is as necessary for a woman to have some settled income—even if no more than I've allowed you all these years—as it is for her to have clothes to cover her nakedness. I mean just that: it is dishonest for a woman not to be assured of some income; if she is not, she is living a miserable lie every hour she pretends to be at peace with herself or God."

Even Polly, who knew this woman so well, and who to a great extent had been influenced by the same en-

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vironment, was shocked by the brutally frank expression. Yet the view she heard uttered almost with fierceness was held by many others, who, however, might never acknowledge it, even to themselves: certainly not have the pagan courage to confess it at the last.

Mrs. Foster had been no more worldly in her manner of life than many of those around her, however much more freely she gave expression to her worldliness. Since her first freedom from the influences surrounding a school-girl she had shut out from her life every spiritual influence, everything outside of rank materialism, because she saw incomes cover a multitude of sins, buy every selfish pleasure their possessors had capacity to enjoy; had seen poverty, like charity, bearing all things, and winning no crown visible to her understanding. Why disquiet herself, then, with spiritual problems?

She did not quarrel with those she honestly believed had souls capable of spiritual refreshment; though she unsparingly ridiculed the false pretence of such capacity. She tolerantly supposed Polly honest in her enthusiasm for such mysteries as music, poetry, painting; believed Polly saw with an inward eye a beauty in such things, which to her were but odd manifestations of the many misdirected activities of man.

She went to the opera because it was a recognized and convenient occasion for the gathering of people with incomes, where jewels and raiment were effectually displayed, gossip created and disseminated. She bought a painting because it was an evidence of the possession of an income to own a canvas by this or that artist. She made no pretence of having other motives than these for doing such things, and laughed at those who did. She never read or opened a book, and frankly

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said one must be blind to surroundings to read make-believe stuff, when romance, tragedy, farce, and comedy were enacted in a real life, always and everywhere. She liked her own world's comment on the life she saw better than Montaigne's or Hazlitt's on the life they saw.

This worldling never in any degree cared for wealth, nor bowed down to its great possessors. She could no more understand her cousin John Worthington's mania for the gain of wealth whose income he could not spend than she could understand Polly's mania for music, and was as free from adoration of the owners of great fortunes as she was from the adoration of the Paderewski of the day. She considered the making of money, beyond that whose income was to be spent as soon as earned, as vulgar an occupation as man could have. When her own income increased, through the greater earnings of some of her possessions, she had used it, as a matter of course: would have been as likely not to do so as to refuse a glass of her favorite Burgundy when thirsty.

She died, decently but not deeply regretted; and it took the Reverend Dr. Whitehead an hour to recount her many virtues in his funeral sermon, though she had seldom invited him to dinner.

CHAPTER LII

A BETROTHAL, A PROPOSAL, AND A MARRIAGE

LADY BAILLIE wrote a most affectionate letter of condolence to Polly, and added in a postscript that she was to sail soon, with Sir Francis and Isobel, for New York; and while she hoped to see much of her dear friend, Mrs. Foster, she assumed her dear friend's bereavement would make the promised visit of the Baillies inconvenient.

Petie sent the cable message to Lady Baillie, signed by his mother, insisting upon the promised visit. Just the way that important young horseman brightened with daily increasing excitement, after the message was sent, reminded his mother, almost with tears, of his youthful days when Petie peeped through the window curtains watching for the guests of his first bread-and-milk "tea-party," exclaiming, "They are coming; they are coming," as the first carriage-loads of youngsters and nurses were deposited at the door.

Peter and Petie, in mourning precisely alike, with violet boutonnieres, met the Baillies on the wharf; and the betrothal of the young people was confirmed by a look between Lady Baillie and Peter as they watched the beaming faces of Petie and Isobel while greeting each other with stiff little hand-clasps but with no word.

Within a week after John Cavendish's funeral the Duke of Quarry accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sterne and Florence on a visit to the Arizona cattle

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range, of which Caroline, Duchess of Quarry, was part owner: a fact which, of course, accounted for the duke's interest in the visit. He rode the range a great deal in company with Mr. Sterne and Florence; took his early throws from bucking broncoes with such good-natured fortitude, and mastered so gallantly the science of "busting a bronco"—an exciting but necessary preliminary to riding the animals offered to him—that he earned the esteem of even the fastidious cowboys. This counted in his favor with Florence so manifestly that he asked her to be his wife, and Florence told him to "speak to papa."

That is a phrase, I am told and believe, which precedes an interview of a few brief conventional phrases when the young man who is requested to speak is a duke, or has an income sometimes fancifully described as ducal. In this interview it led to something quite different. Big Tom Sterne walked with Quarry out on the silent range, where here and there a tall, gaunt cactus gleamed in the brilliant moonlight like a watchful sentinel, and he talked to the suitor for the hand of his first-born in a way that made the young man very serious. He told him frankly he had been much opposed to the thought of Florence marrying a foreigner. The duke's worldly affairs had not entered into the question. Florence would be rich enough to marry a penniless man, and he was willing she should, if he was the right kind of a man, and an American. Florence had told him she was much attached to the duke, and he believed her. He knew her training made her incapable of being dazzled or influenced by a title. But that, too, was aside from the question. He wanted his girl to marry an American; yet he should lay no unreasonable commands upon her. They must wait, and wait apart. There must be nothing in the nature

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of an engagement or promise. They must be separated for half a year, at least. If in that time neither had changed in inclination—why, if Quarry would promise to live part of each year in this country, take up some of his, Sterne's, interests and manage them, he would not refuse his consent, for he sought only Florence's happiness. But this test he insisted upon.

Quarry said he accepted the conditions because he believed Florence cared for him—not as much as he did for her—and the separation would prove, on his part, at least, how little danger there was of "change of inclination."

"Do you want me to return to New York at once—before you?" he asked.

"Oh, hang it, no!" Sterne said. "I have your promise, that is enough. I'm not going to ask the nephew of Blashford Nottingham to vamoose the ranch. We'll go up in the mountains and get a bear or two, and then you can return with us. The six months can begin when we reach New York."

But the fortune of war determined the separation should begin at once. The next day a rider from the railway shipping station nearest the ranch brought a cablegram to the duke which made him ask Sterne for the use of a team and buckboard to carry him and his luggage to the station in time to catch the east-bound passenger train that evening. His regiment was ordered to South Africa, and that very day's train would take him to New York in time for the steamer which would land him in Southampton only a day before the regiment sailed.

Three months later, in New York, Florence Sterne, reading a morning newspaper, a habit she acquired only since Quarry landed at Durban, suddenly cried, "Oh, dad!" dropped the paper, and staggered to her

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father in a way that made him start and recall how she came to him after the only time she was thrown from a horse. He put his arms around her now, as he had then, and asked, "Are you hurt much, little one?"

Florence had read a cablegram in which were three lines relating how the Duke of Quarry, charging an intrenchment at the head of his men, had been seriously wounded.

Tom Sterne did an amazing amount of cabling that day and the next; but it was not until the third he received an answer informing him Quarry was on a hospital-ship, expecting to be well enough for transfer to a returning transport in two weeks.

The Sternes were in London when the wounded man returned, and then became his mother's guests at Quarry Castle.

Zoe favored a marriage in New York, but Sterne inclined to the urging of the duke and his mother for a quiet wedding at the castle, as soon as the duke was strong again.

"No, Zoe," said her husband, "if we rounded up the whole outfit and shipped them over to New York for a splurge wedding, it would look like we were playing in the brass-band set. I've come to like George; he has points that count for a lot, even if he is an Englishman and a duke. I know he cares for Florence for herself—or else he'd taken the Mallory girl, for Mallory has more blue chips stacked up than I have, and he's only one child to stake, and we have three. So we won't have any fandango, but a quiet little tea-party here, with some jam as a sweetener, just as if Florence was marrying a mining superintendent or a ranch foreman."

And so it was.

CHAPTER LIII

CONCERNING THE CASSIDYS, CHIEFLY

SOME readers may wonder what was the conclusion of the day's work with Michael Cassidy, after his experience in the Black and Tan the night John Cavendish went home to die. No offence is meant by the assumption, for I know only those having more than general curiosity care what became of such lowly persons as Micky and Carrie Foley.

Incidents at the Black and Tan had been so hurried, Micky, after taking Carrie to his mother's home—where Mrs. Cassidy nearly died of chagrin thinking he had refused his first middle-weight fight—was back in the club rooms with an hour's resting-time before his battle. The result of that event is now a record of sports. Micky, with the fire of actual fight still burning in his blood, went into this contest with such fierce rush his opponent was laid low as by a whirlwind, and to the accompaniment of Sioux-like battle-cries unintermittently issuing from the throats of the twins, seated on the topmost row of benches.

But the youth who made this sensational entrance into the middle-weight class from that moment disappeared from the sight of admirers, who prophesied championship honors for him. While they yet cheered his name at the ring-side he was on his way to his Greenwich home. The twins had preceded him with the news of the victory, and demonstrated to their eagerly critical mother every blow and move of the short, sharp en-

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counter. Mrs. Cassidy was already in a frenzy of poetical exultation when Micky arrived. He gave his mother a hug, and, taking Carrie's hand, whispered to her, "I've quit the business for good, as I promised, and you'll quit the shop for good; for I've money enough for us to start on."

Then, turning to the others, he said: "Now for supper. I'm empty. Say, do you kids expect to get in on this supper?"

"Sure," replied the grinning kids in concert.

"Well, then," with a large, good-natured wink, "did you get the stuff I told you to to-day?"

"We did," the twins yelled, in delight, and as if this were a cue, rushed to a fire-escape platform, returning with a pail, wherein reposed in a bed of cracked ice two bottles of champagne.

"Tell me what it is, Micky," demanded his mother, eying the gold-capped bottles suspiciously. "Champagne, you say! 'Tis the drink,' as the dear dead poet says, 'tis the drink,' he says, 'of youth and beauty,' says he, 'of youth and beauty unconfined,' he says. 'On with the dance,' he says, 'for 'tis but the ice-cart rattling,' he says, 'o'er the stony street.' Hugh-Timothy, fetch you the platter out of the cupboard, and see what you will see."

The platter contained a small mountain of sandwiches, of chicken, and of beef, and of ham, at which, having deposited it on the table, the twins came to a point with such eager, hungry eyes Carrie said, laughing: "Hurry and open a bottle, Michael, so the twins can begin eating."

Micky proceeded, with many sly looks at Carrie, to release the cork from a bottle, fill glasses for every one, and then said: "Here's what they call a toast—hi, you kids, you're to drink to this before you eat—'Here's to

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the future Mrs. Cassidy, the present Miss Foley, my sweetheart that is, my wife that is to be! "

The twins, fired by the rhetoric and sentiment of the toast, yelled wildly, but Mrs. Cassidy looked from Micky to Carrie, the tears came into her eyes, and she said, "I hoped it was to be, Carrie girl, for you've been my daughter this six months."

Then she took a swallow from her bubbling glass, gave her renowned son a look of pained surprise, and exclaimed, "'Tis a joke you're playing on your mother, Micky!"

"No," said Micky, "this is the real thing; it's champagne, for fair. Take another swallow; it's easy to like."

But the good lady stoutly refused to offend and amaze her palate again with the wine, preferring the beer she had provided.

"It's like vinegar, sugar, and pepper," said Hughy, nursing his glass. "How much do we get?"

"The one glass is all," Micky answered, "but as many sandwiches as you like. Time!"

As for Micky, the sandwiches were merely *hors-d'oeuvres*. His mother broiled a steak that would satisfy the appetites of an ordinary family, but this he devoured with a loaf of bread in an off-hand manner that filled the twins with pride and amazed the women. The effects of training and victory were combined in that appetite, he explained to his mother, when he asked that the reserve, a dozen chops, be put on the broiler.

"See what you'll have to be cooking for his dinner, Carrie," said the delighted mother. "But, as the dear dead poet says, 'broil,' he says, 'broil, eat, and be married,' says he, 'for to-morrow you fry,' he says."

"What you going to do with all your money, Micky?" asked Timothy, a sandwich in each hand.

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"Invest it for an income!" exclaimed Mrs. Cassidy, before Micky could reply. "'Tis the blessedest thing in all the world to have an income. The five dollars a week I get from Mrs. Cavendish on the thousand dollars Martin Farnham, rest his soul, left me, is sweeter than the wages I get, the wages Hughy-Tim gives me, and the board money Micky pays me. To be sure, with all I get, I have more money than an honest woman can spend; but I give the savings to Mr. Maxwell to add to the thousand. Some day all the children will be married, and I'll be too old to work. Then there'll be the income, ten dollars a week, mayhap, by that time, and me living like a lady without care or trouble or work. 'Tis a great thing, is the income. It takes the wrinkles out of your heart as well as out of your face. You may work in sunstroke and blizzard for twenty years and win no man's nor woman's respect, but have you an income!—the world takes its bonnet off to you, though you never go to mass nor to confession. As the dear dead poet says:

" 'Rich—and the world is with you!
Poor—and you're poor alone!'

"Tis them poets speaks the truth, Micky. Buy yourself an income."

Micky might have bought a very comfortable income had he found any one to pay him a rate of interest on his savings such as Mrs. Cavendish paid her old friend Mrs. Cassidy. As it was, he had enough to provide a home for Carrie after they were married. That event took place a month later, with Percy Troutt as best man, and a friend of Carrie's from the cloak department bridesmaid. Rose Cavendish, in her mourning for John, did not go to the wedding; but her present to Carrie was every article, from largest to smallest,

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needed for housekeeping in the cottage Michael bought in the little seaside town where the Martin Farnham Contracting Company was making a harbor to bring car and ship together.

That Micky should go there, to try if his quick wits, energy, and strength would not fit him for a foremanship, was Mrs. Cavendish's plan. It filled Carrie with joy. Secretly her mind and heart longed for a life somewhere away from New York. Already it seems as if the result would prove the wisdom of Mrs. Cavendish. Micky plunged into his new work with the same rush and enthusiasm that carried him so far, in so short a time, in the profession he abandoned. The superintendent reports to Mr. Maxwell that Micky shows capacity which insures him a foremanship soon. "I have him bossing a gang, and he does twice as much work as any of his men," his superintendent wrote.

Carrie, who in all her life had seen scarcely so much as a blade of grass growing naturally, has a garden of wonder-flowers; and these, and the song-birds in the trees that shade the cottage, have driven Hickory Street so far away from her thoughts it seems to her she is living another life in another world.

Each month she receives from Davy a letter containing half the wages he earns on the Sterne ranch, in Arizona; and each month Davy says he is surer of "keeping straight." The life about him, however rough, is straight; and Davy, after all, was crooked, perhaps, only because he was bent so trying to fit into the life about him then.

CHAPTER LIV

EMILY MAXWELL PROMISES REFORMS

IT was Horace Maxwell who asked Sterne to give Davy Foley a chance to reform, far away from his old associates, and the suggestion to do this, to Horace's surprise, came from his sister Emily.

"The brother of the girl who came here for you the night young Cavendish returned," Emily said, "must have some good in his character that needs only opportunity to develop."

This unusual interest in things foreign to all her ordinary concerns was not the only sign of a notable change in Emily since she promised to marry Mr. Garnett. She acknowledged new and surprising views with cheerful frankness, denoting a radical change in her mental vision.

Garnett, the once cynical money prince, developed a romantic side of his nature in his wooing of Emily, wherefrom he derived enjoyment of a kind to amaze his associates in boards of directors. Perhaps every lover, young or old, permits himself fairy day-dreams of things he would do, had he untold wealth to do them with; and those who have been lovers, not so long ago that those fairy dreams have become dimly fading memories, need no new-drawn picture to tell them the plans Garnett dreamed as a lover—and realized. There were signs which indicated to Horace—a sometimes amused observer of this autumnal love affair—that not until now did Garnett fully comprehend the potency of

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his wealth, except in its power to make more wealth, and command mastery in unromantic affairs of finance, of commerce, of politics.

Now this wealth became to Garnett an Aladdin's lamp, whose magic power to make day-dreams come true was invoked in ways to bewilder mortals with imaginings limited to unrealized fancies whose brief poppy-blown flights are soon brought to earth by dull awakenings, wing-weary, leaden, abashed.

Emily, feeling her feet firmly planted on the bit of magic carpet spread for her by her adoring lamp-owner, proved how easy it is to be wholly amiable in possession of an income, not only beyond the dreams of avarice, but with which avarice would be an absurd vice for a miser.

"With your social position, with one of the largest incomes in the world at your command," Horace said to her one day, "you should do something worthy of both; worthy of your mind and cultivation."

"I intend to, want to; want to very much," Emily replied, sincerely. "What have you to offer, Horace? I know you've something to suggest or you would not speak in just that way."

"I have something on my mind," Horace replied, smiling at first, but soon speaking seriously. "Even with all the money you will have you could not do much in the line I'd like to see you follow if you did not also have brains, education, cultivation. Now I'd not like to hear a stranger say what I want to say about New York, but I feel at liberty to speak out in meeting, because I love the dear old town, and mean it always to be my home, whether I can reform it or not."

"Reform!" exclaimed Emily, with a grimace. "Isn't Mr. Garnett rather—that is, has he not opposed what has sailed under the flag of reform?"

Emily Maxwell Promises Reforms

"Oh, I've not pulled out my political stop. It's art that's troubling me."

"Then the gentleman will proceed. I've been thinking much about art lately. By-the-way, Horace, I thought you were to have some artist friends here. Do. I'd like to meet them."

"Indeed? I misunderstood you, then," Horace said, recalling certain opinions on artists Emily once expressed. "I will. What I am trying to say is this: you will be such an undisputed social power you can establish fashions which need only a brief vogue, as such, to grow into something a newer fashion cannot displace. Think of our condition here, musically. We pay every winter to support a company of foreign singers a sum that would be an insurance to a good orchestra, a good permanent opera establishment, a good conservatory of music."

"But, my dear Horace," cried Emily, amazed, "we have the best singers in the world in our operas!"

"And when the fashion supporting them dies, we'll have no opera," responded Horace. "New York and London are laughed at by every continental city which has good music supplied by permanent organizations at reasonable cost. We pay a half-score of singers with sensational, and often undeserved, reputations, prices they receive in no city where there is cultivated appreciation of good music; and the dismal thing about it is, we would not go to hear these people if we did not have to pay so much for the privilege. It is a confidence game. While New York does this, other American cities, smaller, poorer, take from us our good orchestras, which cannot make a living in New York. Our own singers, instrumentalists, composers, may go starve, if they please, for all New York cares; while it makes ridiculously rich a sorry tribe of press-agented foreigners

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who sneer at us while carrying off our gold. What I want you to do is to make it unfashionable to be victims of this confidence game, make it fashionable to patronize good music supplied by home-developed talent. There is lots of it in America, ambitious to come to New York, and if it were a fashion during the next dozen years to encourage it, the knowledge and love of good music would be too firmly established here then to be affected if every fashionable woman in New York became stone-deaf.

"Exactly the same ignorant, Philistine, fat-headed spirit rules in respect to the quat'z-arts. With an admirable digestion, and sweet temper, I am yet roused to a desire to do murder, or plunged into profoundest depths of melancholy, when I consider the attitude of fashionable society at large towards our painters, architects, sculptors, and engravers. American artists stand well everywhere but in America.

"Let me tell you a story: A French portrait-painter with a reputation based in part upon fairly good work, but in greater part upon having painted a number of people with titles, came to New York with commissions to do five portraits at ten thousand dollars each. The day he arrived he eagerly sought an American he studied with in the same atelier of the Beaux Arts. He was with him here constantly, when not painting or attending smart receptions in his own honor. That Frenchman said to me, speaking of the American, 'I hope to live long enough to paint a portrait as well as he can now. He is the second or third living portrait-painter—there are hundreds better than I. When I speak of him to my patrons here they say they never heard of him. He would paint their portraits better than I, and his price is but a thousand dollars. Do Americans love to be robbed?'

Emily Maxwell Promises Reforms

"It's particularly nice of you, Emily, to let me rave like this. Do I explain myself? Use your position to make the rich realize that to sneer at things American, because they are American, is cowardly, low-bred, vulgar—anything to startle them; use it to make real art fashionable, even if it chance to be American. Use it to make patriotism fashionable.

"Think of the wealth of this city, its natural beauty, its brilliant physical atmosphere! New York should be artistically the most beautiful city in the world, with all the arts, encouraged, strong, confident, buoyant, contributing to its beauty, its delights, its preeminence.

"Whew! I never before made so long a speech. Have I bored you?"

"No, you have given me a purpose. I'll lead an American crusade in favor of America. How perfectly novel. I will remind my dear countrymen and countrywomen the time has come to be great in things besides waterfalls, hotels, and wheat production; to be great in artistic self-esteem and reliance. The thought charms. Garnett begs me to devise features for three modest cottages: one on the avenue, one at Newport, one on his Virginia plantation, binding me only by the promise that expense must not be considered in any instance. None but American artists shall design, decorate, or furnish any of the three. The prospect pleases. Have you further suggestion?"

"Only one," Horace answered. "When you speak of your crusade, adopt the tone of those who have avoided, instead of patronized, American art. You will not be understood at first, for it will stagger society to hear a very rich American advocate things American. But their staggered mind will gradually steady into a comprehension of the revolution; and before the new fashion you start has lost its impulse, art shall have so

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pervasively worked its spell that, when another guild of letter-carriers celebrates a public debater's victory, it will occur to them that the figure of the messenger of the gods and the god of eloquence, beautiful, winged, uplifting, will satisfy the requirement as well, if not better, than the figure of a humorist wearing whiskers."

"Bravo, Horace!" exclaimed Emily, laughing. "You shall become a great orator, and go into public life."

"Yes," Horace said, laughing with her. "In that happy time even oratory may have its reward."

CHAPTER LV

CALHOUN PARK'S AFFAIRS ARE SETTLED

SEVERAL months after the death of Mrs. Foster, Horace, in searching her papers for some statements Polly asked him about, was struck by the large number of regularly recurring receipts for the sum of thirty-five dollars. They were signed in a woman's hand, "F. Porter," and he found a few letters with the same signature briefly relating facts about the health of "Mr. P.," or that "Mr. P." did not know where the remittances came from. This seemed to tell a story of a pensioner, presumably the husband of the letter-writer, and Horace, wondering at the discovery of the selfish old lady's carefully hidden charity, would have guessed no more had he not in one of the letters chanced upon the name of "Mr. P." in full. It was "Mr. Park."

This reminded Horace he had not seen Park for several weeks, although it was the old gentleman's custom, since Farnham's death, to call on Horace once or twice a week to advise about investments. This advice Horace listened to respectfully, and then took the old gentleman to lunch or to dine. He knew from his mother something of Park's history.

Twelve or fifteen years ago he came to New York from a small Southern city, with the reputation of a brilliant lawyer and political speaker who had almost the certainty of soon representing his State in the United States Senate if he cared for that honor. But his ambition was to win one of the greater prizes offered to those who

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make signal success at the New York bar. He had saved from his professional earnings what was to him a small fortune, ten thousand dollars: sufficient to warrant the hazard of entering a new field in middle life, especially as he brought strong professional and personal introductions.

One of these was to Mrs. Worthington's mother, Mrs. Lansing, who was a Southern woman, and who opened to him a social career in New York in which he speedily became a favorite, because of his wit, beauty, and romantically gallant bearing. He was fascinated by the physical splendor of his new surroundings, and to extend, as well as receive, hospitality, he drew on his capital at a rate which threatened to exhaust in a twelvemonth the savings of twenty years.

With imagination fired by results of speculative ventures he saw or heard of daily, his mind was in a receptive mood for the suggestion to adopt that method for the improvement of his finances. He made the plunge with the few thousands he had left, and won. For more than a year he seemed to hold the key to the mystery of Wall Street. His operations grew in size and boldness until they attracted the attention of those who managed the game wherein he was an uninformed, but lucky, player. Then he was warned. Mr. Worthington, with as near approach to delicacy as his pompous mind permitted, congratulated Park upon his success, but intimated that, as he was playing with no knowledge of the game, it would be wise to retire from the gaming-table and invest his chance winnings, which were already sufficient to give him an income he could not hope to earn by the practice of his profession in many years. Park was indignant: plunged heavily again, won more, and shone in society for a year as an entertainer whose lavish expenditures were excused

Calhoun Park's Affairs Are Settled

by their expression of fine taste and total freedom from eccentricity or vulgarity.

When the crash came, it was so sudden and dire it not only swept away Park's every penny, but jarred a little out of true his delicately poised mind. For a year or two other gamblers who believed in his luck supplied him with funds to continue play; but now the cards ran as blindly against as once they ran blindly with him. He became that saddest of all the wrecks strewing the shoals and reefs of Manhattan Island, a "Wall Street ghost." Sad to all but himself; for, happily, the twist his mind received continued the realities of his successes into day-dreams from which he never awoke. On all subjects but "affairs" he was still quaintly witty and entertaining, and some of the acquaintances of his day of prosperity did not forget him. He was invited to dine at the Worthingtons', and Mrs. Foster made pretence of wanting his advice on affairs two or three times a month, and always received his advice at dinner.

There was a mystery about his appearance in society, for there he was always dressed in the fashion of the day. It was agreed, finally, that he had retrieved out of the wreck enough to earn a small income, and this had the effect of saving him from slights, against which his yet engaging personality and former hospitality would have been no protection.

Recalling his history, and that he had not seen Park for an unusual time, Horace resolved to inquire for him at the address of the woman whose letters hinted at the source of the old gentleman's income.

Maxwell was to dine that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Foster. Polly wrote to him that the Baillies were returned from a trip to California, and would sail home in a week. A month later the Fosters would go to England for the marriage of Petie and Isobel. The Baillies

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and Rose would be at the dinner. Mrs. Foster, in mourning, considered the dinner a strictly family affair, she wrote, but included Rose Cavendish, not only because she loved her, but because, since John's death, Rose had gone nowhere, and seen no one but her. That is, until lately, when Lansing began calling again.

"I do think, Hoddy," wrote Mrs. Foster, "you are incomprehensible. Is it your delicacy about their being in mourning, or some foolish sensitiveness as to Lansing that prompts you to transact your personal affairs with Mrs. Cavendish through that young person with a smile, Percy Fish? Is it Fish? If you were ten and I twelve, as, ah me! once we were, I should deliver you such a lecture on the futility of being a ninny as might do you some good. But you are thirty-seven and I am the other sum, so there comes a restraint on my frankness I find irksome. But I will tell you this, sir: Rose is young, and she is lonely. I wish you had a woman's sense to know what that means, remembering that Lansing is devotion itself—and is good-looking. Come to dinner prepared not to be cynical over Petie and Isobel. They are so happy it makes me want to cry. Oh, you are to draw up some papers for those happy ones: Peter and I each give Petie twenty-five hundred a year, and Sir Francis gives Isobel a thousand pounds a year; so they will not have to live in a flat. I wonder what a green-stone quarry looks like. It is a blessed thing."

On the way to the Fosters', Horace called at Mrs. Porter's, which he found to be a furnished-room house on a side street, far enough west to be in a cheap locality, and not so far but that the neighborhood was quiet and respectable.

Was Mr. Park in?

The woman at the door of whom Horace asked this, and whom he remembered seeing somewhere, replied,

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after staring at him in some dismay: "No, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Park is—he is dead, sir."

Mrs. Porter had been the elder Mrs. Foster's maid, and a favorite one, leaving that excellent place only for the superior attractions offered by a matrimonial alliance with Porter, a gallant young man by way of being a ladies' hair-dresser. The maid's savings invested in furniture, and the lease of a desirable house for room-renting, returned an income, under her ceaseless labor and care, which warranted Porter giving up his work and going into politics in a small way. His success as a statesman was so indifferent it took all his wife's earnings to support him.

Some years ago Mr. Park applied for a room, and acting upon a letter of instruction from her former mistress, Mrs. Porter installed Park in a small bedroom, for which she received each month from Mrs. Foster ten dollars, included in a check for thirty-five. Twenty-five dollars she put each month in Park's pockets, and it never caused the old gentleman any surprise to find it there. His evening dress clothes and linen Mrs. Porter renewed and kept in order, under instructions of Mrs. Foster, who paid for this also.

When Mrs. Foster died, Park made no comment on the absence of pocket-money, but supplied the deficiency by pawning his clothes and the few remnants of his former state, silver-mounted toilet articles and such. These soon failed to produce the amount of his room-rent, or to supply him money for meals. Mrs. Porter did not suspect the full extent of his destitution until one day he did not leave his room, and she found him there weak and helpless. He told her he must go out the next day, as there were affairs of great magnitude pending in the Street, which would be held in abeyance until he could meet with the other financiers interested.

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She would have kept him for a time and provided for his necessities, but her husband ordered the old man turned out, that his room might be let to a paying patron. Something more than a dispossession notice was required to remove Calhoun Park, for there came a sudden collapse, which frightened Mrs. Porter into sending for an ambulance. She called at the hospital the next day to inquire after him, and learned he had died of marasmus. Did Mr. Maxwell know what that disease was? Mrs. Porter asked.

"It's doctors' language, usually meaning 'starved to death,'" Horace answered, "and," he mused, as he went on his way to the Fosters', "the poor old gentleman would have starved long ago had it not been for the woman who took pains to preserve her reputation as the most selfish woman in New York."

CHAPTER LVI

POLLY FOSTER'S FIB

WHEN Mrs. Foster welcomed Horace to her family dinner she whispered to him, "Lansing proposed to Rose to-day."

Human vivisection may seem an extreme measure to urge merely to satisfy curiosity, but I know of nothing else that will determine something I am curious about: the mechanical brain-cell operations that produce whimsically irrelevant mental pictures at such unexpected times. When Polly made this remark, Maxwell saw distinctly, and saw nothing else, a certain upper-class man aiming a blow at him, when he, a freshman, was learning for the first time what an advantage there is in weight, even in friendly boxing. It was the only time he was ever knocked senseless by a blow, so it made a deep impression on his mind. That same upper-class man afterwards coached him in rowing, and had become, Horace now recalled, president of a bank, and had recently asked him to go up to New London with him on his yacht, to see the crews, and—

"What's the matter, Hoddy?" Polly asked.

"Nothing, thank you. Did she accept him?"

"Find out for yourself," Polly replied. "You take in my future daughter-in-law to dinner."

Horace had tortured his mind so insistently with doubts about Rose that he had reached a state of mental uncertainty, nervousness, distraction, for which the blow Polly delivered was the best possible cure; just as

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the first sharp blow a nervous boxer receives may steady him into a fast, strong fighter. Horace had been throughout his life so little bothered with problems of emotion, he found it difficult to answer himself why he had not long ago gone to Rose, told his love, and asked his fate. But, instead of following the direct methods which characterized him in all business affairs, in this affair of the heart he questioned, and doubted, and questioned again. Would it not be unfair of him, he argued, standing practically in the relation of guardian to Rose, and while she and her mother still so plainly received an expression of his as a word of final authority, to ask for her hand? Might she not accept him while not loving him? Was he not required in honor to wait until she had met many other men? Did she not already clearly show a preference for Lansing?

It is a bewildering thing to have the first serious love affair come when one is past thirty.

"I thought Miss Cavendish the loveliest woman in the world when we punted on the lake at Quarry Castle," Miss Baillie was saying to Horace. "But she is lovelier now. She's so dark you'd not think she'd look well in black."

"But her eyes are gray," Horace observed.

"But they look very happy," Isobel added. "Something very nice must have happened to her to-day."

"Do you think so?" asked Horace. "Let me tell you the story of a friend of mine who starved to death."

"Mr. Maxwell!" exclaimed Isobel. "You are a dreadful person. Peter—Mr. Foster—told me to ask you to ride with us to-morrow morning, but I'll not, if you say such things. Besides, nobody starves to death."

"That is true: this person was nobody. What sort of a nice thing do you think happened Miss Cavendish to-day?"

Polly Foster's Fib

"You are quizzing me. Don't you know what's the nicest thing in the world?"

"To be engaged, I should say," Horace answered, looking from her to Petie.

"Then why do you not try it?" she said, and laughed in a way to make him wonder if every woman in the room thought him a faint-heart.

"I'll try," he said, humbly. "Tell Petie I accepted your invitation, but he must send me a horse."

When her maid came for Rose, Horace walked to the carriage with her. They had reached its door when, by an effort, he managed to say, "It's a lovely evening."

"Perfect," Rose replied, waiting with her foot on the carriage step.

"It's only a little way; may we not walk?"

"I shall walk home," Rose said to the maid, who entered the carriage, and it rolled away.

They walked for half a block in silence before Horace said:

"Rose, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She was yet silent when they turned into the avenue, but the pressure of her hand on his arm dispelled all the lover's doubts before she answered:

"Yes."

There was another silence, eloquent to both of them, and then Rose said, her voice trembling in a way that startled Horace:

"Do you remember that dreadful night—when I wiped the blood from your face and—and—you put your arm round me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh!" she murmured, and he felt her tremble with an emotion that thrilled him, "why did you not tell me that you loved me then? I loved you so! I love you so!"

"Rose, my darling, what a coward I am!"

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"No, you're brave!"

"Coward not to tell you then, for I loved you so, I love you so!"

"I was—I have been—very miserable that you did not tell me then. Is it bold for me to confess? But I am very happy now."

They had much to tell, much to confess, to each other, and they went to "Mr. Maxwell's room," the little study where Rose had lived most of the time the past lonely months, for their first exchanges of lovers' confidences.

"Will you object, Rose," Horace said, when he bade her good-night, "if I ask Mrs. Foster to invite us to dinner to-morrow?"

"Why, Horace?"

"I've something I want to boast of to her and to Miss Baillie. There are two women who hold me in low esteem, and will, until I make a certain important announcement to them."

"Then you'll call and take me to the dinner? But I'll tell Mrs. Foster long before you see her," Rose said, blushing.

Maxwell walked down the avenue in a delirium of joy. He had to talk with some one, he felt, or else shout aloud in the street. He would go to the club. He would hunt up Lansing and talk with him. Lansing was a good sort, after all. Everybody was a good sort. The man at the club-door told him Mr. Lansing was out of town—had been for a week. Impossible, thought Horace. He inquired at the club office. Yes, Mr. Lansing had been out of town for a week, somewhere in South Dakota. They had received a telegram from him that day, directing where his mail be forwarded.

Horace stared at his informant a moment in amazement, then burst into a laugh. He found Peter Foster and Sir Francis in the billiard-room, and, taking the

Polly Foster's Fib

astonished Peter aside, said to him, "You tell your wife I know Lansing is out of town, but that she is the best and sweetest woman alive—except one—and that the fib will not count against her in heaven."

"Horace, have you been drinking?" asked Peter.

Horace whispered something to him that caused Peter to hurry a boy off after champagne. "I must telephone to Polly," he declared. "She told me to-day she was going to make you propose. She's the cleverest woman!"

CHAPTER LVII

A PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATE FOR TWO INCOMES

THE day after Neill Mulgrave's unsuccessful attempt to remedy the loss of his income by levying on that of the Farnham Estate, he was sent for by Boss Drummond. Had the mayor, or the chief of police, or any other high official sent for him, had a justice of the Supreme Court summoned him, he would not have obeyed. A lesser leader once said, in reply to a mandate of the Supreme Court, "Summonses don't go in my district." But, though he was beaten, broken, desperate, Mulgrave was not wholly mad; therefore, had no thought of defying Drummond. He went to his chief, and received a sentence of exile from New York. The great ruler's decree was brief and inexorable. "You are a nice badger to be in the organization," he said to the miserable Mulgrave. "You would go up the river for a term if Maxwell would prosecute. I give you twenty-four hours to do the best you can with your business, resign from the organization, and leave town. Corcoran must go with you. If you're seen in New York again until I say so, you go up. Understand? We've got the nigger's evidence, all right. Understand? Now go."

An unfortunate wretch, sentenced to death or prison by a court, may appeal and delay as long as his money, or his lawyer's energy, holds out. But for Mulgrave there was no appeal, no delay. Destiny had decreed his fate. It was roughhewn, but Mulgrave only cursed it, never questioned. He and Corcoran went to Alaska,

Prospective Candidate for Two Incomes

from one of whose remote and inhospitable mining-camps the story drifted back of Mulgrave's disappearance after starting on a trip from one camp to another with Corcoran. The latter made the trip, and there were stories of a shortage of supplies, and a fight between the exiles. But in that rough community no one cared much, and in Mulgrave's old district no one cared at all. Nothing could be of less importance there than a leader "turned down."

I disdain to repeat the silly chatter of gossips about Mr. and Mrs. Mallory. How preposterous to suppose, as the gossips would have us, that because Mallory is travelling in the far East, studying Oriental art, and will remain there a year, and Mrs. Mallory has rented a house in a South Dakota town, and will remain there a year, the Mallorys have agreed to a divorce. Lansing has interests of Worthington's to look after in the West, which take him to the town where Mrs. Mallory has legal residence; so it is but polite for him to call on her there, relieving the tedium of her life by dining and driving with the lonely Spartan lady. The gossips say Lansing will marry her after the divorce; but how can they know?

Grace Mallory was to have gone to the far East with her father, but went only so far as Paris. There she met an Italian prince with a beautiful name he was willing to confer on her, in consideration of his gambling debts being paid. This being the current price for such princes, Grace made the bargain, and they were promptly married. He has already beaten her because she will not secure advances on her income; and there is a jest in the American colony in Paris that, unless Mrs. Mallory hurries up her divorce, Grace will seek a shorter-term State than South Dakota, secure her release before her mother, and become her rival again for Lansing.

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But this is nonsense! To a woman of Grace's lofty ideals it means much to be a princess, even if your prince beats you; and she will not give up the proud delights of the title in any six months. A woman of her force of character does not hurry to the divorce courts. I confidently expect she will remain with the prince one or two years.

The Maxwell home came to its own again when Garnett married Emily there. None of the considerations Mrs. Maxwell urged in favor of a quiet family wedding had persuasive force with Emily, who purposed signally reasserting the family's social eminence. Zoe was back from England with a prestige of her daughter's happy marriage, in a love-match, with the Duke of Quarry. Horace's engagement was announced with the most beautiful girl in New York, heiress to more than half a million a year; and every one knew Garnett's income was one of the world's largest.

Emily marshalled these three major facts in support of the ancient and honorable position of the Maxwells, and declared that the light of her nuptials should be hidden under no bushel. It was to be a solace for the years when some families invited them to big affairs only, leaving them out of those smaller affairs dear to Emily's heart. She had kept books of social debits and credits during the years of the family's partial eclipse, and accounts were to be balanced by her wedding invitation list.

Emily took the wedding arrangements out of her mother's hands completely, and when Mrs. Maxwell stood aghast at the expense prospects, Emily said: "Mamma, if I were a giggling girl, and Garnett a booby boy, you would be expected to provide the wedding, and properly spank either of us if we interfered. As it is, you must consent to my plan, which is to have the

Prospective Candidate for Two Incomes

wedding a little smarter and grander than anything of the kind New York has ever seen—and pay for it myself the day after I am married.” As usual, she had her way.

After their wedding-trip in Garnett’s private car, especially built for this sentimental journey, they started in his yacht for a cruise which was to have its course named daily by Emily, after they reached the coast of Norway. It happens that the wharf where private yacht owners embark and land is the same from which the city’s outcasts—poor, sick, criminal, and insane—are taken to the islands in the river a little above. I have always thought the harbor commissioners made a happy combination of purposes on that particular wharf, but the sailor-man who kept neat the electric launch by which Mr. and Mrs. Garnett were to board their yacht holds other views. He is an orderly sailor-man, and his wrath was much roused because his little craft’s polished mahogany, glittering metal, the rich rug he spread over the upholstered seat for the owner’s bride, were blemished by litter dislodged from the wharf. Looking to see the cause, he discovered a hungry young man crawling like a rat along the extreme edge of the wharf, stealing from packages of coarse food awaiting shipment to the prisons and asylums of the river’s islands. The indignant sailor’s landing-pole came down so sharply on Cairnes’s shoulder he yelled aloud, thus attracting the pier watchman, who turned the wharf-rat over to a policeman just as Mr. and Mrs. Garnett drove down in their carriage.

Horace Maxwell became an impetuous lover. He persuaded Rose and her mother to consent to the marriage taking place before the Garnetts and Fosters departed. It was to be a quiet home-wedding, so the absence of the voyagers would leave not enough of a party for

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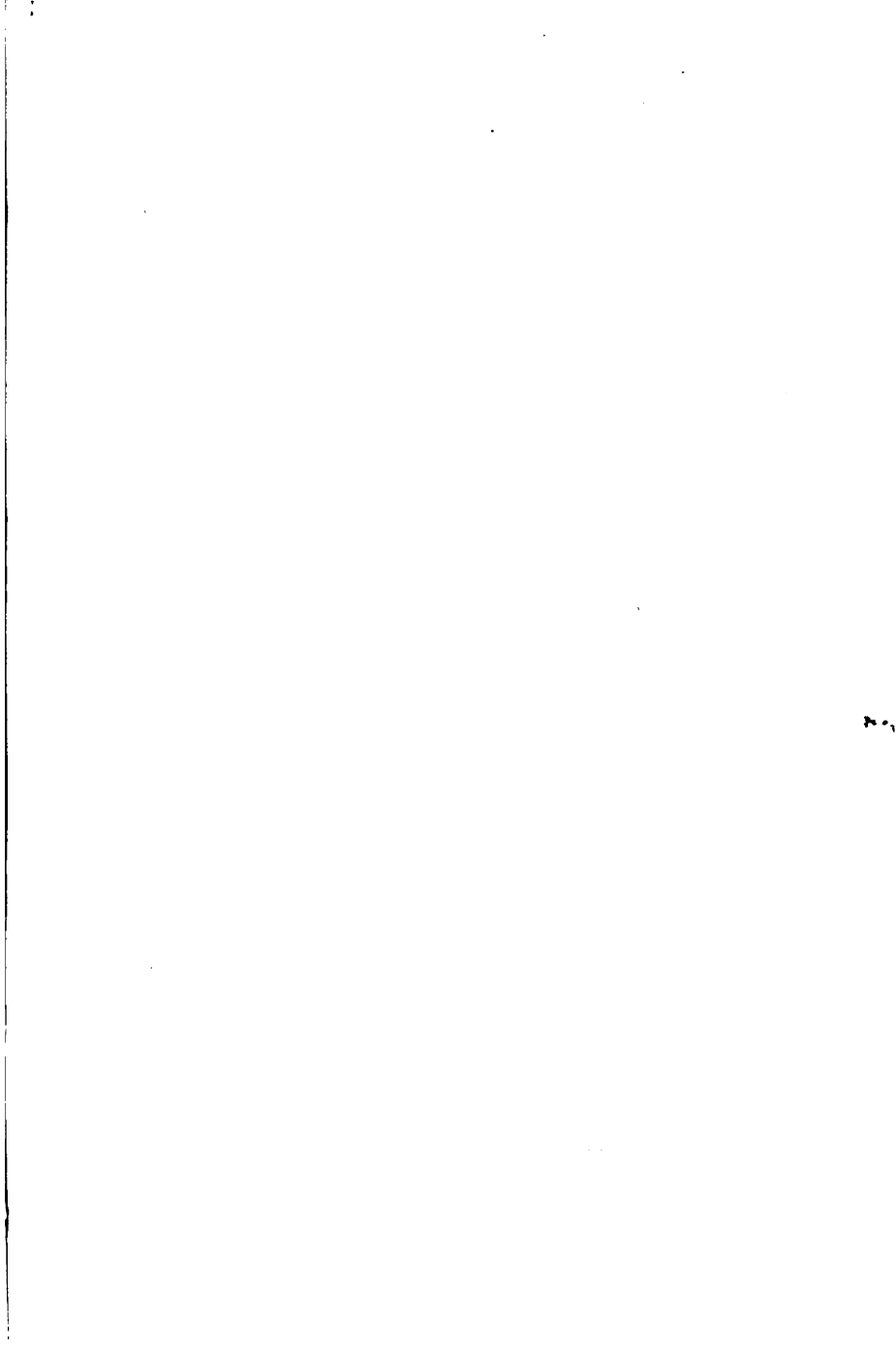
the wedding-breakfast. Why wait? Also he wanted to take Rose to Yellowstone Park on their wedding-journey, and here was the summer well upon them, and it would soon be too late for the journey. Why wait? He had many reasons, and pleaded eloquently, so the day before the Garnetts sailed Horace and Rose were married.

They are back in New York now, living in a rented house, but their time is much occupied with plans for their new house, which is to realize Horace's every architectural dream; especially that study his father was to have built for him, but could not, Rose insists.

They dine once a week with Mrs. Maxwell, once with Mrs. Cavendish; and as these dinners are the chief interest of both mothers, they have effected a pleasant friendship between the two ladies.

Once they met when the utter lack of a common interest was a barrier between them which it did not seem possible any social revolution could overthrow. Now their chief and dearest interest in life is a common one. They meet often, drive, visit, shop together—these two, who but a year ago were as widely apart as are Hickory Street and the Avenue—the two opposite, uttermost points in the world. Now there is a promise on which their fondest hopes centre, and—heir or heiress—Rose's child will be saved from such annoyances as may be averted by the combined Maxwell and Cavendish incomes.

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